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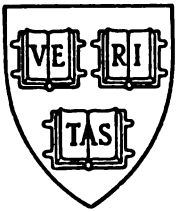

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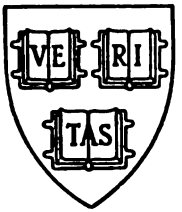

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FROM

Mrs. Edward Churchill

TRAVELS IN LONDON

LETTERS TO A YOUNG MAN ABOUT TOWN

AND OTHER

CONTRIBUTIONS TO 'PUNCH'

TRAVELS IN LONDON

LETTERS TO A YOUNG MAN ABOUT TOWN

AND OTHER

CONTRIBUTIONS TO 'PUNCH'

BY

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

With Illustrations by the Author, Richard Doyle, etc.

London
MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED
NEW YORK: THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
1904

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NOTE.

TRAVELS IN LONDON.[1]

(i.) *Travels in London, by Spec*, with an Illustration by the Author, appeared in *Punch*, November 20, 1847. It was reprinted, without the illustration, in a supplementary volume of the Library edition of Thackeray's Works (vol. xxiv.: *Contributions to Punch;* 1886).

The Illustration is now reprinted for the first time.

(ii.) *The Curate's Walk*, with two Illustrations by the Author (*Punch*, November 27, 1847);

(iii.) *A Walk with the Curate*, with two Illustrations by the Author (*Punch*, December 4, 1847);

(iv.) *A Dinner in the City*, with five Illustrations by the Author (*Punch*, December 11, 25, 1847); January 1, 1848; and

(v.) *A Night's Pleasure*, with ten Illustrations by the Author (*Punch*, January 8, 15, 22, 29; February 12, 19, 1848),

were reprinted, without the Illustrations, in *Punch's Prize Novelists . . . Travels in London* (New York, 1853); *Miscellanies* (vol. ii.: *Sketches and Travels in London*; 1856); and in *Miscellanies* (Boston; vol. iii.: 1869). They were reprinted with the Illustrations in the Library edition of Thackeray's Works (vol. xv.: *The Book of Snobs . . . Sketches and Travels in London;* 1869).

(vi.) *A Club in an Uproar*, with two Illustrations by the Author, appeared in *Punch*, March 11, 1848. It was reprinted, without the Illustrations, in *Punch's Prize Novelists . . . Travels in London* (New York, 1853); and, with the Illustrations, in a supplementary volume of the Library edition of Thackeray's Works (vol. xxiv.: *Contributions to Punch;* 1886).

(vii.) *A Roundabout Ride*, with an Illustration by the Author, appeared in *Punch*, March 25, 1848. It was reprinted, without

[1] An account of Thackeray's connection with *Punch* is given in the Note in Volume X. of this edition: *The Book of Snobs, etc.*

the Illustration, in *Miscellanies* (Boston; vol. v.: 1870); and, with the Illustration, in a supplementary volume of the Library edition of Thackeray's Works (vol. xxiv.: *Contributions to Punch*: 1886).

It has been stated that Frank Whitestock in *The Curate's Walk* and *A Walk with the Curate* was drawn from the Author's friend, the late Rev. W. H. Brookfield, father of Charles, the famous *raconteur* and author of the brilliantly clever play, *A Woman's Reason*.

(viii.) *Waiting at the Station* (*Punch*, March 9, 1850) was reprinted in *Punch Prize Novelists . . . Travels in London* (New York, 1853); *Miscellanies* (vol. ii.: *Sketches and Travels in London*; 1856); in the Library edition of Thackeray's Works (vol. x.: *The Book of Snobs and Travels and Sketches in London*, 1869); and in *Miscellanies* (Boston; vol. iii.: 1869).

MR. BROWN'S LETTERS TO A YOUNG MAN ABOUT TOWN.

These papers, signed 'Brown the Elder,' appeared in *Punch*, week by week, from March 24 until August 18, 1849. They were reprinted, without the Illustrations, in *Mr. Brown's Letters to a Young Man About Town* (New York, 1853); and, under the title of *Mr. Brown's Letters to his Nephew*, in *Miscellanies* (vol. ii.: *Sketches and Travels in London*; 1856) and *Miscellanies* (Boston: vol. iii.: 1869). They were reprinted, under the latter title, with the Illustrations, in the Library edition of Thackeray's Works (vol. xv.: *The Book of Snobs, and Sketches and Travels in London*; 1869).

THE PROSER:

ESSAYS AND DISCOURSES BY DR. SOLOMON PACIFICO.

(i.) *On a Lady in an Opera-Box*, with an Illustration by the Author (*Punch*, April 20, 1850); and

(ii.) *On the Pleasures of Being a Fogy*, with an Illustration by the Author (*Punch*, May 4, 1850)

were reprinted, without the Illustration, in *Mr. Brown's Letters to a Young Man About Town, with The Proser, etc.* (New York, 1853); *Miscellanies* (vol. ii.: *Sketches and Travels in London*; 1856): and in *Miscellanies* (Boston; vol. iii.: 1869): and, with the Illustration, in the Library edition of Thackeray's

Works (vol. xv.: *The Book of Snobs, and Travels and Sketches in London;* 1869).

(iii.) *On the Benefits of Being a Fogy*, with an Illustration by the Author, appeared in *Punch*, May 18, 1850. It was reprinted, without the Illustration, in *Mr. Brown's Letters to a Young Man About Town, with the Proser, etc.* (New York, 1853), and in *Miscellanies* (vol. ii.: *Sketches and Travels in London;* 1856), and, with the Illustration, in the cheaper illustrated edition of Thackeray's Works (vol. xiv.: *The Book of Snobs, and Travels and Sketches in London;* 1879).

(iv.) *On a Good-Looking Young Lady*, with an Illustration by the Author (*Punch*, June 8, 1850), was reprinted in the cheaper illustrated edition of Thackeray's Works (vol. xiv.: *The Book of Snobs; and Sketches and Travels in London;* 1879).

(v.) *On an Interesting French Exile*, with an Illustration by the Author (*Punch*, June 15, 1850); and

(vi.) *On an American Traveller*, with an Illustration by the Author (*Punch*, June 29, 1850),

were reprinted, without the Illustrations, in a supplementary volume of the Library edition of Thackeray's Works (vol. xxiv.: *Contributions to Punch;* 1886).

The Illustrations are now reprinted for the first time.

(vii.) *On the Press and the Bar*, with an Illustration by the Author, appeared in *Punch*, August 3, 1850. It was reprinted without the Illustration, under the title of *The Anonymous in Personal Literature* in *Early and Late Papers* by Mr. J. T. Fields (Boston, 1867); and, with the Illustration, under the original title, in the Cheaper Illustrated edition of Thackeray's Works (vol. xiv.: *The Book of Snobs, and Sketches and Travels in London;* 1879).

PAPERS BY 'THE FAT CONTRIBUTOR.'

'The Fat Contributor' and 'The Stout Contributor' were favourite pseudonyms of Thackeray, generally used as a signature to *Punch* papers describing the author's journeying. *Wanderings of Our Fat Contributor* (*Travelling Notes*, Punch *in the East*, and *An Eastern Adventure of the Fat Contributor*) are printed in vol. x. of this edition: *The Book of Snobs and other Contributions to* Punch. The *Love Songs by the Fat Contributor* are printed in vol. xviii. of this edition, *Ballads, etc.* The other works which appeared over these signatures are included in this volume.

(i.) *Meditations on Solitude. By Our Stout Contributor*, with an Illustration by the Author, appeared in *Punch*, September 13, 1845. It was reprinted, without the Illustration, in *Miscellanies* (Boston: vol. iii.; 1869).

The Illustration is now for the first time reprinted, and the letterpress is now for the first time reprinted in England.

(ii.) *Beulah Spa. By Punch's Commissioner*, with two Illustrations by the Author, appeared in *Punch*, September 27, 1845. The Illustrations were reprinted in *Thackeray's Contributions to Punch* by Mr. F. S. Dickson (*The Critic;* New York, 1899).

The paper is now for the first time reprinted.

(iii.) *Brighton. By Punch's Commissioner*, with three Illustrations by the Author (*Punch*, October 11, 1845); and

(iv.) *A Brighton Night Entertainment. By Punch's Commissioner*, with four Illustrations by the Author (*Punch*, October 18, 1845),

were reprinted, without the Illustrations, in *Punch's Prize Novelists, The Fat Contributor, etc.* (New York, 1853); and, with the Illustrations, in a supplementary volume of the Library edition of Thackeray's Works (vol. xxiv.: *Contributions to Punch;* 1886).

(v.) *Meditations over Brighton. By Punch's Commissioner*, with an Illustration by the Author, appeared in *Punch*, October 25, 1845. It was reprinted, without the Illustration, in *Miscellanies* (Boston; vol. v., 1870); and, with the Illustration, in a supplementary volume of the Library edition of Thackeray's Works (vol. xxiii.: *Miscellaneous Essays, etc.;* 1885).

(vi.) *Brighton in* 1847. *By the F. C.*, with three Illustrations by the Author, appeared in *Punch*, October 23, 30, 1847. It was reprinted, without the Illustrations, in *Punch's Prize Novelists, The Fat Contributor, etc.* (New York, 1853); and, with the Illustrations, in a supplementary volume of the Library edition of Thackeray's Works (vol. xxiv.: *Contributions to Punch;* 1886).

MISCELLANEOUS CONTRIBUTIONS TO *PUNCH* (1845-1850).

Of the hundred and six articles that appear under this heading, eighty are now reprinted for the first time, as well as eleven which are now for the first time included in an edition of Thackeray's Works.

These papers have been classified as (i.) General Subjects, (ii.) Political Subjects, (iii.) Irish Affairs, (iv.) Foreign Affairs, and (v.) Miscellanea.

The reader of the political papers will constantly be reminded that Thackeray was a Whig. It will be remembered that in 1836 he was Paris Correspondent of *The Constitutional* [*and Public Ledger*], a radical newspaper advocating the ballot, triennial parliaments, complete freedom of the press, and religious liberty and equality. Nineteen years later he was nominated as the Liberal candidate for the parliamentary representative of the city of Oxford, when Professor Neate was unseated for 'a twopennyworth of bribery which he never committed'; and again Thackeray stood forward as the advocate of the ballot, triennial parliaments, and the Sunday opening of museums. It was probably the last item in the programme that turned the scale in favour of the election of Edward, afterwards Lord, Cardwell by 1085 to 1018 votes.

Some doubt has been expressed as to the wisdom of reprinting the papers in which reference is made to the Catholic question. It has been urged that the republication will do great damage to Thackeray's reputation, and will give offence to the Roman Catholic community. To assume that Catholics will not be able to make allowance for the manners of the day, and the Papal scare which gave rise to many of these effusions, of more than half a century ago, is surely to pass a slight upon the intelligence of the followers of that religion. It is another matter with regard to Thackeray's reputation. No doubt he wrote many of these papers in haste, but it must be borne in mind that there is no ground for the belief that the subject was treated on the spur of the moment. *Punch* went out of its way to side with those who resented the 'Papal Aggression,' and it received its punishment in the resignation of one of its most valued servants, Richard Doyle. Sir Francis Burnand has expressed a doubt whether any of the staff of *Punch* understood the question from Thackeray, who subsequently expressed his regret at his share in the attack against the High Church movement to 'Professor' Leigh, who, if anything, was a Swedenborgian, and obstinately illogical, even at that. There is no doubt that many of Thackeray's articles contain errors of taste, tact, and, indeed, also of fact. It is interesting to see a great man's weaknesses as well as his strength, and Thackeray was no whit more clear-sighted in many matters than the general run of his countrymen. He disliked and despised the Jews, and his writings and his letters prove that he had little faith in the Catholics; while he never tired of making fun of the Prince Consort, and rarely lost an opportunity to attack the Young Ireland party.

'Mr. Thackeray, a man of intellect and letters, had no sympathy

with other men of letters striving for intellectual freedom. He had specified Thomas Davis, in his day, as a fitting successor for Marat, and he now ridiculed Davis's friends in piquant prose and stinging verse, for the pusillanimity with which (as he predicted) they would shrink from turning their words into deeds,' the late Sir Charles Gavan Duffy wrote in *Young Ireland*. 'I have more than once mentioned Mr. Thackeray in this narrative as an acrimonious critic on Irish Nationality and Irish Nationalists. It is right to say that he came, in the end, to modify his opinion on the men, if not on their principles. When he wrote offensively of the young Irelanders, he knew none of them personally; but he subsequently made John Dillon's acquaintance in New York and mine in London.' L. M.

*** The writer of this "Note" is responsible for the footnotes printed in square brackets.

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TRAVELS IN LONDON.

He had appointed me in Saint James's Park, under the Duke of York's Column, on Guy Fawkes' day; and I found the venerable man at the hour and at the place assigned looking exceedingly sweet upon the gambols of some children, who were accompanied, by the way, by a very comely young woman as a nurserymaid. He left the little ones with a glance of kindness, and, hooking his little arm into mine, my excellent and revered friend Mr. Punch and I paced the Mall for a while together.

I had matters of deep importance (in my mind, at least) to communicate to my revered patron and benefactor. The fact is, I have travelled as Mr. Punch's Commissioner in various countries; and having, like all persons of inquiring mind, from Ulysses downwards, a perpetual desire for locomotion, I went to propose to our beloved chief a new tour. I set before him eloquently the advantages of a trip to China: or, now that the fighting was over, a journey to Mexico I thought might be agreeable—or why not travel in the United States, I asked, where Punch's Commissioner would be sure of a welcome, and where the natives have such a taste for humourous description?

'My dear SPEC,' said the sage, in reply to a long speech of mine, 'you are, judging from your appearance, five-and-twenty years old, and consequently arrived at the estate of man. You have written for my publication a number of articles, which, good, bad, and indifferent as they are, make me suppose that you have some knowledge of the world. Have you lived so long in this our country as not to know that Britons do not care a fig for foreign affairs? Who takes any heed of the Spanish marriages now?—of the Mexican wars?—of the row in Switzerland? Do you know whether a Vorort is a gentleman, or a legislative body, or a village in the Canton of Uri? Do you know a man who reads the Spanish and Portuguese correspondence in the newspapers? Sir, I grow sick at the sight of the name of Bomfin, and shudder at the idea of Costa Cabral!' and he yawned so portentously as he spoke, that I saw all my hopes of a tour were over. Recovered from that spasm, the Good and Wise One continued,—'You are fond of dabbling in the fine arts, Mr. SPEC—now pray, sir, tell me, which department of the Exhibition is most popular?'

I unhesitatingly admitted that it was the portraits the British public most liked to witness. Even when I exhibited my great picture of Heliogabalus, I owned that nobody——

'Exactly—that nobody looked at it; whereas every one examines the portraits with interest, and you hear people exclaim, 'Law, ma! if it ain't a portrait of Mrs. Jones, in a white satin and a tiara;' or, 'Mercy me! here's Alderman Blogg in a thunderstorm,' etc. etc. The British public like to see representations of what they have seen before. Do you mark me, SPEC? In print as in art, sir, they like to recognise Alderman Blogg.' He paused, for we had by this time mounted the Duke of York's Steps, and, panting a little, pointed to the noble vista before us with his cane. We could see the street thronged with life; the little children gathered round the column; the omnibuses whirling past the Drummond light; the carriages and flunkeys gathered round Howell and James's; the image of Britannia presiding over the County Fire Office in the Quadrant, and indeed over the scene in general.

'You want to travel?' said he, whisking his bamboo. 'Go and travel there, sir. Begin your journey this moment. I give you my commission. Travel in London, and bring me an account of your tour. Describe me yonder beggar's impudence, sir; or yonder footman's calves; or my Lord Bishop's cob and apron (my Lord Bishop, how do you do?). Describe anything—anybody. Consider your journey is begun from this moment; and, left foot forward—March!' So speaking, my benefactor gave me a

playful push in the back, in the direction of Waterloo Place, and turned into the Athenæum, in company with my Lord Bishop of Bullocksmithy, whose cob had just pulled up at the door, and I walked away alone into the immensity of London, which my Great Master had bidden me to explore.

I staggered before the vastness of that prospect. Not naturally a modest man, yet I asked myself mentally, how am I to grapple with a subject so tremendous? Every man and woman I met was invested with an awful character, and to be examined as a riddle to be read henceforth. The street-sweeper at the crossing gave me a leer and a wink and a patronising request for a little trifle, which made me turn away from him and push rapidly forward. 'How do I know, my boy,' thought I inwardly, 'but that in the course of my travels I may be called upon to examine *you*—to follow you home to your lodgings and back into your early years—to turn your existence inside out, and explain the mystery of your life? How am I to get the clue to that secret?' He luckily spun away towards Waterloo Place with a rapid flourish of his broom, to accost the Honourable Member for Muffborough, just arrived in town, and who gave the sweeper a gratuity of twopence; and I passed over the crossing to the United Service Club side. Admiral Boarder and Colonel Charger were seated in the second window from the corner, reading the paper—the Admiral, bald-headed and jolly-faced, reading with his spectacles—the Colonel, in a rich, curly, dark-purple wig, holding the *Standard* as far off as possible from his eyes, and making believe to read without glasses. Other persons were waiting at the gate. Mrs. General Cutandthrust's little carriage was at the door, waiting for the General, while the young ladies were on the back seat of the carriage, entertained by Major Slasher, who had his hand on the button. I ran away as if guilty. 'Slasher, Boarder, Charger, Cutandthrust, the young ladies, and their mother with the chestnut front—there is not one of you,' thought I, 'but may come under my hands professionally, and I must show up all your histories at the stern mandate of Mr. PUNCH.'

I rushed up that long and dreary passage which skirts the back of the Opera, and where the mysterious barbers and boot-shops are. The Frenchman who was walking up and down there, the very dummies in the hairdressers' windows, seemed to look at me with a new and dreadful significance—a fast-looking little fellow in check trousers and glossy boots, who was sucking the end of his stick and his cigar alternately, while bestriding a cigar-chest in Mr. Alvarez's shop—Mr. A. himself, that stately and courteous merchant who offers you an Havanna as if you were a

Grandee of the first class—everybody, I say, struck me with fright. 'Not one of these,' says I, 'but next week you may be called upon to copy him down;' and I did not even look at the fast young man on the chest, further than to observe that a small carrot sprouted from his chin, and that he wore a shirt painted in scarlet arabesques.

I passed down Saint Albans Place, where the noble H.P. officers have lodgings, without ever peeping into any one of their parlours, and the Haymarket, brilliant with gin-shops, brawling with cabmen, and thronged with lobsters. At the end towards the Quadrant, the poor dirty foreigners were sauntering about greasily; the hansoms were rattling; the omnibuses cutting in and out; my Lord Tomnoddy's cab with the enormous white horse, was locked in with Dr. Bullfrog's purple brougham, and a cartful of window-frames and shop-fronts. Part of the pavement of course was up, and pitch-caldrons reeking in the midst; omnibus cads bawling out, 'Now then, stoopid!' over all. 'Am I to describe all these,' I thought; 'to unravel this writhing perplexity; to set sail into this boundless ocean of life? What does my Master mean by setting me so cruel a task; and how the deuce am I to travel in London?' I felt dazzled, amazed, and confounded, like stout Cortez, when with eagle's eyes he stared at the Pacific in a wild surprise, silent upon a peak in What-d'ye-call-'em. And I wandered on and on.

'Well met,' said a man, accosting me. 'What is the matter, SPEC? Is your banker broke?'

I looked down. It was little Frank Whitestock, the Curate of Saint Timothy's, treading gingerly over the mud.

I explained to Frank my mission, and its tremendous nature, my modest fears as to my competency, my perplexity where to begin.

The little fellow's eyes twinkled roguishly. 'Mr. PUNCH is right,' said he. 'If you want to travel, my poor SPEC, you should not be trusted very far beyond Islington. It is certain that you can describe a tea-kettle better than a pyramid.'

'Tea-kettle, tea-kettle yourself,' says I. 'How to begin is the question.'

'Begin?' says he, 'begin this instant. Come in here with me;' and he pulled at one of four bells at an old-fashioned door by which we were standing. SPEC.

THE CURATE'S WALK.

IT was the third out of the four bell-buttons at the door at which my friend the Curate pulled; and the summons was answered after a brief interval.

I must premise that the house before which we stopped was No. 14 Sedan Buildings, leading out of Great Guelph Street, Dettingen Street, Culloden Street, Minden Square; and Upper and Lower Caroline Row form part of the same quarter—a very queer and solemn quarter to walk in, I think, and one which always suggests FIELDING'S novels to me. I can fancy CAPTAIN BOOTH strutting out of the very door at which we were standing, in tarnished lace, with his hat cocked over his eye, and his hand on his hanger; or LADY BELLASTON'S chair and bearers coming swinging down Great Guelph Street, which we have just quitted to enter Sedan Buildings.

Sedan Buildings is a little flagged square, ending abruptly with the huge walls of BLUCK'S Brewery. The houses, by many degrees smaller than the large decayed tenements in Great Guelph Street, are still not uncomfortable, although shabby. There are brass-plates on the doors, two on some of them; or simple names, as 'LUNT,' 'PAIDGEMORE,' etc. (as if no other statement about LUNT and PAIDGEMORE were necessary at all), under the bells. There are pictures of mangles before two of the houses, and a gilt arm with a hammer sticking out from one. I never saw a Goldbeater. What sort of a being is he that he always sticks out his ensign in dark, mouldy, lonely, dreary, but somewhat respectable places?

What powerful Mulciberian fellows they must be, those Goldbeaters, whacking and thumping with huge mallets at the precious metals all day. I wonder what is Goldbeaters' skin? and do they get impregnated with the metal? and are their great arms under their clean shirts on Sundays, all gilt and shining?

It is a quiet, kind, respectable place somehow, in spite of its shabbiness. Two pewter pints and a jolly little half-pint are hanging on the railings in perfect confidence, basking in what little sun comes into the Court. A group of small children are making an ornament of oyster-shells in one corner. Who has that half-pint? Is it for one of those small ones, or for some delicate female recommended to take beer? The windows in the Court, upon some of which the sun glistens, are not cracked, and pretty clean; it is only the black and dreary look behind which gives them a poverty-stricken appearance. No curtains or blinds. A bird-cage and a very few pots of flowers here and there. This—with the exception of a milkman talking to a whity-brown woman, made up of bits of flannel and strips of faded chintz and calico seemingly, and holding a long bundle which cried—this was all I saw in Sedan Buildings while we were waiting until the door should open.

At last the door was opened, and by a porteress so small that I wonder how she ever could have reached up to the latch. She bobbed a curtsey and smiled at the Curate, whose face gleamed with benevolence too, in reply to that salutation.

'Mother not at home?' says FRANK WHITESTOCK, patting the child on the head.

'Mother's out charing, sir,' replied the girl; 'but please to walk up, sir.' And she led the way up one and two pair of stairs to that apartment in the house which is called the second-floor front—in which was the abode of the charwoman.

There were two young persons in the room, of the respective ages of eight and five, I should think. She of five years of age was hemming a duster, being perched on a chair at the table in the middle of the room. The elder, of eight, politely wiped a chair with a cloth for the accommodation of the good-natured Curate, and came and stood between his knees, immediately alongside of his umbrella, which also reposed there, and which she by no means equalled in height.

'These children attend my school at St. Timothy's,' MR. WHITESTOCK said, 'and BETSY keeps the house whilst her mother is from home.'

Anything cleaner or neater than this house it is impossible to conceive. There was a big bed, which must have been the resting-place of the whole of this little family. There were three or four

religious prints on the walls; besides two framed and glazed, of PRINCE COBURG and the PRINCESS CHARLOTTE. There were brass candlesticks, and a lamb on the chimney-piece, and a cupboard in the corner, decorated with near half a dozen of plates, yellow bowls, and crockery. And on the table there were two or three bits of dry bread, and a jug with water, with which these three young people (it being then nearly three o'clock) were about to take their meal called tea.

That little BETSY who looks so small is nearly ten years old, and has been a mother ever since the age of about five. I mean to say, that her own mother having to go out upon her charing operations, BETSY assumes command of the room during her parent's absence; has nursed her sisters from babyhood up to the present time; keeps order over them, and the house clean as you see it; and goes out occasionally and transacts the family purchases of bread, moist sugar, and mother's tea. They dine upon bread, tea and breakfast upon bread when they have it, or go to bed without a morsel. Their holiday is Sunday, which they spend at Church and Sunday-school. The younger children scarcely ever go out save on that day, but sit sometimes in the sun, which comes in pretty pleasantly: sometimes blue in the cold, for they very seldom see a fire except to heat irons by, when mother has a job of linen to get up. Father was a journeyman bookbinder, who died four years ago, and is buried among thousands and thousands of the nameless dead who lie crowding the black churchyard of St. Timothy's parish.

The Curate evidently took especial pride in VICTORIA, the youngest of these three children of the charwoman, and caused BETSY to fetch a book which lay at the window, and bade her read. It was a Missionary Register which the Curate opened haphazard, and this baby began to read out in an exceedingly clear and resolute voice about—

'The island of Raritongo is the least frequented of all the Caribbean Archipelago. Wankyfungo is at four leagues S.E. by E., and the peak of the crater of Shuagnahua is distinctly visible. The *Irascible* entered Raritongo Bay on the evening of Thursday 29th, and the next day the REV. MR. FLETHERS, MRS. FLETHERS, and their nine children, and SHANGPOOKY, the native converted at Cacabawgo, landed and took up their residence at the house of RATATATUA, the Principal Chief, who entertained us with yams and a pig,' etc. etc. etc.

'Raritongo, Wankyfungo, Archipelago.' I protest this little woman read off each of these long words with an ease which perfectly astonished me. Many a lieutenant in HER MAJESTY'S HEAVIES

would be puzzled with words of half the length. WHITESTOCK, by way of reward for her scholarship, gave her another pat on the head; having received which present with a curtsey, she went and put the book back into the window, and clambering back into the chair, resumed the hemming of the blue duster.

I suppose it was the smallness of these people, as well as their singular, neat, and tidy behaviour, which interested me so. Here were three creatures not so high as the table, with all the labours, duties, and cares of life upon their little shoulders, working and doing their duty like the biggest of my readers; regular, laborious, cheerful—content with small pittances, practising a hundred virtues of thrift and order.

ELIZABETH, at ten years of age, might walk out of this house and take the command of a small establishment. She can wash, get up linen, cook, make purchases, and buy bargains. If I were ten years old and three feet in height, I would marry her, and we would go and live in a cupboard, and share the little half-pint pot for dinner. 'MELIA, eight years of age, though inferior in accomplishments to her sister, is her equal in size, and can wash, scrub, hem, go errands, put her hand to the dinner, and make herself generally useful. In a word, she is fit to be a little housemaid, and to make everything but the beds, which she cannot as yet reach up to. As for VICTORIA's qualifications, they have been mentioned before. I wonder whether the PRINCESS ALICE can read off 'Raritongo,' etc., as glibly as this surprising little animal.

I asked the Curate's permission to make these young ladies a present, and accordingly produced the sum of sixpence to be divided amongst the three. 'What will you do with it?' I said, laying down the coin.

They answered, all three at once, and in a little chorus, 'We'll give it to mother.' This verdict caused the disbursement of another sixpence, and it was explained to them that the sum was for their own private pleasures, and each was called upon to declare what she would purchase.

ELIZABETH says, 'I would like twopenn'orth of meat, if you please, sir.'

'MELIA: 'Ha'porth of treacle, three-farthings'-worth of milk, and the same of fresh bread.'

VICTORIA, speaking very quick, and gasping in an agitated manner: 'Ha'pny—aha—orange, and ha'pny—aha—apple, and ha'pny—aha—treacle, and—and——' here her imagination failed her. She did not know what to do with the rest of the money.

At this 'MELIA actually interposed, 'Suppose she and VICTORIA subscribed a farthing apiece out of their money, so that BETSY might

have a quarter of a pound of meat?' She added that her sister wanted it, and that it would do her good. Upon my word, she made the proposals, and the calculations, in an instant, and all of her own accord. And before we left them, BETSY had put on the queerest little black shawl and bonnet, and had a mug and a basket ready to receive the purchases in question.

Sedan Court has a particularly friendly look to me since that day. Peace be with you, O thrifty, kindly, simple, loving little maidens! May their voyage in life prosper! Think of the great journey before them, and the little cock-boat manned by babies, venturing over the great stormy ocean. SPEC.

A WALK WITH THE CURATE.

FOLLOWING the steps of little BETSY with her mug and basket, as she goes pattering down the street, we watch her into a grocer's shop, where a startling placard with 'DOWN AGAIN!' written on it, announces that the Sugar Market is still in a depressed condition, and where she no doubt negotiates the purchase of a certain quantity of molasses. A little farther on, in Lawfeldt Street, is MR. FILCH'S fine silversmith's shop, where a man may stand for a half-hour, and gaze with ravishment at the beautiful gilt cups and tankards, the stunning waistcoat-chains, the little white cushions laid out with delightful diamond pins, gold horse-shoes and splinter-bars, pearl owls, turquoise lizards and dragons, enamelled monkeys, and all sorts of agreeable monsters for your neckcloth. If I live to be a hundred, or if the girl of my heart were waiting for me at the corner of the street, I never could pass MR. FILCH'S shop without having a couple of minutes' good stare at the window. I like to fancy myself dressed up in some of the jewellery. 'SPEC, you rogue,' I say, 'suppose you were to get leave to wear three or four of those rings on your fingers; to stick that opal, round which twists a brilliant serpent with a ruby head, into your blue satin neckcloth; and to sport that gold jack-chain on your waistcoat. You might walk in the Park with that black whalebone prize riding-whip, which has a head of the size of a snuff-box, surmounted with a silver jockey on a silver racehorse; and what a sensation you would create, if you took that large ram's horn with the Cairngorm top out of your pocket, and offered a pinch of rappee to the

company round!' A little attorney's clerk is staring in at the window, in whose mind very similar ideas are passing. What would he not give to wear that gold pin next Sunday in his blue hunting neckcloth? The ball of it is almost as big as those which are painted over the side door of MR. FILCH'S shop, which is down that passage which leads into Trotter's Court.

I have dined at a house where the silver dishes and covers came from FILCH'S, let out to their owner by MR. FILCH for the day, and in charge of the grave-looking man whom I mistook for the butler. Butlers and ladies'-maids innumerable have audiences of MR. FILCH in his back parlour. There are suits of jewels which he and his shop have known for a half-century past, so often have they been pawned to him. When we read in the *Court Journal* of LADY FITZBALL'S headdress of lappets and superb diamonds, it is because the jewels get a day rule from FILCH'S, and come back to his iron box as soon as the drawing-room is over. These jewels become historical among pawnbrokers. It was here that LADY PRIGSBY brought her diamonds one evening of last year, and desired hurriedly to raise two thousand pounds upon them, when FILCH respectfully pointed out to her Ladyship, that she had pawned the stones already to his comrade, MR. TUBAL, of Charing Cross. And, taking his hat, and putting the case under his arm, he went with her Ladyship to the hack-cab in which she had driven to Lawfeldt Street, entered the vehicle with her, and they drove in silence to the back entrance of her mansion in Monmouth Square, where MR. TUBAL'S young man was still seated in the hall, waiting until her Ladyship should be undressed.

We walked round the splendid shining shop and down the passage, which would be dark but that the gas-lit door is always swinging to and fro, as the people who come to pawn go in and out. You may be sure there is a gin-shop handy to all pawnbrokers.

A lean man in a dingy dress is walking lazily up and down the flags of Trotter's Court. His ragged trousers trail in the slimy mud there. The doors of the pawnbroker's, and of the gin-shop on the other side, are banging to and fro: a little girl comes out of the former, with a tattered old handkerchief, and goes up and gives something to the dingy man. It is ninepence, just raised on his waistcoat. The man bids the child to 'cut away home,' and when she is clear out of the court, he looks at us with a lurking scowl and walks into the gin-shop doors, which swing always opposite the pawnbroker's shop.

Why should he have sent the waistcoat wrapped in that ragged old cloth? Why should he have sent the child into the pawn-

broker's box, and not have gone himself? He did not choose to let her see him go into the gin-shop—why drive her in at the opposite door? The child knows well enough whither he is gone. She might as well have carried an old waistcoat in her hand through the street as a ragged napkin. A sort of vanity, you see, drapes itself in that dirty rag; or is it a kind of debauched shame, which does not like to go naked? The fancy can follow the poor girl up the black alley, up the black stairs, into the bare room, where mother and children are starving, while the lazy ragamuffin, the family bully, is gone into the gin-shop to 'try our celebrated Cream of the Valley,' as the bill in red letters bids him.

'I waited in this court the other day,' WHITESTOCK said, 'just like that man, while a friend of mine went in to take her husband's tools out of pawn—an honest man—a journeyman shoemaker, who lives hard by.' And we went to call on the journeyman shoemaker—Randle's Buildings—two-pair back—over a blacking manufactory. The blacking was made by one manufactor, who stood before a tub stirring up his produce, a good deal of which—and nothing else—was on the floor. We passed through this emporium, which abutted on a dank, steaming little court, and up the narrow stair to the two-pair back.

The shoemaker was at work with his recovered tools, and his wife was making woman's shoes (an inferior branch of the business) by him. A shrivelled child was lying on the bed in the corner of the room. There was no bedstead, and indeed scarcely any furniture, save the little table on which lay his tools and shoes—a fair-haired, lank, handsome young man, with a wife who may have been pretty once, in better times, and before starvation pulled her down. She had but one thin gown; it clung to a frightfully emaciated little body.

Their story was the old one. The man had been in good work, and had the fever. The clothes had been pawned, the furniture and bedstead had been sold, and they slept on the mattress; the mattress went, and they slept on the floor; the tools went, and the end of all things seemed at hand, when the gracious apparition of the Curate, with his umbrella, came and cheered those stricken-down poor folks.

The journeyman shoemaker must have been astonished at such a sight. He is not, or was not, a church-goer. He is a man of 'advanced' opinions; believing that priests are hypocrites, and that clergymen in general drive about in coaches-and-four, and eat a tithe-pig a day. This proud priest got MR. CRISPIN a bed to lie upon, and some soup to eat; and (being the treasurer of certain good folks of his parish, whose charities he administers) as soon as

the man was strong enough to work, the Curate lent him money wherewith to redeem his tools, and which our friend is paying back by instalments at this day. And any man who has seen these two honest men talking together, would have said the shoemaker was the haughtier of the two.

We paid one more morning visit. This was with an order for work to a tailor of reduced circumstances and enlarged family. He had been a master, and was now forced to take work by the job. He who had commanded many men, was now fallen down to the ranks again. His wife told us all about his misfortunes. She is evidently very proud of them. 'He failed for seven thousand pounds,' the poor woman said, three or four times during the course of our visit. It gave her husband a sort of dignity to have been trusted for so much money.

The Curate must have heard that story many times, to which he now listened with great patience in the tailor's house—a large, clean, dreary, faint-looking room, smelling of poverty. Two little stunted, yellow-headed children, with lean pale faces and large protruding eyes, were at the window staring with all their might at Guy Fawkes, who was passing in the street, and making a great clattering and shouting outside, while the luckless tailor's wife was prating within about her husband's bygone riches. I shall not in a hurry forget the picture. The empty room in a dreary background; the tailor's wife in brown, stalking up and down the planks, talking endlessly; the solemn children staring out of the window as the sunshine fell on their faces, and honest WHITESTOCK seated, listening, with the tails of his coat through the chair.

His business over with the tailor, we start again. FRANK WHITESTOCK trips through alley after alley, never getting any mud on his boots, somehow, and his white neckcloth making a wonderful shine in those shady places. He has all sorts of acquaintance, chiefly amongst the extreme youth, assembled at the doors or about the gutters. There was one small person occupied in emptying one of these rivulets with an oyster-shell, for the purpose, apparently, of making an artificial lake in a hole hard by, whose solitary gravity and business struck me much, while the Curate was very deep in conversation with a small-coalman. A half-dozen of her comrades were congregated round a scraper and on a grating hard by, playing with a mangy little puppy, the property of the Curate's friend.

I know it is wrong to give large sums of money away promiscuously, but I could not help dropping a penny into the child's oyster-shell, as she came forward holding it before her like a tray. At first her expression was one rather of wonder than of pleasure

at this influx of capital, and was certainly quite worth the small charge of one penny, at which it was purchased.

For a moment she did not seem to know what steps to take; but, having communed in her own mind, she presently resolved to turn them towards a neighbouring apple-stall, in the direction of which she went without a single word of compliment passing between us. Now, the children round the scraper were witnesses to the transaction. 'He's give her a penny,' one remarked to another, with hopes miserably disappointed that they might come in for a similar present.

She walked on to the apple-stall meanwhile, holding her penny behind her. And what did the other little ones do? They put down the puppy as if it had been so much dross. And one after another they followed the penny-piece to the apple-stall.

SPEC.

A DINNER IN THE CITY.

I.

OUT of a mere love of variety and contrast, I think we cannot do better, after leaving the wretched WHITESTOCK among his starving parishioners, than transport ourselves to the City, where we are invited to dine with the Worshipful Company of Bellows-Menders, at their splendid Hall in Marrow-pudding Lane.

Next to eating good dinners, a healthy man with a benevolent turn of mind must like, I think, to read about them. When I was a boy, I had by heart the Barmecides feast in the *Arabian Nights;* and the culinary passages in SCOTT's novels (in which works there is a deal of good eating) always were my favourites. The Homeric poems are full, as everybody knows, of roast and boiled; and every year I look forward with pleasure to the newspapers of the 10th of November, for the *menu* of the Lord Mayor's feast, which is sure to appear in those journals. What student of history is there who does not remember the City dinner given to the Allied Sovereigns in 1814? It is good even now, and to read it ought to make a man hungry, had he had five meals that day. In a word, I had long, long yearned in my secret heart to be present at a City festival. The last year's papers had a bill of fare commencing with 'four hundred tureens of turtle, each containing five pints;' and concluding with the pineapples and ices of the dessert. 'Fancy two thousand pints of turtle, my love,' I have often said to MRS. SPEC, 'in a vast silver tank, smoking fragrantly, with lovely green islands of calipash and calipee floating about—why, my dear, if it had been invented in the time of VITELLIUS he would have bathed in it!'

'He would have been a nasty wretch,' MRS. SPEC said, who thinks that cold mutton is the most wholesome food of man. However, when she heard what great company was to be present at

the dinner, the Ministers of State, the Foreign Ambassadors, some of the bench of Bishops, no doubt the Judges, and a great portion of the Nobility, she was pleased at the card which was sent to her husband, and made a neat tie to my white neckcloth before I set off on the festive journey. She warned me to be very cautious, and obstinately refused to allow me the CHUBB door-key.

The very card of invitation is a curiosity. It is almost as big as a tea-tray. It gives one ideas of a vast, enormous hospitality. GOG and MAGOG in livery might leave it at your door. If a man is to eat up to that card, Heaven help us, I thought; the Doctor must be called in. Indeed, it was a Doctor who procured me the placard of invitation. Like all medical men who have published a book upon diet, PILLKINGTON is a great gourmand, and he made a great favour of procuring the ticket for me from his brother of the Stock Exchange, who is a Citizen and a Bellows-Mender in his corporate capacity.

We drove in PILLKINGTON'S brougham to the place of *mangez-vous*, through the streets of the town, in the broad daylight, dressed out in our white waistcoats and ties; making a sensation upon all beholders by the premature splendour of our appearance. There is something grand in that hospitality of the citizens, who not only give you more to eat than other people, but who begin earlier than anybody else. MAJOR BANGLES, CAPTAIN CANTERBURY, and a host of the fashionables of my acquaintance, were taking their morning's ride in the Park as we drove through. You should have seen how they stared at us! It gave me a pleasure to be able to remark mentally, 'Look on, gents; we too are sometimes invited to the tables of the great.'

We fell in with numbers of carriages as we were approaching Citywards, in which reclined gentlemen with white neckcloths—grand equipages of foreign ambassadors, whose uniforms, and stars, and gold lace glistened within the carriages, while their servants with coloured cockades looked splendid without, careered by the Doctor's brougham-horse, which was a little fatigued with his professional journeys in the morning. GENERAL SIR ROGER BLUFF, K.C.B., and COLONEL TUCKER, were stepping into a cab at the United Service Club as we passed it. The veterans blazed in scarlet and gold lace. It seemed strange that men so famous, if they did not mount their chargers to go to dinner, should ride in any vehicle under a coach-and-six; and instead of having a triumphal car to conduct them to the City, should go thither in a rickety cab, driven by a ragged charioteer smoking a doodheen. In Cornhill we fell into a line, and formed a complete regiment of the aristocracy.

Crowds were gathered round the steps of the old hall in Marrow-pudding Lane, and welcomed us nobility and gentry as we stepped out of our equipages at the door. The policemen could hardly restrain the ardour of these low fellows, and their sarcastic cheers were sometimes very unpleasant. There was one rascal who made an observation about the size of my white waistcoat, for which I should have liked to sacrifice him on the spot; but PILLKINGTON hurried me, as the policemen did our little brougham, to give place to a prodigious fine equipage which followed, with immense grey horses, immense footmen in powder, and driven by a grave coachman in an episcopal wig.

A veteran officer in scarlet, with silver epaulets, and a profuse quantity of bullion and silver lace, descended from this carriage between the two footmen, and nearly upset by his curling sabre, which had twisted itself between his legs, which were cased in duck trousers very tight, except about the knees (where they bagged quite freely), and with rich long white straps. I thought he must be a great man by the oddness of his uniform.

'Who is the General?' says I, as the old warrior, disentangling himself from his scimitar, entered the outer hall. 'Is it the MARQUESS OF ANGLESEA, or the RAJAH OF SARAWAK?'

I spoke in utter ignorance, as it appeared. 'That! Pooh!' says PILLKINGTON; 'that is MR. CHAMPIGNON, M.P., of Whitehall Gardens and Fungus Abbey, Citizen and Bellows-Mender. His uniform is that of a Colonel of the Diddlesex Militia.' There was no end to similar mistakes on that day. A venerable man with a blue and gold uniform, and a large crimson sword-belt and brass-scabbarded sabre, passed presently, whom I mistook for a foreign ambassador at the least, whereas I found out that he was only a Billingsgate Commissioner; and a little fellow in a blue livery, which fitted him so badly that I thought he must be one of the hired waiters of the Company, who had been put into a coat that didn't belong to him, turned out to be a real right honourable gent, who had been a minister once.

I was conducted upstairs by my friend to the gorgeous drawing-room, where the company assembled, and where there was a picture of GEORGE IV. I cannot make out what public companies can want with a picture of GEORGE IV. A fellow with a gold chain, and in a black suit, such as the lamented MR. COOPER wears preparatory to execution in the last act of *George Barnwell*, bawled out our names as we entered the apartment. 'If my ELIZA could hear that gentleman,' thought I, 'roaring out the name of "MR. SPEC!" in the presence of at least two hundred Earls, Prelates, Judges, and distinguished characters!' It made little impression

upon them, however; and I slunk into the embrasure of a window, and watched the company.

Every man who came into the room was, of course, ushered in with a roar. 'His Excellency the Minister of Topinambo!' the usher yelled; and the Minister appeared, bowing, and in tights. 'MR. HOGGIN! The RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF BARE-ACRES! MR. SNOG! MR. BRADDLE! MR. ALDERMAN MOODLE! MR. JUSTICE BUNKER! LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR ROGER BLUFF! COLONEL TUCKER! MR. TIMS!' with the same emphasis and mark of admiration for us all, as it were. The

Warden of the Bellows-Menders came forward and made a profusion of bows to the various distinguished guests as they arrived. He, too, was in a Court dress, with a sword and bag. His lady must like so to behold him turning out in arms and ruffles, shaking hands with Ministers, and bowing over his wine-glass to their Excellencies the Foreign Ambassadors.

To be in a room with these great people gave me a thousand sensations of joy. Once, I am positive, the Secretary of the Tape and Sealing-Wax Office looked at me, and turning round to a noble lord in a red ribbon, evidently asked, 'Who is that?' Oh, ELIZA, ELIZA! How I wished you had been there!—or if not there, in the ladies' gallery in the dining-hall, when the music began, and

MR. SHADRACH, MR. MESHECH, and little JACK OLDBOY (whom I recollect in the part of *Count Almaviva* any time these forty years) sang 'Non nobis, Domine.'

But I am advancing matters prematurely. We are not in the grand dining-hall as yet. The crowd grows thicker and thicker, so that you can't see people bow as they enter any more. The usher in the gold chain roars out name after name: more ambassadors, more generals, more citizens, capitalists, bankers, among them MR. ROWDY, my banker, from whom I shrank guiltily from private financial reasons—and, last and greatest of all, 'THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORD MAYOR!'

That was a shock, such as I felt on landing at Calais for the first time; on first seeing an Eastern bazaar; on first catching a sight of MRS. SPEC; a new sensation, in a word. Till death, I shall remember that surprise. I saw over the heads of the crowd, first a great sword borne up in the air: then a man in a fur cap of the shape of a flower-pot; then I heard the voice shouting the august name—the crowd separated. A handsome man with a chain and gown stood before me. It was he. He? What do I say? It was his Lordship. I cared for nothing till dinner-time after that. SPEC.

II.

THE glorious company of banqueteers were now pretty well all assembled; and I, for my part, attracted by an irresistible fascination, pushed nearer and nearer my LORD MAYOR, and surveyed him, as the Generals, Lords, Ambassadors, Judges, and other bigwigs rallied round him as their centre, and, being introduced to his Lordship and each other, made themselves the most solemn and graceful bows; as if it had been the object of that General's life to meet that Judge; and as if that Secretary of the Tape and Sealing-Wax Office, having achieved at length a presentation to the LORD MAYOR, had gained the end of his existence, and might go home, singing a *Nunc Dimittis*. DON GERONIMO DE MULLIGAN Y GUAYABA,

Minister of the Republic of Topinambo (and originally descended from an illustrious Irish ancestor, who hewed out with his pickaxe in the Topinambo mines the steps by which his family have ascended to their present eminence), holding his cocked hat with the yellow cockade close over his embroidered coat-tails, conversed with ALDERMAN CODSHEAD, that celebrated statesman, who was also in tights, with a sword and bag.

Of all the articles of the splendid Court dress of our aristocracy, I think it is those little bags which I admire most. The dear crisp curly little black darlings! They give a gentleman's back an indescribable grace and air of chivalry. They are at once manly, elegant, and useful (being made of sticking-plaster, which can be applied afterwards to heal many a wound of domestic life). They are something extra appended to men, to enable them to appear in the presence of royalty. How vastly the idea of a Court increases in solemnity and grandeur when you think that a man cannot enter it without a tail!

These thoughts passed through my mind, and pleasingly diverted it from all sensations of hunger, while many friends around me were pulling out their watches, looking towards the great dining-room doors, rattling at the lock (the door gasped open once or twice, and the nose of a functionary on the other side peeped in among us and entreated peace), and vowing it was scandalous, monstrous, shameful. If you ask an assembly of Englishmen to a feast, and accident or the cook delays it, they show their gratitude in this way. Before the supper-rooms were thrown open at my friend MRS. PERKINS'S ball, I recollect LIVERSAGE at the door, swearing and growling as if he had met with an injury. So I thought the Bellows-Menders' guests seemed heaving into mutiny, when the great doors burst open in a flood of light, and we rushed, a black streaming crowd, into the gorgeous hall of banquet.

Every man sprang for his place with breathless rapidity. We knew where those places were beforehand; for a cunning map had been put into the hands of each of us by an officer of the Company, where every plate of this grand festival was numbered, and each gentleman's place was ticketed off. My wife keeps my card still in her album; and my dear eldest boy (who has a fine genius and appetite) will gaze on it for half an hour at a time, whereas he passes by the copies of verses and the flower-pieces with an entire indifference.

The vast hall flames with gas, and is emblazoned all over with the arms of bygone Bellows-Menders. August portraits decorate the walls. THE DUKE OF KENT in scarlet, with a crooked sabre,

stared me firmly in the face during the whole entertainment. THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND, in a hussar uniform, was at my back, and I knew was looking down into my plate. The eyes of those gaunt portraits follow you everywhere. The Prince Regent has been mentioned before. He has his place of honour over the Great Bellows-Mender's chair, and surveys the high table, glittering with plate, epergnes, candles, hock-glasses, moulds of blanc-mange stuck over with flowers, gold statues holding up baskets of barley-sugar, and a thousand objects of art. Piles of immense gold cans and salvers

rose up in buffets behind this high table; towards which presently, and in a grand procession—the band in the gallery overhead blowing out the Bellows-Menders' march—a score of City tradesmen and their famous guests walked solemnly between our rows of tables.

Grace was said, not by the professional devotees who sang 'Non nobis' at the end of the meal, but by a chaplain somewhere in the room, and the turtle began. Armies of waiters came rushing in with tureens of this broth of the City.

There was a gentleman near us—a very lean old Bellows-Mender, indeed, who had three platefuls. His old hands trembled, and his plate quivered with excitement, as he asked again and

again. That old man is not destined to eat much more of the green fat of this life. As he took it, he shook all over like the jelly in the dish opposite to him. He gasped out a quick laugh once or twice to his neighbour, when his two or three old tusks showed, still standing up in those jaws which had swallowed such a deal of calipash. He winked at the waiters, knowing them from former banquets.

This banquet, which I am describing at Christmas, took place at the end of May. At that time the vegetables called peas were exceedingly scarce, and cost six-and-twenty shillings a quart.

'There are two hundred quarts of peas,' said the old fellow, winking with bloodshot eyes, and a laugh that was perfectly frightful. They were consumed with the fragrant ducks by those who were inclined; or with the venison, which now came in.

That was a great sight. On a centre table in the hall, on which already stood a cold Baron of Beef—a grotesque piece of meat—a dish as big as a dish in a pantomime, with a little Standard of England stuck into the top of it, as if it was round this we were to rally—on this centre table six men placed as many huge dishes under cover; and at a given signal the master cook and five assistants in white caps and jackets marched rapidly up to the dish-covers, which being withdrawn, discovered to our sight six haunches, on which the six carvers, taking out six sharp knives from their girdles, began operating.

It was, I say, like something out of a Gothic romance, or a grotesque fairy pantomime. Feudal barons must have dined so five hundred years ago. One of those knives may have been the identical blade which WALWORTH plunged in JACK CADE'S ribs, and which was afterwards caught up into the City Arms, where it blazes. (Not that any man can seriously believe that JACK CADE was hurt by the dig of the jolly old Mayor in the red gown and chain, any more than that Pantaloon is singed by the great poker, which is always forthcoming at the present season.) Here we were practising the noble custom of the good old times, imitating our glorious forefathers, rallying round our old institutions, like true Britons. These very flagons and platters were in the room before us, ten times as big as any we use or want nowadays. They served us a grace-cup as large as a plate-basket, and at the end they passed us a rosewater dish, into which PEPYS might have dipped his napkin. PEPYS?—what do I say? RICHARD III., Cœur-de-Lion, GUY OF WARWICK, GOG and MAGOG. I don't know how antique the articles are.

Conversation, rapid and befitting the place and occasion, went on all round. 'Waiter, where's the turtle-fins?'—Gobble, gobble.

'Hice Punch or My deary, sir?' 'Smelts or salmon, JOWLER, my boy?' 'Always take cold beef after turtle.'—Hobble, gobble. 'These year peas have no taste.' Hobble, gobbleobble. 'JONES, a glass of 'Ock with you? SMITH, jine us? Waiter, three 'Ocks. S.! mind your manners. There's MRS. S. a-looking at you from the gallery.'—Hobble-obbl-gobble-gob-gob-gob. A steam of meats, a flare of candles, a rushing to and fro of waiters, a ceaseless clinking of glass and steel, a dizzy mist of gluttony, out of which I see my old friend of the turtle-soup making terrific play among the peas, his knife darting down his throat.

. . . . . .

It is all over. We can eat no more. We are full of BACCHUS and fat venison. We lay down our weapons and rest. 'Why, in the name of goodness,' says I, turning round to PILLKINGTON, who had behaved at dinner like a doctor; 'why——?'

But a great rap, tap, tap proclaimed grace, after which the professional gentlemen sang out, 'Non nobis,' and then the dessert and the speeches began; about which we shall speak in the third course of our entertainment. SPEC.

III.

N the hammer having ceased its tapping, MR. CHISEL, the immortal toast-maker, who presided over the President, roared out to my three professional friends, 'Non nobis;' and what is called 'the business of the evening' commenced.

First, the Warden of the Worshipful Society of the Bellows-Members proposed 'HER MAJESTY' in a reverential voice. We all stood up respectfully, CHISEL yelling out to us to 'Charge our glasses.' The royal health having been imbibed, the professional gentlemen ejaculated a part of the National Anthem; and I do not mean any disrespect to them personally, in mentioning that this eminently religious hymn was performed by MESSRS. SHADRACH and MESHECH, two well-known melodists of the Hebrew persuasion. We clinked our glasses at the conclusion of the poem, making more dents upon the time-worn old board, where many a man present had clinked for GEORGE III., clapped for GEORGE IV.,

rapped for WILLIAM IV., and was rejoiced to bump the bottom of his glass as a token of reverence for our present Sovereign.

Here, as in the case of the Hebrew melophonists, I would insinuate no wrong thought. Gentlemen, no doubt, have the loyal emotions which exhibit themselves by clapping glasses on the tables. We do it at home. Let us make no doubt that the bellows-menders, tailors, authors, public characters, judges, aldermen, sheriffs, and what not, shout out a health for the Sovereign every night at their banquets, and that their families fill round and drink the same toast from the bottles of half-guinea Burgundy.

'HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT, and ALBERT PRINCE OF WALES, and the rest of the Royal Family' followed, CHISEL yelling out the august titles, and all of us banging away with our glasses, as if we were seriously interested in drinking healths to this royal race: as if drinking healths could do anybody any good; as if the imprecations of a company of bellows-menders, aldermen, magistrates, tailors, authors, tradesmen, ambassadors, who did not care a twopenny-piece for all the royal families in Europe, could somehow affect Heaven kindly towards their Royal Highnesses by their tipsy vows, under the presidence of MR. CHISEL.

The QUEEN DOWAGER'S health was next prayed for by us Bacchanalians, I need not say with what fervency and efficacy. This prayer was no sooner put up by the Chairman, with CHISEL as his BOANERGES of a Clerk, than the elderly Hebrew gentlemen before mentioned began striking up a wild patriotic ditty about the 'Queen of the Isles, on whose sea-girt shores the bright sun smiles, and the ocean roars: whose cliffs never knew, since the bright sun rose, but a people true, who scorned all foes. Oh, a people true, who scorn all wiles, inhabit you, bright Queen of the Isles. Bright Quee—Bright Quee—ee—ee—ee—ee—en awf the Isles!' or words to that effect, which SHADRACH took up and warbled across his glass to MESHECH, which MESHECH trolled away to his brother singer, until the ditty was ended, nobody understanding a word of what it meant; not OLDBOY—not the old or young Israelite minstrel his companion—not we, who were clinking our glasses—not CHISEL, who was urging us and the Chairman on—not the Chairman and the guests in embroidery—not the kind, exalted, and amiable lady whose health we were making believe to drink, certainly, and in order to render whose name welcome to the Powers to whom we recommended her safety, we offered up, through the mouths of three singers, hired for the purpose, a perfectly insane and irrelevant song.

'Why,' says I to PILLKINGTON, 'the Chairman and the grand guests might just as well get up and dance round the table, or cut off CHISEL'S head and pop it into a turtle-soup tureen, or go through

any other mad ceremony as the last. Which of us here cares for HER MAJESTY the QUEEN DOWAGER, any more than for a virtuous and eminent lady, whose goodness and private worth appear in all her acts? What the deuce has that absurd song about the Queen of the Isles to do with HER MAJESTY, and how does it set us all stamping with our glasses on the mahogany?' CHISEL bellowed out another toast—'The Army;' and we were silent in admiration, while SIR GEORGE BLUFF, the greatest General present, rose to return thanks.

Our end of the table was far removed from the thick of the affair, and we only heard, as it were, the indistinct cannonading of the General, whose force had just advanced into action. We saw an old gentleman with white whiskers, and a flaring scarlet coat covered with stars and gilding, rise up with a frightened and desperate look, and declare that 'this was the proudest—a-hem—moment of his—a-hem—unworthy as he was—a-hem—as a member of the British—a-hem—who had fought under the illustrious DUKE of—a-hem—his joy was to come among the Bellows-Menders—a-hem—and inform the great merchants of the greatest City of the—hum—that a British—a-hem—was always ready to do his—hum. NAPOLEON—Salamanca—a-hem—had witnessed their—hum, haw—and should any other—hum—ho—casion which he deeply deprecated—haw—there were men now around him—a-haw—who, inspired by the Bellows-Menders' Company and the City of London—a-hum—would do their duty as—a-hum—a-haw—a-hah.' Immense cheers, yells, hurrays, roars, glass-smackings, and applause followed this harangue, at the end of which the three Israelites, encouraged by CHISEL, began a military cantata—'Oh, the sword and shield—On the battle-field—Are the joys that best we love, boys—Where the Grenadiers, with their pikes and spears, through the ranks of the foemen shove, boys—Where the bold hurray strikes dread dismay in the ranks of the dead and dyin'—and the baynet clanks in the Frenchmen's ranks, as they fly from the British Lion.' (I repeat, as before, that I quote from memory.)

Then the Secretary of the Tape and Sealing-Wax Office rose to return thanks for the blessings which we begged upon the Ministry. He was, he said, but a humble—the humblest member of that body. The suffrages which that body had received from the nation were gratifying, but the most gratifying testimonial of all was the approval of the Bellows-Menders' Company. (*Immense applause.*) Yes, among the most enlightened of the mighty corporations of the City, the most enlightened was the Bellows-Menders. Yes, he might say, in consonance with their motto, and in defiance of illiberality, 'Afflavet veritas et dissipati sunt.' (*Enormous applause.*)

Yes, the thanks and pride that were boiling with emotion in his bosom, trembled to find utterance at his lip. Yes, the proudest moment of his life, the crown of his ambition, the meed of his early hopes and struggles and aspirations, was at that moment won in the approbation of the Bellows-Menders. Yes, his children should know that he too had attended at those great, those noble, those joyous, those ancient festivals, and that he too, the humble individual who from his heart pledged the assembled company in a bumper—that he too was a Bellows-Mender.

SHADRACH, MESHECH, and OLDBOY at this began singing, I don't know for what reason, a rustic madrigal, describing 'Oh, the joys of bonny May—bonny May—a-a-ay, when the birds sing on the spray,' etc., which never, as I could see, had the least relation to that or any other ministry, but which were, nevertheless, applauded by all present. And then the Judges returned thanks; and the Clergy returned thanks; and the Foreign Ministers had an innings (all interspersed by my friends' indefatigable melodies); and the distinguished foreigners present, especially MR. WASHINGTON JACKSON, were greeted, and that distinguished American rose amidst thunders of applause.

He explained how Broadway and Cornhill were in fact the same. He showed how WASHINGTON was in fact an Englishman, and how FRANKLIN would never have been an American but for his education as a printer in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. He declared that MILTON was his cousin, LOCKE his ancestor, NEWTON his dearest friend, SHAKESPEARE his grandfather, or more or less—he vowed that he had wept tears of briny anguish on the pedestal of Charing Cross—kissed with honest fervour the clay of Runnymede—that BEN JONSON and SAMUEL—that POPE and DRYDEN, and DR. WATTS and SWIFT were the darlings of *his* hearth and home, as of ours, and in a speech of about five-and-thirty minutes explained to us a series of complimentary sensations very hard to repeat or to remember.

But I observed that, during his oration, the gentlemen who report for the daily papers were occupied with their wine instead of their note-books—that the three singers of Israel yawned, and showed many signs of disquiet and inebriety, and that my old friend, who had swallowed the three plates of turtle, was sound asleep.

PILLKINGTON and I quitted the banqueting-hall, and went into the tea-room, where gents were assembled still, drinking slops and eating buttered muffins, until the grease trickled down their faces. Then I resumed the query which I was just about to put, when grace was called and the last chapter ended. 'And, gracious goodness!' I said, 'what can be the meaning of a ceremony so

costly, so uncomfortable, so savoury, so unwholesome as this? Who is called upon to pay two or three guineas for my dinner now, in this blessed year 1847? Who is it that *can* want muffins after such a banquet? Are there no poor? Is there no reason? Is this monstrous belly-worship to exist for ever?'

'SPEC,' the Doctor said, 'you had best come away. I make no doubt that you for one have had too much.' And we went to his brougham. May nobody have such a headache on this happy New Year as befell the present writer on the morning after the Dinner in the City!

SPEC.

A NIGHT'S PLEASURE.

I.

HAVING made a solemn engagement during the last Midsummer holidays with my young friend AUGUSTUS JONES, that we should go to a Christmas Pantomime together, and being accommodated by the obliging proprietors of Covent Garden Theatre with a private box for last Tuesday, I invited not only him but some other young friends to be present at the entertainment. The two MISS TWIGGS, the charming daughters of the REV. MR. TWIGG, our neighbour; MISS MINNY TWIGG, their youngest sister, eight years of age; and their maternal aunt, MRS. CAPTAIN FLATHER, as the Chaperon of the young ladies, were the four other partakers of this amusement with myself and MR. JONES.

It was agreed that the ladies, who live in Montpellier Square, Brompton, should take up myself and MASTER AUGUSTUS at the Sarcophagus Club, which is on the way to the theatre, and where we two gentlemen dined on the day appointed. COX'S most roomy fly, the mouldy green one, in which he insists on putting the roaring grey horse, was engaged for the happy evening. Only an intoxicated driver (as COX'S man always is) could ever, I am sure, get that animal into a trot. But the utmost fury of the whip will not drive him into a dangerous pace; and besides, the ladies were protected by THOMAS, MRS. FLATHER'S page, a young man with a gold band to his hat, and a large gilt knob on the top, who ensured the safety of the cargo, and really gave the vehicle the dignity of one's own carriage.

The dinner-hour at the Sarcophagus being appointed for five o'clock, and a table secured in the strangers' room, MASTER JONES was good enough to arrive (under the guardianship of the Colonel's footman) about half-an-hour before the appointed time, and the interval was by him partly passed in conversation, but chiefly in looking at a large silver watch which he possesses, and in hoping that we shouldn't be late.

I made every attempt to pacify and amuse my young guest, whose anxiety was not about the dinner but about the play. I tried him with a few questions about Greek and Mathematics—a sort of talk, however, which I was obliged speedily to abandon, for I found he knew a great deal more upon these subjects than I did —(it is disgusting how preternaturally learned the boys of our day are, by the way). I engaged him to relate anecdotes about his schoolfellows and ushers, which he did, but still in a hurried, agitated, nervous manner—evidently thinking about that sole absorbing subject, the pantomime.

A neat little dinner, served in BATIFOL'S best manner (our *chef* at the Sarcophagus knows when he has to deal with a connoisseur, and would as soon serve me up his own ears as a *réchauffé* dish), made scarcely any impression on young JONES. After a couple of spoonfuls, he pushed away the Palestine soup, and took out his large silver watch—he applied two or three times to the chronometer during the fish period—and it was not until I had him employed upon an omelette, full of apricot jam, that the young gentleman was decently tranquil.

With the last mouthful of the omelette he began to fidget again; and it still wanted a quarter of an hour of six. Nuts, almonds and raisins, figs (the almost never-failing soother of youth), I hoped might keep him quiet, and laid before him all those delicacies. But he beat the devil's tattoo with the nut-crackers, had out the watch time after time, declared that it stopped, and made such a ceaseless kicking on the legs of his chair, that there were moments when I wished he was back in the parlour of MRS. JONES, his mamma.

I know oldsters who have a savage pleasure in making boys drunk—a horrid thought of this kind may perhaps have crossed my mind. 'If I could get him to drink half-a-dozen glasses of that heavy Port, it might soothe him and make him sleep,' I may have thought. But he would only take a couple of glasses of wine. He said he didn't like more; that his father did not wish him to take more: and, abashed by his frank and honest demeanour, I would not press him, of course, a single moment further, and so was forced to take the bottle to myself, to soothe me instead of my young guest.

He was almost frantic at a quarter to seven, by which time the ladies had agreed to call for us, and for about five minutes was perfectly dangerous. 'We shall be late, I know we shall; I said we should! I am sure it's seven, past, and that the box will be taken!' and countless other exclamations of fear and impatience passed through his mind. At length we heard a carriage stop, and a club-servant entering and directing himself towards our table. Young JONES did not wait to hear him speak, but cried out—'Hooray, here they are!' flung his napkin over his head,

dashed off his chair, sprang at his hat like a kitten at a ball, and bounced out of the door, crying out, 'Come along, MR. SPEC!' whilst the individual addressed much more deliberately followed. 'Happy AUGUSTUS!' I mentally exclaimed. 'O thou brisk and bounding votary of pleasure! When the virile toga has given place to the jacket and turned-down collar, that *Columbine*, who will float before you a goddess to-night, will only be a third-rate dancing female, with rouge, and large feet. You will see the ropes by which the genii come down, and the dirty, crumpled knees of the fairies—and you won't be in such a hurry to leave a good bottle

of port, as now at the pleasant age of thirteen.'—[By the way, boys are made so abominably comfortable and odiously happy, nowadays, that when I look back to 1802, and my own youth, I get in a rage with the whole race of boys, and feel inclined to flog them all round.]—Paying the bill, I say, and making these leisurely observations, I passed under the hall of the Sarcophagus, where THOMAS, the page, touched the gold-knobbed hat respectfully to me, in a manner which I think must have rather surprised old GENERAL GROWLER, who was unrolling himself of his muffetees and wrappers, and issued into the street, where COX'S fly was in waiting: the windows up, and whitened with a slight frost: the silhouettes of the dear beings within dimly visible against the chemist's light opposite the Club; and MASTER AUGUSTUS already kicking his heels on the box, by the side of the inebriated driver.

I caused the youth to descend from that perch, and the door of the fly being opened, thrust him in. MRS. CAPTAIN FLATHER, of course, occupied the place of honour,—an uncommonly capacious woman,—and one of the young ladies made a retreat from the front seat, in order to leave it vacant for myself; but I insisted on not incommoding MRS. CAPTAIN F., and that the two darling children should sit beside her, while I occupied the place of back bodkin between the two MISS TWIGGS.

They were attired in white, covered up with shawls, with bouquets in their laps, and their hair dressed evidently for the occasion: MRS. FLATHER in her red velvet, of course, with her large gilt state turban.

She saw that we were squeezed on our side of the carriage, and made an offer to receive me on hers.

'Squeezed? I should think we *were*: but O EMILY, O LOUISA, you mischievous little black-eyed creatures, who would dislike being squeezed by you? I wished it was to York we were going, and not to Covent Garden. How swiftly the moments passed. We were at the playhouse in no time: and AUGUSTUS plunged instantly out of the fly over the shins of everybody. SPEC.

II.

WE took possession of the private box assigned to us: and MRS. FLATHER seated herself in the place of honour —each of the young ladies taking it by turns to occupy the other corner. MISS MINNY and MASTER JONES occupied the middle places; and it was pleasant to watch the young gentleman throughout the performance of the comedy — during which he was never quiet for two minutes — now shifting his chair, now swinging to and fro upon it, now digging his elbows into the capacious sides of MRS. CAPTAIN FLATHER, now beating with his boots against the front of the box, or trampling upon the skirts of MRS. FLATHER'S satin garment.

He occupied himself unceasingly, too, in working up and down MRS. F.'s doubled-barrelled French opera-glass—not a little to the detriment of that instrument and the wrath of the owner; indeed, I have no doubt, that had not MRS. FLATHER reflected that MRS. COLONEL JONES gave some of the most elegant parties in London, to which she was very anxious to be invited, she would have boxed MASTER AUGUSTUS'S ears in the presence of the whole audience of Covent Garden.

One of the young ladies was, of course, obliged to remain in the back row with MR. SPEC. We could not see much of the play over MRS. F.'s turban; but I trust that we were not unhappy in our retired position. O MISS EMILY! O MISS LOUISA! there is one who would be happy to sit for a week close by either of you, though it were on one of those abominable little private-box chairs. I know, for my part, that every time the box-keeperess popped in her head, and asked if we would take any refreshment, I thought the interruption odious.

Our young ladies, and their stout chaperon and aunt, had come

provided with neat little bouquets of flowers, in which they evidently took a considerable pride, and which were laid, on their first entrance, on the ledge in front of our box.

But, presently, on the opposste side of the house MRS. CUTBUSH, of Pocklington Gardens, appeared with her daughters, and bowed in a patronising manner to the ladies of our party, with whom the CUTBUSH family has a slight acquaintance.

Before ten minutes, the bouquets of our party were whisked away from the ledge of the box. MRS. FLATHER dropped hers to the ground, where MASTER JONES'S feet speedily finished it; MISS LOUISA TWIGG let hers fall into her lap, and covered it with her pocket-handkerchief. Uneasy signals passed between her and her sister. I could not, at first, understand what event had occurred to make these ladies so unhappy.

At last the secret came out. The MISSES CUTBUSH had bouquets like little haystacks before them. Our small nosegays, which had quite satisfied the girls until now, had become odious in their little jealous eyes; and the CUTBUSHES triumphed over them.

I have joked the ladies subsequently on this adventure; but not one of them will acknowledge the charge against them. It was mere accident that made them drop the flowers—pure accident. *They* jealous of the CUTBUSHES—not they, indeed! and, of course, each person on this head is welcome to his own opinion.

How different, meanwhile, was the behaviour of my young friend MASTER JONES, who is not as yet sophisticated by the world. He not only nodded to his father's servant, who had taken a place in the pit, and was to escort his young master home, but he discovered a schoolfellow in the pit likewise. 'By Jove, there's SMITH!' he cried out, as if the sight of SMITH was the most extraordinary event in the world. He pointed out SMITH to all of us. He never ceased nodding, winking, grinning, telegraphing, until he had succeeded in attracting the attention not only of MASTER SMITH, but of the greater part of the house; and whenever anything in the play struck him as worthy of applause, he instantly made signals to SMITH below, and shook his fist at him, as much as to say, 'By Jove, old fellow, ain't it good? I say, SMITH, isn't it *prime*, old boy?' He actually made remarks on his fingers to MASTER SMITH during the performance.

I confess he was one of the best parts of the night's entertainment to me. How JONES and SMITH will talk about that play when they meet after holidays! And not only then will they remember it, but all their lives long. Why do you remember that play you saw thirty years ago, and forget the one over which you yawned last week? Ah, my brave little boy, thought I, in my

heart; twenty years hence you will recollect this, and have forgotten many a better thing. You will have been in love twice or thrice by that time, and forgotten it; you will have buried your wife and forgotten her; you will have had ever so many friendships and forgotten them. You and SMITH won't care for each other, very probably; but you'll remember all the actors and the plot of this piece we are seeing.

I protest I have forgotten it myself. In our back row we could not see or hear much of the performance (and no great loss) —fitful bursts of elocution only occasionally reaching us, in which we could recognise the well-known nasal twang of the excellent MR. STUPOR, who performed the part of the young hero; or the ringing laughter of MRS. BELMORE, who had to giggle through the whole piece.

It was one of MR. BOYSTER's Comedies of English life. FRANK NIGHTRAKE (*Stupor*) and his friend, BOB FITZOFFLEY, appeared in the first scene, having a conversation with that impossible Valet of English Comedy, whom any gentleman would turn out of doors before he could get through half a length of the dialogue assigned. I caught only a glimpse of this act. BOB, like a fashionable young dog of the aristocracy (the character was played by BULGER, a meritorious man, but very stout, and nearly fifty years of age), was dressed in a rhubarb-coloured body-coat with brass buttons, a couple of under waistcoats, a blue satin stock with a paste brooch in it, and an eighteenpenny cane, which he never let out of his hand, and with which he poked fun at everybody. FRANK NIGHTRAKE, on the contrary, being at home, was attired in a very close-fitting chintz dressing-gown, lined with glazed red calico, and was seated before a large pewter teapot, at breakfast. And, as your true English Comedy is the representation of Nature, I could not but think how like these figures on the stage, and the dialogue which they used, were to the appearance and talk of English gentlemen of the present day.

The dialogue went on somewhat in the following fashion :—

Bob Fitzoffley (*enters whistling*). The top of the morning to thee, FRANK! What! at breakfast already? At chocolate and the *Morning Post*, like a dowager of sixty? SLANG! (*he pokes the servant with his cane*) What has come to thy master, thou Prince of Valets! thou pattern of Slaveys! thou swiftest of Mercuries! Has the HONOURABLE FRANCIS NIGHTRAKE lost his heart, or his head, or his health?

Frank (*laying down the paper*). BOB, BOB, I have lost all three! I have lost my health, BOB, with thee and thy like, over

the Burgundy at the Club; I have lost my head, BOB, with thinking how I shall pay my debts; and I have lost my heart, BOB, oh, to such a creature!

Frank. A VENUS, of course.

Slang. With the presence of JUNO.

Bob. And the modesty of MINERVA.

Frank. And the coldness of DIANA!

Bob. Pish! What a sigh is that about a woman! Thou shalt be ENDYMION, the nightrake of old: and conquer this shy goddess. Hey, SLANG?

Herewith SLANG takes the lead of the conversation, and propounds a plot for running away with the heiress; and I could not help remarking how like the comedy was to life—how the gentlemen always say 'thou,' and 'prythee,' and 'go to,' and talk about heathen goddesses to each other; how their servants are always their particular intimates; how, when there is serious love-making between a gentleman and lady, a comic attachment invariably springs up between the valet and waiting-maid of each; how LADY GRACE GADABOUT, when she calls upon ROSE RINGDOVE to pay a morning visit, appears in a low satin dress, with jewels in her hair; how SAUCEBOX, her attendant, wears diamond brooches, and rings on all her fingers: while MRS. TALLYHO, on the other hand, transacts all the business of life in a riding-habit, and always points her jokes by a cut of the whip.

This playfulness produced a roar all over the house, whenever it was repeated, and always made our little friends clap their hands and shout in chorus.

Like that *bon-vivant* who envied the beggars staring into the cook-shop windows, and wished he could be hungry, I envied the boys, and wished I could laugh, very much. In the last act, I remember—for it is now very nearly a week ago—everybody took refuge either in a secret door, or behind a screen or curtain, or under a table, or up a chimney; and the house roared as each person came out from his place of concealment. And the old fellow in top-boots, joining the hands of the young couple (FITZOFFLEY, of course, pairing off with the widow), gave them his blessing, and thirty thousand pounds.

And ah, ye gods! if I wished before that Comedies were like life, how I wished that life was like Comedies! Whereon, the drop fell: and AUGUSTUS, clapping to the opera-glass, jumped up, crying—'Hurray! now for the Pantomime!' SPEC.

III.

THE composer of the Overture of the New Grand Comic Christmas Pantomime, *Harlequin and the Fairy of the Spangled Pocket-handkerchief, or the Prince of the Enchanted Nose*, arrayed in a brand-new Christmas suit, with his wristbands and collar turned elegantly over his cuffs and embroidered satin tie, takes a place at his desk, waves his stick, and away the Pantomime Overture begins.

I pity a man who can't appreciate a Pantomime Overture. Children do not like it: they say, 'Hang it, I wish the Pantomime would begin:' but for us it is always a pleasant moment of reflection and enjoyment. It is not difficult music to understand, like that of your MENDELSSOHNS and BEETHOVENS, whose symphonies and sonatas MRS. SPEC states must be heard a score of times before you can comprehend them. But of the proper Pantomime-music I am a delighted connoisseur. Perhaps it is because you meet so many old friends in these compositions consorting together in the queerest manner, and occasioning numberless pleasant surprises. Hark! there goes 'Old Dan Tucker' wandering into the 'Groves of Blarney;' our friends the 'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled' march rapidly down 'Wapping Old Stairs,' from which the 'Figlia del Reggimento' comes bounding briskly, when she is met, embraced, and carried off by 'Billy Taylor,' that brisk young fellow.

All this while you are thinking with a faint, sickly kind of hope, that perhaps the Pantomime *may* be a good one; something like *Harlequin and the Golden Orange Tree*, which you recollect in your youth; something like *Fortunio*, that marvellous and delightful piece of buffoonery, which realised the most gorgeous visions of the absurd. You may be happy, perchance: a glimpse of the old days may come back to you. Lives there the man with soul so dead, the being ever so *blasé* and travel-worn, who does not feel some shock and thrill still? Just at that moment when the bell (the dear and familiar bell of your youth) begins to tinkle, and the curtain to rise, and you see the large shoes and ankles, the flesh-coloured leggings, the crumpled knees, the gorgeous robes and masks finally, of the actors ranged on the stage to shout the opening chorus.

All round the house you hear a great gasping a-ha-a from a thousand children's throats. Enjoyment is going to give place

to Hope. Desire is about to be realised. O you blind little brats! Clap your hands, and cram over the boxes, and open your eyes with happy wonder! Clap your hands now. In three weeks more, the REVEREND DOCTOR SWISHTAIL expects the return of his young friends to Sugarcane House.

. . . . . .

King Beak, Emperor of the Romans, having invited all the neighbouring Princes, Fairies, and Enchanters to the feast at which he celebrated the marriage of his only son, *Prince Aquiline*, unluckily gave the liver-wing of the fowl which he was carving to the Prince's godmother, the *Fairy Bandanna*, while he put the gizzard-pinion on the plate of the *Enchanter Gorgibus*, King of the Maraschino Mountains, and father of the *Princess Rosolia*, to whom the Prince was affianced.

The outraged *Gorgibus* rose from table in a fury, smashed his plate of chicken over the head of *King Beak's* Chamberlain, and wished that *Prince Aquiline's* nose might grow on the instant as long as the sausage before him.

It did so; the screaming Princess rushed away from her bridegroom, and her father, breaking off the match with the House of *Beak*, ordered his daughter to be carried in his sedan by the two giant-porters *Gor* and *Gogstay*, to his castle in the Juniper Forest, by the side of the bitter waters of the Absinthine Lake, whither, after upsetting the marriage-tables, and flooring *King Beak* in a single combat, he himself repaired.

The latter monarch could not bear to see or even to hear his disfigured son.

When the *Prince Aquiline* blew his unfortunate and monstrous nose, the windows of his father's palace broke; the locks of the doors started; the dishes and glasses of the King's banquet jingled and smashed as they do on board a steamboat in a storm; the liquor turned sour; the Chancellor's wig started off his head, and the Prince's royal father, disgusted with his son's appearance, drove him forth from his palace, and banished him the kingdom.

Life was a burthen to him on account of that nose. He fled from a world in which he was ashamed to show it, and would have preferred a perfect solitude, but that he was obliged to engage one faithful attendant to give him snuff (his only consolation) and to keep his odious nose in order.

But as he was wandering in a lonely forest, entangling his miserable trunk in the thickets, and causing the birds to fly scared from the branches, and the lions, stags, and foxes to sneak away in terror as they heard the tremendous booming which issued from the fated Prince whenever he had occasion to use his pocket-handker-

chief, the Fairy of the Bandanna Islands took pity on him, and, descending in her car drawn by doves, gave him a 'kerchief which

rendered him invisible whenever he placed it over his monstrous proboscis.

Having occasion to blow his nose (which he was obliged to do pretty frequently, for he had taken cold while lying out among

the rocks and morasses in the rainy miserable nights, so that the peasants, when they heard him snoring fitfully, thought that storms were abroad) at the gates of a castle by which he was passing, the door burst open, and the Irish Giant (afterwards Clown, indeed) came out, and wondering looked about, furious to see no one.

The Prince entered into the castle, and whom should he find there but the *Princess Rosolia*, still plunged in despair. Her father snubbed her perpetually. 'I wish he would snub me!' exclaimed the Prince, pointing to his own monstrous deformity. In spite of his misfortune, she still remembered her Prince. 'Even with his

nose,' the faithful Princess cried, 'I love him more than all the world beside!'

At this declaration of unalterable fidelity, the Prince flung away his handkerchief, and knelt in rapture at the Princess's feet. She was a little scared at first by the hideousness of the distorted being before her—but what will not woman's faith overcome? Hiding her head on his shoulder (and so losing sight of his misfortune), she vowed to love him still (in those broken verses which only Princesses in Pantomimes deliver).

At this instant *King Gorgibus*, the Giants, the King's Household, with clubs and battleaxes, rushed in. Drawing his immense scimitar, and seizing the Prince by his too prominent feature, he was just on the point of sacrificing him, when—when, I need not say, the *Fairy Bandanna* (MISS BENDIGO), in her amaranthine car drawn by Paphian doves, appeared and put a stop to the massacre. *King Gorgibus* became Pantaloon, the two Giants first and second Clowns, and the Prince and Princess (who had been, all the time of the Fairy's speech, and actually while under their father's scimitar, unhooking their dresses) became the most elegant Harlequin and Columbine that I have seen for many a long day. The nose flew up to the ceiling, the music began a jig, and the two Clowns, after saying 'How are you?' went and knocked down Pantaloon.

SPEC.

IV.

N the conclusion of the Pantomime, the present memorialist had the honour to conduct the ladies under his charge to the portico of the theatre, where the green fly was in waiting to receive them. The driver was not more inebriated than usual; the young page with the gold-knobbed hat was there to protect his mistresses; and though the chaperon of the party certainly invited me to return with them to Brompton and there drink tea, the proposal was made in terms so faint, and the refreshment offered was so moderate, that I declined to journey six miles on a cold night in order to partake of such a meal. The waterman of the coach-stand, who had made himself conspicuous by bawling out for MRS. FLATHER'S carriage, was importunate with me to give him sixpence for pushing the ladies into the vehicle. But it was my opinion that MRS. FLATHER ought to settle that demand; and as, while the fellow was urging it, she only pulled up the glass, bidding COX'S man to drive on, I of course did not interfere. In vulgar and immoral language he indicated, as usual, his discontent. I treated the fellow with playful, and, I hope, gentlemanlike satire.

MASTER JONES, who would not leave the box in the theatre until the people came to shroud it with brown-hollands (by the way, to be the last person in a theatre—to put out the last light—and then to find one's way out of the vast, black, lonely place, must require a very courageous heart)—MASTER JONES, I say, had previously taken leave of us, putting his arm under that of his father's footman, who had been in the pit, and who conducted him to Russell Square. I heard AUGUSTUS proposing to have oysters as they went home,

though he had twice in the course of the performance made excursions to the cake-room of the theatre, where he had partaken of oranges, macaroons, apples, and ginger-beer.

As the altercation between myself and the linkman was going on, young GRIGG (brother of GRIGG of the Life-Guards, himself reading for the Bar) came up, and hooking his arm into mine, desired the man to leave off 'chaffing' me; asked him if he would take a bill at three months for the money; told him if he would call at the Horns Tavern, Kennington, next Tuesday week, he would find sixpence there, done up for him in a brown paper parcel; and quite routed my opponent. 'I know *you*, MR. GRIGG,' said he; 'you're a gentleman, *you* are:' and so retired, leaving the victory with me.

Young MR. GRIGG is one of those young bucks about town, who goes every night of his life to two theatres, to the Casino, to WEIPPERT'S balls, to the Café de l'Haymarket, to BOB SLOGGER'S, the boxing-house, to the Harmonic Meetings at the Kidney Cellars, and other places of fashionable resort. He knows everybody at these haunts of pleasure; takes boxes for the actors' benefits; has the word from headquarters about the *venue* of the fight between Putney Sambo and the Tutbury Pet; gets up little dinners at their public-houses; shoots pigeons, fights cocks, plays fives, has a boat on the river, and a room at RUMMER'S in Conduit Street, besides his chambers at the Temple, where his parents, SIR JOHN and LADY GRIGG, of Portman Square, and Grigsby Hall, Yorkshire, believe that he is assiduously occupied in studying the Law. 'TOM applies too much,' her ladyship says. 'His father was obliged to remove him from Cambridge on account of a brain fever brought on by hard reading, and in consequence of the jealousy of some of the collegians; otherwise, I am told, he must have been Senior Wrangler, and seated first of the Tripod.'

'I'm going to begin the evening,' said this ingenuous young fellow; 'I've only been at the Lowther Arcade, WEIPPERT'S hop, and the billiard-rooms. I just toddled in for half an hour to see BROOKE in *Othello*, and looked in for a few minutes behind the scenes at the Adelphi. What shall be the next resort of pleasure, SPEC, my elderly juvenile? Shall it be the Sherry-Cobbler-Stall, or the Cave of Harmony? There's some prime glee-singing there.'

'What! is the old Cave of Harmony still extant?' I asked. 'I have not been there these twenty years.' And memory carried me back to the days when LIGHTSIDES, of Corpus, myself, and little OAKS, the Johnian, came up to town in a chaise-and-four, at the long vacation at the end of our freshman's year, ordered turtle and

venison for dinner at the Bedford, blubbered over 'Black-eyed Susan' at the play, and then finished the evening at that very Harmonic Cave, where the famous English Improvisatore sang with such prodigious talent that we asked him down to stay with us in the country. SPURGIN, and HAWKER, the fellow-commoner of our College, I remember me, were at the Cave too, and BARDOLPH, of Brazenose. Lord, lord, what a battle and struggle and wear and tear of life there has been since then! HAWKER levanted, and SPURGIN is dead these ten years; little OAKS is a whiskered Captain of Heavy Dragoons, who cut down no end of Sikhs at Sobraon; LIGHTSIDES a Tractarian parson, who turns his head and looks another way when we meet; and your humble servant—well, never mind. But in my spirit I saw them—all those blooming and jovial young boys—and LIGHTSIDES, with a cigar in his face, and a bang-up white coat, covered with mother-of-pearl cheese-plates, bellowing out for 'First and Second Turn-out,' as our yellow post-chaise came rattling up to the Inn door at Ware.

'And so the Cave of Harmony is open,' I said, looking at little GRIGG with a sad and tender interest, and feeling that I was about a hundred years old.

'*I believe you my baw-aw-oy!*' said he, adopting the tone of an exceedingly refined and popular actor, whose choral and comic powers render him a general favourite.

'Does BIVINS keep it?' I asked, in a voice of profound melancholy.

'Hoh! What a flat you are! You might as well ask if MRS. SIDDONS acted *Lady Macbeth* to-night, and if QUEEN ANNE's dead or not. I tell you what, SPEC, my boy—you're getting a regular old flat—fogy, sir, a positive old fogy. How the deuce do *you* pretend to be a man about town, and not know that BIVINS has left the Cavern? Law bless you! Come in and see: I know the landlord—I'll introduce you to him.'

This was an offer which no man could resist; and so GRIGG and I went through the Piazza, and down the steps of that well-remembered place of conviviality. GRIGG knew everybody; wagged his head in at the bar, and called for two glasses of his particular mixture; nodded to the singers; winked at one friend—put his little stick against his nose as a token of recognition to another; and calling the waiter by his Christian name, poked him playfully with the end of his cane, and asked him whether he, GRIGG, should have a lobster kidney, or a mashed oyster and scolloped 'taters, or a poached rabbit, for supper?

The room was full of young rakish-looking lads, with a dubious sprinkling of us middle-aged youth, and stalwart red-faced fellows

from the country, with whisky noggins before them, and bent upon seeing life. A grand piano had been introduced into the apartment, which did not exist in the old days: otherwise, all was as of yore—smoke rising from scores of human chimneys, waiters bustling about with cigars and liquors in the intervals of the melody—and the President of the meeting (BIVINS no more) encouraging gents to give their orders.

Just as the music was about to begin, I looked opposite me, and there, by Heavens! sat BARDOLPH, of Brazenose, only a little more purple, and a few shades more dingy than he used to look twenty years ago. SPEC.

V.

'LOOK at that old Greek in the cloak and fur collar opposite,' said my friend MR. GRIGG. 'That chap is here every night. They call him LORD FARINTOSH. He has five glasses of whisky-and-water every night—seventeen hundred and twenty-five goes of alcohol in a year; we totted it up one night at the bar. JAMES the waiter is now taking number three to him. He don't count the wine he has had at dinner.' Indeed, JAMES the waiter, knowing the gentleman's peculiarities, as soon as he saw MR. BARDOLPH'S glass nearly empty, brought him another noggin and a jug of boiling water without a word.

Memory carried me instantaneously back to the days of my youth. I had the honour of being at school with BARDOLPH before he went to Brazenose; the under boys used to look up at him from afar off, as at a godlike being. He was one of the head boys of the school; a prodigious dandy in pigeon-hole trousers, ornamented with what they called 'tucks' in front. He wore a ring, leaving the little finger, on which he wore the jewel, out of his pocket, in which he carried the rest of his hand. He had whiskers even

then; and to this day I cannot understand why he is not seven feet high. When he shouted out 'Under boy!' we small ones trembled and came to him. I recollect he called me once from a hundred yards off, and I came up in a tremor. He pointed to the ground.

'Pick up my hockey-stick,' he said, pointing towards it with the hand with the ring on. He had dropped the stick. He was too great, wise, and good, to stoop to pick it up himself.

He got the silver medal for Latin Sapphics, in the year POGRAM was gold medallist. When he went up to Oxford, the Head-Master, the Rev. J. FLIBBER, complimented him in a valedictory speech, made him a present of books, and prophesied that he would do great things at the University. He had got a scholarship, and won a prize-poem, which the DOCTOR read out to the sixth form with great emotion. It was on 'The Recollections of Childhood,' and the last lines were—

> Qualia prospiciens catulus ferit æthera risu,
> Ipsaque trans lunæ cornua vacca salit.

I thought of these things rapidly, gazing on the individual before me. The brilliant young fellow of 1815 (by the bye it was the Waterloo year, by which some people may remember it better; but at school we spoke of years as 'POGRAM'S year,' 'TOKELY'S year,' etc.)—there, I say, sat before me the dashing young buck of 1815, a fat, muzzy, red-faced old man, in a battered hat, absorbing whisky-and-water, and half listening to the singing.

A wild, long-haired professional gentleman with a fluty voice, and with his shirt-collar turned down, began to sing as follows:—

WHEN THE GLOOM IS ON THE GLEN.

> When the moonlight's on the mountain
> And the gloom is on the glen,
> At the cross beside the fountain
> There is one will meet thee then.
> At the cross beside the fountain;
> Yes, the cross beside the fountain,
> There is one will meet thee then!

[*Down goes half of* MR. BARDOLPH'S *No.* 3 *Whisky during this refrain.*]

> I have braved, since first we met, love,
> Many a danger in my course;
> But I never can forget, love,
> That dear fountain, that old cross,

Where, her mantle shrouded o'er her—
  For the winds were chilly then—
First I met my LEONORA,
  When the gloom was on the glen.
    Yes I met my, etc.

[*Another gulp, and almost total disappearance of Whisky-go, No.* 3.]

Many a clime I've ranged since then, love
  Many a land I've wandered o'er;
But a valley like that glen, love,
  Half so dear I never sor!
Ne'er saw maiden fairer, coyer,
  Than wert thou, my true love, when
In the gloaming first I saw yer,
  In the gloaming of the glen!

BARDOLPH, who had not shown the least symptoms of emotion as the gentleman with the fluty voice performed this delectable composition, began to whack, whack, whack on the mahogany with his pewter measure at the conclusion of the song, wishing, perhaps, to show that the noggin was empty; in which manner JAMES, the

waiter, interpreted the signal, for he brought MR. BARDOLPH another supply of liquor.

The song, words, and music, composed and dedicated to CHARLES BIVINS, ESQUIRE, by FREDERIC SNAPE, and ornamented with a picture of a young lady, with large eyes and short petticoats, leaning at a stone cross by a fountain, was now handed about the room by a waiter, and any gentleman was at liberty to purchase it for half-a-crown. The man did not offer the song to BARDOLPH; he was too old a hand.

After a pause, the president of the musical gents cried out for silence again, and then stated to the company that MR. HOFF would sing 'The Red Flag,' which announcement was received by the Society with immense applause, and MR. HOFF, a gentleman whom I remember to have seen exceedingly unwell on board a Gravesend steamer, began the following terrific ballad:—

THE RED FLAG.

Where the quivering lightning flings
  His arrows from out the clouds,
And the howling tempest sings,
  And whistles among the shrouds,
'Tis pleasant, 'tis pleasant to ride
  Along the foaming brine—
Wilt be the Rover's bride?
  Wilt follow him, lady mine?
                Hurrah!
  For the bonny, bonny brine.

Amidst the storm and rack,
  You shall see our galley pass,
As a serpent, lithe and black,
  Glides through the waving grass;
As the vulture, swift and dark,
  Down on the ring-dove flies,
You shall see the Rover's bark
  Swoop down upon his prize.
                Hurrah!
  For the bonny, bonny prize.

Over her sides we dash,
  We gallop across her deck—
Ha! there's a ghastly gash
  On the merchant-captain's neck!

Well shot, well shot, old NED!
Well struck, well struck, black JAMES!
Our arms are red, and our foes are dead,
And we leave a ship in flames!
Hurrah!
For the bonny, bonny flames!

Frantic shouts of applause and encore hailed the atrocious sentiments conveyed by MR. HOFF in this ballad, from everybody except BARDOLPH, who sat muzzy and unmoved, and only winked to the waiter to bring him some more whisky. SPEC.

VI.

WHEN the piratical ballad of MR. HOFF was concluded, a simple and quiet-looking young gentleman performed a comic song, in a way which, I must confess, inspired me with the utmost melancholy. Seated at the table along with the other professional gents, this young fellow was in no wise to be distinguished from any other young man of fashion: he has a thin, handsome, and rather sad countenance; and appears to be a perfectly sober and meritorious young man. But suddenly (and I daresay every night of his life) he pulls a little flexible, grey countryman's hat out of his pocket, and the moment he has put it on, his face assumes an expression of unutterable vacuity and folly, his eyes goggle round savage, and his mouth stretches almost to his ears, and he begins to sing a rustic song.

The battle-song and the sentimental ballad already published are, I trust, sufficiently foolish, and fair specimens of the class of poetry to which they belong; but the folly of the comic country song was so great and matchless, that I am not going to compete for a moment with the author, or to venture to attempt anything like his style of composition. It was something about a man going a-coorting MOLLY, and 'feayther,' and 'kyows,' and 'peegs,' and other rustic produce. The idiotic verse was interspersed with spoken passages, of corresponding imbecility. For the time during which MR. GRINSBY performed this piece, he consented to abnegate altogether his claim to be considered as a reasonable being; utterly to debase himself, in order to make the company laugh; and to forget the rank, dignity, and privileges of a man.

His song made me so profoundly wretched that little GRIGG, remarking my depression, declared I was as slow as a Parlia-

mentary train. I was glad they didn't have the song over again. When it was done, MR. GRINSBY put his little grey hat in his pocket, the maniacal grin subsided from his features, and he sat down with his naturally sad and rather handsome young countenance.

O GRINSBY, thinks I, what a number of people and things in this world do you represent! Though we weary listening to you, we may moralise over you; though you sing a foolish, witless song, you poor, young, melancholy jester, there is some good in it that may be had for the seeking. Perhaps that lad has a family at

WITHOUT HIS HAT. IN HIS COMIC HAT.

home dependent on his grinning: I may entertain a reasonable hope that he has despair in his heart; a complete notion of the folly of the business in which he is engaged; a contempt for the fools laughing and guffawing round about at his miserable jokes; and a perfect weariness of mind at their original dulness and continued repetition. What a sinking of spirit must come over that young man, quiet in his chamber or family, orderly and sensible like other mortals, when the thought of tom-fool hour comes across him, and that at a certain time that night, whatever may be his health, or distaste, or mood of mind or body, there he must be, at a table at

the Cave of Harmony, uttering insane ballads, with an idiotic grin on his face, and hat on his head.

To suppose that GRINSBY has any personal pleasure in that song would be to have too low an opinion of human nature: to imagine that the applauses of the multitude of the frequenters of the Cave tickled his vanity, or are bestowed upon him deservedly—would be, I say, to think too hardly of him. Look at him. He sits there quite a quiet, orderly young fellow. Mark with what an abstracted, sad air he joins in the chorus of MR. SNAPE'S second song, 'The Minaret's bells o'er the Bosphorus toll,' and having applauded his comrade at the end of the song (as I have remarked these poor gentlemen always do), moodily resumes the stump of his cigar.

'I wonder, my dear GRIGG, how many men there are in the City who follow a similar profession to GRINSBY'S? What a number of poor rogues, wits in their circle, or bilious, or in debt, or henpecked, or otherwise miserable in their private circumstances, come grinning out to dinner of a night, and laugh and crack, and let off their good stories like yonder professional funny fellow. Why, I once went into the room of that famous dinner-party conversationalist and wit, HORSELEY COLLARD; and whilst he was in his dressing-room arranging his wig, just looked over the books on the table before his sofa. There were BURTON'S *Anatomy* for the quotations, three of which he let off that very night; SPENCE'S *Literary Anecdotes*, of which he fortuitously introduced a couple in the course of the evening; BAKER'S *Chronicle;* the last new Novel, and a book of Metaphysics, every one of which I heard him quote, besides four stories out of his commonplace book, at which I took a peep under the pillow. He was like GRINSBY.' Who isn't like GRINSBY in life? thought I to myself, examining that young fellow.

'When BAWLER goes down to the House of Commons from a meeting with his creditors, and, having been a bankrupt a month before, becomes a patriot all of a sudden, and pours you out an intensely interesting speech upon the West Indies, or the Window Tax, he is no better than that poor gin-and-water practitioner yonder, and performs in his Cave, as GRINSBY in his under the Piazza.

'When SERJEANT BLUEBAG fires into a witness, or performs a jocular or a pathetic speech to a jury, in what is he better than GRINSBY, except in so far as the amount of gain goes?—than poor GRINSBY rapping at the table and cutting professional jokes, at half-a-pint-of-whisky fee?

'When TIGHTROPE, the celebrated literary genius, sits down to write and laugh—with the children very likely ill at home—with

a strong personal desire to write a tragedy or a sermon, with his wife scolding him, his head racking with pain, his mother-in-law making a noise at his ear and telling him that he is a heartless and abandoned ruffian, his tailor in the passage, vowing that he will not quit that place until his little bill is settled—when, I say, TIGHTROPE writes off, under the most miserable private circumstances, a brilliant funny article, in how much is he morally superior to my friend GRINSBY? When LORD COLCHICUM stands bowing and smiling before his sovereign, with gout in his toes and grief in his heart; when parsons in the pulpit—when editors at their desks—forget their natural griefs, pleasures, opinions, to go through the business of life, the masquerade of existence, in what are they better than GRINSBY yonder, who has similarly to perform his buffooning?'

As I was continuing in this moral and interrogatory mood—no doubt boring poor little GRIGG, who came to the Cave for pleasure, and not for philosophical discourse—MR. BARDOLPH opposite caught a sight of the present writer through the fumes of the cigars, and came across to our table, holding his fourth glass of toddy in his hand. He held out the other to me: it was hot, and gouty, and not particularly clean.

'Deuced queer place this, hey?' said he, pretending to survey it with the air of a stranger. 'I come here every now and then, on my way home to Lincoln's Inn—from—from parties at the other end of the town. It is frequented by a parcel of queer people—low shop-boys and attorneys' clerks; but hang it, sir, they know a gentleman when they see one, and not one of those fellows would dare to speak to me—no, not one of 'em, by Jove—if I didn't address him first, by Jove! I don't suppose there's a man in this room could construe a page in the commonest Greek book, SPEC. You heard that donkey singing about "LEONORAR" and "before her"? How FLIBBER would have given it to us for such rhymes, hey? A parcel of ignoramuses! but hang it, sir, they *do* know a gentleman!' And here he winked at me with a vinous bloodshot eye, as much as to intimate that he was infinitely superior to every person in the room.

Now this BARDOLPH, having had the ill-luck to get a fellowship, and subsequently a small private fortune, has done nothing since the year 1820 but get drunk and read Greek. He despises every man who does not know that language (so that you and I, my dear sir, come in for a fair share of his contempt). He can still put a slang song into Greek Iambics, or turn a police report into the language of TACITUS or HERODOTUS; but it is difficult to say what accomplishment beyond this the boozy old mortal possesses.

He spends nearly a third part of his life and income at his dinner, or on his whisky at a tavern; more than another third portion is spent in bed. It is past noon before he gets up to breakfast, and to spell over *The Times*, which business of the day being completed, it is time for him to dress and take his walk to the Club to dinner. He scorns a man who puts his h's in the wrong place, and spits at a human being who has not had a University education. And yet I am sure that bustling waiter pushing about with a bumper of cigars; that tallow-faced young comic singer; yonder harmless and happy Snobs, enjoying the conviviality of the evening (and all the songs are quite modest now, not like the ribald old ditties which they used to sing in former days),—are more useful, more honourable, and more worthy men than that whiskyfied old scholar who looks down upon them and their like.

He said he would have a sixth glass if we would stop: but we didn't; and he took his sixth glass without us. My melancholy young friend had begun another comic song, and I could bear it no more. The market carts were rattling into Covent Garden; and the illuminated clock marked all sorts of small hours as we concluded this night's pleasure. SPEC.

A CLUB IN AN UPROAR

THE appearance of a London Club at a time of great excitement is well worthy the remark of a traveller in this city. The Megatherium has been in a monstrous state of frenzy during the past days. What a queer book it would be which should chronicle all the stories which have been told, or all the opinions which have been uttered there.

As a Revolution brings out into light of day, and into the streets of the convulsed capital, swarms of people who are invisible but in such times of agitation, and retreat into their obscurity as soon as the earthquake is over, so you may remark in Clubs, that the stirring of any great news brings forth the most wonderful and hitherto unheard-of members, of whose faces not the *habitués*, not even the hall-porters, have any knowledge. The excitement over, they vanish, and are seen no more until the next turmoil calls them forth.

During the past week our beloved Megatherium has been as crowded as they say HER MAJESTY'S Palace of Pimlico at present is, where distressed foreigners, fugitives, and other COBURGS are crowded two or three in a room; and where it has been reported during the whole of the past week that LOUIS PHILIPPE himself, in disguise, was quartered in the famous garden pavilion, and plates of dinner sent out to him from HER MAJESTY'S table. I had the story from BOWYER of the Megatherium, who had seen and

recognised the ex-king as he was looking into the palace garden from a house in Grosvenor Place opposite. We have had other wonderful stories too, whereof it is our present purpose to say a word or two.

The Club, in fact, has been in a state of perfect uproar, to the disgust of the coffee-room *habitués*, of the quiet library arm-chair occupiers, and of the newspaper-room students, who could not get their accustomed broad-sheets. Old DOCTOR POKEY (who is in the habit of secreting newspapers about his person, and going off to peruse them in recondite corners of the building) has been wandering about, in vain endeavouring to seize hold of a few. They say that a *Morning Chronicle* was actually pulled from under his arm during the last week's excitement. The rush for second editions and evening papers is terrific. Members pounce on the news-boys and rob them. Decorum is overcome.

All the decencies of society are forgotten during this excitement. Men speak to each other without being introduced. I saw a man in ill-made trousers and with strong red whiskers and a strong northern accent, go up to Colonel the HONOURABLE OTTO DILLWATER of the Guards, and make some dreadful remark about LOUIS FEELIP, which caused the Colonel to turn pale with anger. I saw a Bishop, an Under Secretary of State, and GENERAL DE BOOTS, listening with the utmost gravity and eagerness to little BOB NODDY, who pretended to have brought some news from the City, where they say he is a clerk in a Fire Office.

I saw all sorts of portents and wonders. On the great Saturday night (the 26th ult.) when the news was rifest, and messenger after messenger came rushing in with wild rumours, men were seen up at midnight who were always known to go to bed at ten. A man dined in the Club who is married, and who has never been allowed to eat there for eighteen years. On Sunday, old MR. PUGH himself, who moved that the house should be shut, no papers taken in, and the waiters marched to church under the inspection of the steward, actually came down and was seen reading *The Observer*, so eager was the curiosity which the great events excited.

In the smoking-room of the establishment, where you ordinarily meet a very small and silent party, there was hardly any seeing for the smoke, any sitting for the crowd, or any hearing in consequence of the prodigious bawling and disputing. The men uttered the most furious contradictory statements there. Young BIFFIN was praying that the rascally mob might be cut down to a man; while GULLET was bellowing out that the safety of France required the re-establishment of the guillotine, and that four heads must be had, or that the Revolution was not complete.

In the card-room, on the great night in question, there was only one whist-table, and at that even they were obliged to have a dummy. CAPTAIN TRUMPINGTON could not be brought to play that night; and PAMM himself trumped his partner's lead, and the best heart; such was the agitation which the great European events excited. When DICKY CUFF came in, from HIS EXCELLENCY LORD PILGRIMSTONE'S evening party, a rush was made upon him for news, as if he had come from battle. Even the waiters appeared to be interested, and seemed to try to overhear the conversation.

Every man had his story, and his private information; and several of these tales I took down.

'*Saturday, five o'clock.*—JAWKINS has just come from the City. The French ROTHSCHILD has arrived. He escaped in a water-butt as far as Amiens, whence he went on in a coffin. A *fourgon* containing two hundred and twenty-two thousand two hundred sovereigns, and nine-and-fourpence in silver, was upset in the Rue Saint Denis. The coin was picked up, and the whole sum, with the exception of the fourpenny piece, was paid over to the Commissioners at the Hôtel de Ville.

'Some say it was a quarter-franc. It was found sticking, afterwards, to the *sabot* of an Auvergnat, and brought in safety to the Provisional Government.

'BLANKLEY comes in. He made his fortune last year by the railroads, has realised, and is in a frantic state of terror. "The miscreants!" he says. "The whole population is in arms. They are pouring down to the English coast; the *sans-culottes* will be upon us to-morrow, and we shall have them upon—upon my estate in Sussex, by Jove! COBDEN was in a league with the Revolutionary Government, when he said there would be no war—laying a trap to lull us into security, and so give free ingress to the infernal revolutionary villains. There are not a thousand men in the country to resist them, and we shall all be butchered before a week is out—butchered, and our property confiscated. COBDEN ought to be impeached and hanged. LORD JOHN RUSSELL ought to be impeached and hanged. Hopes GUIZOT will be guillotined for not having used cannon, and slaughtered the ruffians before the Revolution came to a head." *N.B.*—BLANKLEY was a Liberal before he made his money, and had a picture of TOM PAINE in his study.

'TOWZER arrives. A messenger has just come to the Foreign Office wounded in three places, and in the disguise of a fishwoman. Paris is in flames in twenty-four quarters—the mob and pikemen raging through it. LAMARTINE has been beheaded. The forts have

declared for the King and are bombarding the town. All the English have been massacred.

'CAPTAIN SHINDY says, "Nonsense! no such thing." A messenger has come to the French Embassy. The King and family are at Versailles. The two Chambers have followed them thither, and MARSHAL BUGEAUD has rallied a hundred and twenty thousand men. The Parisians have three days' warning: and if at the end of that time they do not yield, seven hundred guns will open on the dogs, and the whole *canaille* will be hurled to perdition.

'PIPKINSON arrives. The English in Paris are congregated in the Protestant churches; a guard is placed over them. It is with the greatest difficulty that the rabble are prevented from massacring them. LADY LUNCHINGTON only escaped by writing "Veuve d' O'Connell' on her door. It is perfectly certain that GUIZOT is killed. LAMARTINE and the rest of the Provisional Government have but a few days to live: the Communists will destroy them infallibly; and universal blood, terror, and anarchy will prevail over France, over Europe, over the world.

'BOUNCER—on the best authority. Thirty thousand French entered Brussels under LAMORICIÈRE. No harm has been done to LEOPOLD. The united French and Belgian army march on the Rhine on Monday. Rhenish Prussia is declared to form a part of the Republic. A division under GENERAL BEDEAU will enter Savoy, and penetrate into Lombardy. The Pope abdicates his temporal authority. The Russians will cross the Prussian frontier with four hundred thousand men.

'BOWYER has just come from MIVART'S, and says that rooms are taken there for the Pope, who has fled from his dominions, for the COUNTESS OF LANDSFELD, for the KING OF BAVARIA, who is sure to follow immediately, and for all the French Princes, and their suite and families.'

It was in this way that Rumour was chattering last week, while the great events were pending. But oh, my friends! wild and strange as these stories were, were they so wonderful as the truth? —as an army of a hundred thousand men subdued by a rising of bare-handed mechanics; as a great monarch, a minister notorious for wisdom, and a great monarchy blown into annihilation by a blast of national breath; as a magnificent dynasty slinking out of existence in a cab; as a gallant prince, with an army at his back, never so much as drawing a sword, but at a summons from a citizen of the National Guard, turning tail and sneaking away; as a poet braving the pikes which had scared away a family of kings and princes, and standing forward, wise, brave, sensible and merciful,

undismayed on the tottering pinnacle of popular power? Was there ever a day since the beginning of history, where small men were so great, and great ones so little? What satirist could ever have dared to invent such a story as that of the brave and famous race of Orleans flying, with nobody at their backs; of wives and husbands separating, and the deuce take the hindmost; of ULYSSES shaving his whiskers off, and flinging away even his wig? It is the shamefullest chapter in history—a consummation too base for ridicule.

One can't laugh at anything so miserably mean. All the Courts in Europe ought to go into mourning, or wear sackcloth. The catastrophe is too degrading. It sullies the cause of all kings, as the misconduct of a regiment does an army. It tarnishes all crowns. And if it points no other moral, and indicates no future consequences, why, Progress is a mere humbug: Railroads lead to nothing, and Signs point nowhere: and there is no To-morrow for the world.

SPEC.

A ROUNDABOUT RIDE.

YOUNG HENGIST having kindly offered to lend me a pony, I went out for a ride with him this morning; and being now mercifully restored to my arm-chair at home, I write down, with a rapid and faithful pen, the events of the day.

HENGIST lives in the Tyburn district, that great rival, and sometime, as 'twas thought, conqueror of Belgravia, where squares, cathedrals, terraces, spring up in a night, as it were: where, as you wandered yesterday, you saw a green strip of meadow, with a washerwoman's cottage and a tea-garden; and to-day you look up, and lo! you see a portly row of whity-brown bow-windowed houses, with plate-glass windows, through the clear panes of which you may see bald-headed, comfortable old fogies reading *The Morning Herald*. Butlers loll at the doors—(by the way, the Tyburnian footmen are by no means so large or so powdery as the Mayfair and Belgravian gentry)—the road is always freshly laid down with sharp large flintstones. Missis's neat little brougham with two bay horses, and the page by the coachman's side, is creaking over the flints. The apothecary is driving here and there in a gig; the broad flagstones are dotted about with a good number of tartan jackets and hats, enclosing wholesome-looking little children. A brand-new fishmonger's shop is just open, with great large white-bellied turbots, looking very cool and helpless on the marble slabs. A genteel stucco-faced public-house is run up for the accommodation of the grooms, and the domestics, and the

holmen of the neighbourhood; and a great bar is placed at the end of the street, beyond which is a chaos of bricks, wheelbarrows, mounds of chalk, with milky-looking pools beside them, scaffoldings and brown skeletons of houses, through which the daylight shines, and you can see patches of green land beyond, which are to be swallowed up presently by the great devouring City.

This quarter, my dear friends, is what Baker Street was in the days of our youth. I make no doubt that some of the best and stupidest dinners in London are given hereabouts; dinners where you meet a Baronet, a Knight, and a snuffy little old General; and where the master of the house, the big bald man, leads LADY BARBARA MACRAW downstairs, the EARL OF STRATHBUNGO'S daughter, and godmother to his seventh child. A little more furniture would make the rooms look more comfortable; but they are very handsome as it is. The silver dish-covers are splendaceous. I wish the butler would put a little more wine into the glasses, and come round rather oftener. You are the only poor man in the room. Those awful grave fellows give each other dinners round. Their daughters come solemnly in the evening. The young fellow of the house has been at Oxford, and smokes cigars, but not in the house, and dines a good deal out at his Club.

I don't wonder: I once dined with young HENGIST at his father's, MAJOR-GENERAL SIR HERCULES HENGIST, K.C.B., and of all the—— But hospitality forbids me to reveal the secrets of the mahogany.

Having partaken there of a slight refreshment of a sponge-cake from a former dessert (and a more pretentious, stuck-up, tasteless, seedy cake than a sponge-cake I don't know), and a glass of wine, we mounted our horses and rode out on a great exploring journey. We had heard of Bethnal Green and Spitalfields; we wished to see those regions; and we rode forth then like two cavaliers out of MR. JAMES'S novels—the one was young, with curly chestnut ringlets, and a blonde moustache just shading his upper lip, etc.—We rode forth out of Tyburnia and down the long row of terraces to which two Universities have given their names.

At the end of Oxford Terrace, the Edgware Road cuts rapidly in, and the genteel district is over. It expires at that barrier of twopenny omnibuses: we are nearly cut in two by one of those disgusting vehicles, as we pass rapidly through the odious cordon.

We now behold a dreary district of mud, and houses on either side, that have a decayed and slatternly look, as if they had become insolvent, and subsequently taken to drinking and evil courses in their old age. There is a corner house not very far from the

commencement of the New Road, which is such a picture of broken-windowed bankruptcy as is only to be seen when a house is in Chancery or in Ireland. I think the very ghosts must be mildewed that haunt that most desolate spot.

As they rode on, the two cavaliers peeped over the board of the tea-garden at the Yorkshire Jingo. The pillars of the damp arbours and the legs of the tables were reflected in the mud.

In sooth 'tis a dismal quarter. What are those whity-brown small houses with black gardens fronting, and cards of lodgings wafered into the rickety bow-windows? Would not the very idea that you have to pass over that damp and reeking strip of ground prevent any man from taking those hopeless apartments? Look at the shabby children paddling through the slush; and lo! the red-haired maid-of-all-work, coming out with yesterday's paper and her mistress's beer-jug in her hand, through the creaking little garden door, on which the name of 'SULSH' is written on a dirty brass plate.

Who is SULSH? Why do I want to know that he lives there? Ha! there is the Lying-in Hospital, which always looks so comfortable that we feel as if we should like to be in an interesting—fiddlestick! Here is Milksop Terrace. It looks like a dowager. It has seen better days, but it holds its head up still, and has nothing to do with Marylebone Workhouse opposite, that looks as cheerful as a cheese-paring.

We rise in respectability: we come upon tall brown houses, and can look up long vistas of brick. Off with your hat. That is BAKER STREET; jolly little Upper Baker Street stretches away Regent's Park-ward; we pass by Glum Street, Great Gaunt Street, Upper Hatchment Street, Tressel Place, and Pall Street—dark, tragic, and respectable abodes of worthy people. Their names should be printed in a black book, instead of a red book, however. I think they must have been built by an architect and undertaker.

How the omnibuses cut through the mud Citywards, and the rapid cabs, with canvas-backed trunks on the top, rush towards the Great Western Railway. Yonder it lies, beyond the odious line of twopenny 'buses.

See, we are at Park Crescent. Portland Place is like a Pyramid, and has resisted time. It still looks as if Aldermen lived there, and very beneficed clergymen came to them to dine. The footmen are generally fat in Portland Place, I have remarked; fat and in red plush breeches—different from the Belgravian gents: from the Tyburnian. Every quarter has its own expression of plush, as flowers bloom differently in different climates.

Chariots with lozenges on the panels, and elderly ladies inside,

are driving through the iron gates to take the cheerful round of Regent's Park. When all Nature smiles and the skies are intolerably bright and blue, the Regency Park seems to me to have this advantage, that a cooling and agreeable mist always lies over it, and keeps off the glare.

Do people still continue to go to the Diorama? It is an entertainment congenial to the respectability of the neigbourhood. I know nothing more charming than to sit in a black room there, silent and frightened, and with a dim sense that you are turning round; and then to see the view of the Church of Saint Rawhead by moonlight, while a distant barrel-organ plays the Dead March in 'Saul' almost inaudibly.

Yoicks! we have passed the long defile of Albany Street; we cross the road of Tottenham—on either side of us the cheerful factories with ready-made tombstones and funereal urns; or great zinc slipper-baths and chimney-pots that look like the helmets of the Castle of Otranto. Extremely small cigar-shops, and dentists; one or two bug-destroyers, and coffee-shops that look by no means inviting, are remarked by self and HENGIST as our rapid steeds gallop swiftly onwards—onwards through the Square of Euston—onwards where the towers of Pancridge rise before us—rapidly, rapidly.

Ha! he is down—is he hurt?—He is up again—it is a cab-horse on ahead, not one of ours. It is the wood-pavement. Let us turn aside and avoid the dangerous path. SPEC.

WAITING AT THE STATION.

We are amongst a number of people waiting for the Blackwall train at the Fenchurch Street Station. Some of us are going a little farther than Blackwall—as far as Gravesend; some of us are going even farther than Gravesend—to Port Philip, in South Australia, leaving behind the *patriæ fines* and the pleasant fields of Old England. It is rather a queer sensation to be in the same boat and station with a party that is going upon so prodigious a journey. One speculates about them with more than an ordinary interest, thinking of the difference between your fate and theirs, and that we shall never behold these faces again.

Some eight-and-thirty women are sitting in the large hall of the station, with bundles, baskets and light baggage, waiting for the steamer, and the orders to embark. A few friends are taking leave of them, bonnets are laid together, and whispering going on. A little crying is taking place;—only a very little crying,—and among those who remain, as it seems to me, not those who are going away. They leave behind them little to weep for; they are going from bitter cold and hunger, constant want and unavailing labour. Why should they be sorry to quit a mother who has been so hard to them as our country has been? How many of these women will ever see the shore again, upon the brink of which they stand, and from which they will depart in a few minutes more? It makes one sad and ashamed too, that they should not be more sorry. But how are you to expect love where you have given such scanty kindness? If you saw your children glad at the thoughts of leaving you, and for ever: would you blame yourselves, or them? It is not that the children are ungrateful, but the home was unhappy, and the parents indifferent or unkind. You are in the wrong under whose government they only had neglect and wretchedness; not they, who can't be called upon to love such an unlovely thing as misery, or to make any other return for neglect but indifference and aversion.

You and I, let us suppose again, are civilised persons. We have been decently educated: and live decently every day, and wear tolerable clothes, and practise cleanliness: and love the arts and graces of life. As we walk down this rank of eight-and-thirty

female emigrants, let us fancy that we are at Melbourne, and not in London, and that we have come down from our sheep-walks, or clearings, having heard of the arrival of forty honest, well-recommended young women, and having a natural longing to take a wife home to the bush—which of these would you like? If you were an Australian Sultan, to which of these would you throw the handkerchief? I am afraid not one of them. I fear, in our present mood of mind, we should mount horse and return to the country, preferring a solitude, and to be a bachelor, than to put up with one of these for a companion. There is no girl here to tempt you by her looks (and, world-wiseacre as you are, it is by these you are principally moved)—there is no pretty, modest, red-cheeked rustic,—no neat, trim, little grisette, such as what we call a gentleman might cast his eyes upon without too much derogating, and might find favour in the eyes of a man about town. No; it is a homely bevy of women with scarcely any beauty amongst them—their clothes are decent, but not the least picturesque—their faces are pale and careworn for the most part—how, indeed, should it be otherwise, seeing that they have known care and want all their days?—there they sit upon bare benches, with dingy bundles, and great cotton umbrellas—and the truth is, you are not a hardy colonist, a feeder of sheep, a feller of trees, a hunter of kangaroos—but a London man, and my lord the Sultan's cambric handkerchief is scented with Bond Street perfumery—you put it in your pocket, and couldn't give it to any one of these women.

They are not like you, indeed. They have not your tastes and feelings—your education and refinements. They would not understand a hundred things which seem perfectly simple to you. They would shock you a hundred times a day by as many deficiencies of politeness, or by outrages upon the Queen's English—by practices entirely harmless, and yet in your eyes actually worse than crimes—they have large hard hands and clumsy feet. The woman you love must have pretty soft fingers that you may hold in yours: must speak her language properly, and at least when you offer her your heart, must return hers with its *h* in the right place, as she whispers that it is yours, or you will have none of it. If she says, 'O Hedward, I ham so unappy to think I shall never beold you agin,'—though her emotion on leaving you might be perfectly tender and genuine, you would be obliged to laugh. If she said, 'Hedward, my art is yours for hever and hever' (and anybody heard her), she might as well stab you,—you couldn't accept the most faithful affection offered in such terms—you are a town-bred man, I say, and your handkerchief smells of Bond Street musk and millefleur. A sun-burnt settler out of the Bush won't feel any of

these exquisite tortures, or understand this kind of laughter: or object to MOLLY because her hands are coarse and her ankles thick: but he will take her back to his farm, where she will nurse his children, bake his dough, milk his cows, and cook his kangaroo for him.

But between you, an educated Londoner, and that woman, is not the union absurd and impossible? Would it not be unbearable for either? Solitude would be incomparably pleasanter than such a companion.—You might take her with a handsome fortune, perhaps, were you starving; but then it is because you want a house and carriage, let us say (*your* necessaries of life), and must have them even if you purchase them with your precious person. You do as much, or your sister does as much, every day. That however is not the point: I am not talking about the meanness to which your worship may be possibly obliged to stoop, in order, as you say, 'to keep up your rank in society'—only stating that this immense social difference does exist. You don't like to own it: or don't choose to talk about it, and such things had much better not be spoken about at all. I hear your worship say, there must be differences of rank and so forth! Well! out with it at once: you don't think MOLLY is your equal—nor indeed is she in the possession of many artificial acquirements. She can't make Latin verses, for example, as you used to do at school; she can't speak French and Italian, as your wife very likely can, etc.—and in so far she is your inferior, and your amiable lady's.

But what I note, what I marvel at, what I acknowledge, what I am ashamed of, what is contrary to Christian morals, manly modesty and honesty, and to the national well-being, is that there should be that immense social distinction between the well-dressed classes (as, if you will permit me, we will call ourselves) and our brethren and sisters in the fustian jackets and pattens. If you deny it for your part, I say that you are mistaken, and deceive yourself woefully. I say that you have been educated to it through Gothic ages, and have had it handed down to you from your fathers (not that they were anybody in particular, but respectable, well-dressed progenitors, let us say for a generation or two)—from your well-dressed fathers before you. How long ago is it, that our preachers were teaching the poor 'to know their station'? that it was the peculiar boast of Englishmen, that any man, the humblest among us, could, by talent, industry, and good luck, hope to take his place in the aristocracy of his country, and that we pointed with pride to Lord This, who was the grandson of a barber; and to Earl That, whose father was an apothecary? What a multitude of most respectable folks pride themselves on these things still!

The gulf is not impassable, because one man in a million swims over it, and we hail him for his strength and success. He has landed on the happy island. He is one of the aristocracy. Let us clap hands and applaud. There's no country like ours for rational freedom.

If you go up and speak to one of these women, as you do (and very good-naturedly, and you can't help that confounded condescension), she curtsies and holds down her head meekly, and replies with modesty, as becomes her station, to your honour with the clean shirt and the well-made coat. 'And so she should' is what hundreds of thousands of us, rich and poor, say still. Both believe this to be bounden duty; and that a poor person should naturally bob her head to a rich one physically and morally.

Let us get her last curtsey from her as she stands here upon the English shore. When she gets into the Australian woods her back won't bend except to her labour; or, if it do, from old habit and the reminiscence of the old country, do you suppose her children will be like that timid creature before you? They will know nothing of that Gothic society, with its ranks and hierarchies, its cumbrous ceremonies, its glittering antique paraphernalia, in which we have been educated; in which rich and poor still acquiesce, and which multitudes of both still admire: far removed from these old-world traditions, they will be bred up in the midst of plenty, freedom, manly brotherhood. Do you think if your worship's grandson goes into the Australian woods, or meets the grandchild of one of yonder women by the banks of the Warrawarra, the Australian will take a hat off or bob a curtsey to the new-comer? He will hold out his hand, and say, 'Stranger, come into my house and take a shake-down and have a share of our supper. You come out of the old country, do you? There was some people were kind to my grandmother there, and sent her out to Melbourne. Times are changed since then—come in and welcome!'

What a confession it is that we have almost all of us been obliged to make! A clever and earnest-minded writer gets a commission from the *Morning Chronicle* newspaper, and reports upon the state of our poor in London; he goes amongst labouring people and poor of all kinds—and brings back what? A picture of human life so wonderful, so awful, so piteous and pathetic, so exciting and terrible, that readers of romances own they never read anything like to it; and that the griefs, struggles, strange adventures here depicted exceed anything that any of us could imagine. Yes; and these wonders and terrors have been lying by your door and mine ever since we had a door of our own. We had but to go a hundred yards off and see for ourselves, but we never did. Don't we pay poor-rates, and are they not heavy enough in the

name of patience? Very true; and we have our own private pensioners, and give away some of our superfluity, very likely. You are not unkind; not ungenerous. But of such wondrous and complicated misery as this you confess you had no idea? No. How should you?—you and I—we are of the upper classes; we have had hitherto no community with the poor. We never speak a word to the servant who waits on us for twenty years; we condescend to employ a tradesman, keeping him at a proper distance, mind—of course, at a proper distance—we laugh at his young men, if they dance, jig, and amuse themselves like their betters, and call them counter-jumpers, snobs, and what not; of his workmen we know nothing, how pitilessly they are ground down, how they live and die, here close by us at the backs of our houses; until some poet like HOOD wakes and sings that dreadful 'Song of the Shirt'; some prophet like CARLYLE rises up and denounces woe; some clear-sighted, energetic man like the writer of the *Chronicle* travels into the poor man's country for us, and comes back with his tale of terror and wonder.

Awful, awful poor man's country! The bell rings and these eight-and-thirty women bid adieu to it, rescued from it (as a few thousands more will be) by some kind people who are interested in their behalf. In two hours more the steamer lies alongside the ship *Culloden*, which will bear them to their new home. Here are the berths aft for the unmarried women, the married couples are in the midships, the bachelors in the fore-part of the ship. Above and below decks it swarms and echoes with the bustle of departure. The Emigration Commissioner comes and calls over their names; there are old and young, large families, numbers of children already accustomed to the ship, and looking about with amused unconsciousness. One was born but just now on board; he will not know how to speak English till he is fifteen thousand miles away from home. Some of those kind people whose bounty and benevolence organised the Female Emigration Scheme are here to give a last word and shake of the hand to their *protégées*. They hang sadly and gratefully round their patrons. One of them, a clergyman, who has devoted himself to this good work, says a few words to them at parting. It is a solemn minute indeed—for those who (with the few thousand who will follow them) are leaving the country and escaping from the question between rich and poor; and what for those who remain? But, at least, those who go will remember that in their misery here they found gentle hearts to love and pity them, and generous hands to give them succour, and will plant in the new country this grateful tradition of the old.—*May* Heaven's good mercy speed them! SPEC.

MR. BROWN'S LETTERS
TO A YOUNG MAN ABOUT TOWN.

[redacted]

MR. BROWN'S LETTERS TO A YOUNG MAN ABOUT TOWN.

IT is with the greatest satisfaction, my dear ROBERT, that I have you as a neighbour, within a couple of miles of me, and that I have seen you established comfortably in your chambers in Figtree Court. The situation is not cheerful, it is true; and to clamber up three pairs of black creaking stairs is an exercise not pleasant to a man who never cared for ascending mountains. Nor did the performance of the young barrister who lives under you—and, it appears, plays pretty constantly upon the French horn—give me any great pleasure as I sat and partook of luncheon in your rooms. Your female attendant or laundress, too, struck me from her personal appearance to be a lady addicted to the use of ardent spirits; and the smell of tobacco, which you say some old college friends of yours had partaken on the night previous, was, I must say, not pleasant in the chambers, and I even thought might be remarked as lingering in your own morning-coat. However, I am an old fellow. The use of cigars has come in since my time (and, I must own, is adopted by many people of the first fashion), and these and other inconveniences are surmounted more gaily by young fellows like yourself than by oldsters of my standing. It pleased me, however, to see the picture of the old house at home over the mantelpiece. Your college prize-books make a very good show in your bookcases; and I was glad to remark in the looking-glass the cards of both our excellent County Members. The rooms, altogether, have a reputable appearance; and I hope, my dear fellow, that the Society of the Inner Temple will have a punctual tenant.

As you have now completed your academical studies, and are

about to commence your career in London, I propose, my dear nephew, to give you a few hints for your guidance; which, although you have an undoubted genius of your own, yet come from a person who has had considerable personal experience, and, I have no doubt, would be useful to you if you did not disregard them, as, indeed, you will most probably do.

With your law studies it is not my duty to meddle. I have seen you established, one of six pupils, in MR. TAPEWORM'S chambers in Pump Court, seated on a high-legged stool on a foggy day, with your back to a blazing fire. At your father's desire, I have paid a hundred guineas to that eminent special pleader, for the advantages which I have no doubt you will enjoy, while seated on the high-legged stool in his back room, and rest contented with your mother's prediction that you will be Lord Chief-Justice some day. May you prosper, my dear fellow! is all I desire. By the way, I should like to know what was the meaning of a pot of porter which entered into your chambers as I issued from them at one o'clock, and trust that it was not *your* thirst which was to be quenched with such a beverage at such an hour.

It is not, then, with regard to your duties as a law student that I have a desire to lecture you, but in respect of your pleasures, amusements, acquaintances, and general conduct and bearing as a young man of the world.

I will rush into the subject at once, and exemplify my morality in your own person. Why, sir, for instance, do you wear that tuft to your chin, and those sham turquoise buttons to your waistcoat? A chin-tuft is a cheap enjoyment certainly, and the twiddling it about, as I see you do constantly, so as to show your lower teeth, a harmless amusement to fill up your vacuous hours. And as for waistcoat-buttons, you will say, 'Do not all the young men wear them, and what can I do but buy artificial turquoise, as I cannot afford to buy real stones?'

I take you up at once, and show you why you ought to shave off your tip and give up the factitious jewellery. My dear BOB, in spite of us and all the Republicans in the world, there are ranks and degrees in life and society, and distinctions to be maintained by each man according to his rank and degree. You have no more right, as I take it, to sport an imperial on your chin than I have to wear a shovel-hat with a rosette. I hold a tuft to a man's chin to be the centre of a system, so to speak, which ought all to correspond and be harmonious—the whole tune of a man's life ought to be played in that key.

Look, for instance, at LORD HUGO FITZURSE seated in the private box at the Lyceum, by the side of that beautiful creature with the

black eyes and the magnificent point-lace, who you fancied was ogling you through her enormous spy-glasses. LORD HUGO has a tuft to his chin, certainly; his countenance grins with a perfect vacuity behind it; and his whiskers curl crisply round one of the handsomest and stupidest countenances in the world.

But just reckon up in your own mind what it costs him to keep up that simple ornament on his chin. Look at every article of that amiable and most gentlemanlike—though, I own, foolish—young man's dress, and see how absurd it is of you to attempt to imitate him. Look at his hands (I have the young nobleman perfectly before my mind's eye now); the little hands are dangling over the cushion of the box, gloved as tightly and delicately as a lady's. His wristbands are fastened up towards his elbows with jewellery. Gems and rubies meander down his pink shirt-front and waistcoat. He wears a watch with an apparatus of gimcracks at his waistcoat pocket. He sits in a splendid side-box, or he simpers out of the windows at WHITE'S, or you see him grinning out of a cab by the Serpentine—a lovely and costly picture, surrounded by a costly frame.

Whereas, you and I, my good BOB, if we want to see a play, do not disdain an order from our friend the newspaper editor, or to take a seat in the pit. Your watch is your father's old hunting-watch. When we go in the Park we go on foot, or at best get a horse up after Easter, and just show in Rotten Row. We shall never look out of WHITE'S bow-window. The amount of LORD HUGO'S tailor-bill would support you and your younger brother. His valet has as good an allowance as you, besides his perquisites of old clothes. You cannot afford to wear a dandy lord's cast-off clothes, neither to imitate those which he wears.

There is nothing disagreeable to me in the notion of a dandy any more than there is in the idea of a peacock, or a camelopard, or a prodigious gaudy tulip, or an astonishingly bright brocade. There are all sorts of animals, plants, and stuffs in Nature, from peacocks to tomtits, and from cloth-of-gold to corduroy, whereof the variety is assuredly intended by Nature, and certainly adds to the zest of life. Therefore, I do not say that LORD HUGO is a useless being, or bestow the least contempt upon him. Nay, it is right gratifying and natural that he should be, and be as he is—handsome and graceful, splendid and perfumed, beautiful—whiskered and empty-headed, a sumptuous dandy and man of fashion—and what you young men have denominated 'A Swell.'

But a cheap Swell, my dear ROBERT (and that little chin ornament, as well as certain other indications which I have remarked in your simple nature, lead me to insist upon this matter rather

strongly with you), is by no means a pleasing object for our observation, although he is presented to us so frequently. Try, my boy, and curb any little propensity which you may have to dresses that are too splendid for your station. You do not want light kid-gloves and wristbands up to your elbows, copying out MR. TAPEWORM'S Pleas and Declarations; you will only blot them with lawyer's ink over your desk, and they will impede your writing: whereas LORD HUGO may decorate his hands in any way he likes, because he has little else to do with them but to drive cabs, or applaud dancing-girls' pirouettes, or to handle a knife and fork or a toothpick as becomes the position in life which he fills in so distinguished a manner. To be sure, since the days of friend Æsop, Jackdaws have been held up to ridicule for wearing the plumes of birds to whom Nature has affixed more gaudy tails; but as Folly is constantly reproducing itself, so must Satire, and our honest *Mr. Punch* has but to repeat to the men of our generation the lessons taught by the good-natured Hunchback, his predecessor.

Shave off your tuft, then, my boy, and send it to the girl of your heart as a token, if you like: and I pray you abolish the jewellery, towards which I clearly see you have a propensity. As you have a plain dinner at home, served comfortably on a clean tablecloth, and not a grand service of half-a-dozen *entrées*, such as we get at our County Member's (and an uncommonly good dinner it is too), so let your dress be perfectly neat, polite, and cleanly, without any attempts at splendour. Magnificence is the decency of the rich—but it cannot be purchased with half-a-guinea a day, which, when the rent of your chambers is paid, I take to be pretty nearly the amount of your worship's income. This point, I thought, was rather well illustrated the other day, in an otherwise silly and sentimental book which I looked over at the Club, called the FOGGARTY DIAMOND (or by some such vulgar name). Somebody gives the hero, who is a poor fellow, a diamond-pin: he is obliged to buy a new stock to set off the diamond, then a new waistcoat, to correspond with the stock, then a new coat, because the old one is too shabby for the rest of his attire;—finally, the poor devil is ruined by the diamond ornament, which he is forced to sell, as I would recommend you to sell your waistcoat studs, were they worth anything.

But as you have a good figure and a gentlemanlike deportment, and as every young man likes to be well attired, and ought, for the sake of his own advantage and progress in life, to show himself to the best advantage, I shall take an early opportunity of addressing you on the subject of tailors and clothes, which at least merit a letter to themselves. BROWN THE ELDER.

ON TAILORING—AND TOILETTES IN GENERAL

OUR ancestors, my dear BOB, have transmitted to you, in common with every member of our family, considerable charms of person and figure (of which fact, although you are of course perfectly aware, yet, and equally of course, you have no objection to be reminded), and with these facial and corporeal endowments, a few words respecting dress and tailoring may not be out of place; for nothing is trivial in life, and everything to the philosopher has a meaning. As in the old joke about a pudding which has two sides, namely, an inside and an outside, so a coat or a hat has its inside as well as its outside; I mean, that there is in a man's exterior appearance the consequence of his inward ways of thought, and a gentleman who dresses too grandly, or too absurdly, or too shabbily, has some oddity, or insanity, or meanness in his mind, which develops itself somehow outwardly in the fashion of his garments.

No man has a right to despise his dress in this world. There is no use in flinging any honest chance whatever away. For instance, although a woman cannot be expected to know the particulars of a gentleman's dress, any more than we to be

acquainted with the precise nomenclature or proper cut of the various articles which those dear creatures wear, yet to what lady in a society of strangers do we feel ourselves most naturally inclined to address ourselves?—to her or those whose appearance pleases us; not to the gaudy, over-dressed Dowager or Miss—nor to her whose clothes, though handsome, are put on in a slatternly manner, but to the person who looks neat, and trim, and elegant, and in whose person we fancy we see exhibited indications of a natural taste, order, and propriety. If MISS SMITH in a rumpled gown offends our eyesight, though we hear she is a young lady of great genius and considerable fortune, while MISS JONES in her trim and simple attire attracts our admiration; so must women, on their side, be attracted or repelled by the appearance of gentlemen into whose company they fall. If you are a tiger in appearance, you may naturally expect to frighten a delicate and timid female; if you are a sloven, to offend her: and as to be well with women constitutes one of the chiefest happinesses of life, the object of my worthy BOB's special attention will naturally be, to neglect no precautions to win their favour.

Yes: a good face, a good address, a good dress, are each so many points in the game of life, of which every man of sense will avail himself. They help many a man more in his commerce with society than learning or genius. It is hard often to bring the former into a drawing-room: it is often too lumbering and unwieldy for any den but its own. And as a KING CHARLES's spaniel can snooze before the fire or frisk over the ottoman-cushions and on to the ladies' laps, when a Royal elephant would find a considerable difficulty in walking up the stairs, and subsequently in finding a seat; so a good manner and appearance will introduce you into many a house where you might knock in vain for admission with all the learning of PORSON in your trunk.

It is not learning, it is not virtue, about which people inquire in society. It is manners. It no more profits me that my neighbour at table can construe Sanscrit and say the *Encyclopædia* by heart, than that he should possess half a million in the Bank (unless, indeed, he gives dinners; when, for reasons obvious, one's estimation of him, or one's desire to please him, takes its rise in different sources), or that the lady whom I hand down to dinner should be as virtuous as Cornelia or the late MRS. HANNAH MORE. What is wanted for the nonce is, that folks should be as agreeable as possible in conversation and demeanour; so that good-humour may be said to be one of the very best articles of dress one can wear in society; the which to see exhibited in LADY X.'s honest face, let us say, is more pleasant to behold in a room than the

glitter of LADY Z.'s best diamonds. And yet, in point of virtue, the latter is, no doubt, a perfect dragon. But virtue is a home quality: manners are the coat it wears when it goes abroad.

Thus, then, my beloved BOB, I would have your dining-out suit handsome, neat, well made, fitting you naturally and easily, and yet with a certain air of holiday about it, which should mark its destination. It is not because they thought their appearance was much improved by the ornament, that the ancient philosophers and topers decorated their old pates with flowers (no wreath, I know, would make some people's mugs beautiful; and I confess, for my part, I would as lief wear a horse-collar or a cotton nightcap in society as a coronet of polyanthuses or a garland of hyacinths)—it is not because a philosopher cares about dress that he wears it; but he wears his best as a sign of a feast, as a bush is the sign of an inn. You ought to mark a festival as a red-letter day, and you put on your broad and spotless white waistcoat, your finest linen, your shiniest boots, as much as to say, 'It is a feast; here I am, clean, smart, ready with a good appetite, determined to enjoy.'

You would not enjoy a feast if you came to it unshorn, in a draggle-tailed dressing-gown. You ought to be well dressed, and suitable to it. A very odd and wise man whom I once knew, and who had not (as far as one could outwardly judge) the least vanity about his personal appearance, used, I remember, to make a point of wearing in large Assemblies a most splendid gold or crimson waistcoat. He seemed to consider himself in the light of a walking bouquet of flowers, or a movable chandelier. His waistcoat was a piece of furniture to decorate the rooms; as for any personal pride he took in the adornment, he had none: for the matter of that, he would have taken the garment off, and lent it to a waiter—but this Philosopher's maxim was, that dress should be handsome upon handsome occasions — and I hope you will exhibit your own taste upon such. You don't suppose that people who entertain you so hospitably have four-and-twenty lights in the dining-room, and still and dry champagne every day? or that my friend, MRS. PERKINS, puts her drawing-room door under her bed every night, when there is no ball? A young fellow must dress himself, as the host and hostess dress themselves, in an extra manner for extra nights. Enjoy, my boy, in honesty and manliness, the goods of this life. I would no more have you refuse to take your glass of wine, or to admire (always in honesty) a pretty girl, than dislike the smell of a rose, or turn away your eyes from a landscape. '*Neque tu choreas sperne, puer*,' as the dear old Heathen says; and, in order to dance, you must have proper pumps wherein to spring and whirl lightly, and a clean pair of

gloves, with which you can take your partner's pretty little hand.

As for particularising your dress, that were a task quite absurd and impertinent, considering that you are to wear it, and not I, and remembering the variations of fashion. When I was presented to H.R.H. the Prince Regent, in the uniform of the Hammersmith Hussars, viz. a yellow jacket, pink pantaloons, and silver lace, green morocco boots, and a light-blue pelisse lined with ermine, the august Prince himself, the model of grace and elegance in his time, wore a coat of which the waist-buttons were placed between his Royal shoulder-blades, and which, if worn by a man now, would cause the boys to hoot him in Pall Mall, and be a uniform for Bedlam. If buttons continue their present downward progress, a man's waist may fall down to his heels next year, or work upwards to the nape of his neck after another revolution: who knows? Be it yours decently to conform to the custom, and leave your buttons in the hands of a good tailor, who will place them wherever fashion ordains. A few general rules, however, may be gently hinted to a young fellow who has perhaps a propensity to fall into certain errors.

Eschew violent sporting-dresses, such as one sees but too often in the parks and public places on the backs of misguided young men. There is no objection to an ostler wearing a particular costume, but it is a pity that a gentleman should imitate it. I have seen in like manner young fellows at Cowes attired like the pictures we have of smugglers, buccaneers, and mariners in Adelphi melodramas. I would like my Bob to remember that his business in life is neither to handle a curry-comb nor a marline-spike, and to fashion his habit accordingly.

If your hair or clothes do not smell of tobacco, as they sometimes, it must be confessed, do, you will not be less popular among ladies. And as no man is worth a fig, or can have real benevolence of character, or observe mankind properly, who does not like the society of modest and well-bred women, respect their prejudices in this matter, and, if you must smoke, smoke in an old coat, and away from the ladies.

Avoid dressing-gowns, which argue dawdling, an unshorn chin, a lax toilet, and a general lazy and indolent habit at home. Begin your day with a clean conscience in every way. Cleanliness is honesty.[1] A man who shows but a clean face and hands is a

[1] *Note to the beloved Reader.*—This hint, dear sir, is of course not intended to apply personally to *you*, who are scrupulously neat in your person; but when you look around you, and see how many people neglect the use of that admirable cosmetic, cold water, you will see that a few words in its praise may be spoken with advantage.

rogue and hypocrite in society, and takes credit for a virtue which he does not possess. And of all the advances towards civilisation which our nation has made, and of most of which MR. MACAULAY treats so eloquently in his lately published History, as in his lecture to the Glasgow Students the other day, there is none which ought to give a philanthropist more pleasure than to remark the great and increasing demand for bath-tubs at the ironmongers': Zinc-Institutions, of which our ancestors had a lamentable ignorance.

And I hope that these institutions will be universal in our country before long, and that every decent man in England will be a Companion of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath.

BROWN THE ELDER.

THE INFLUENCE OF LOVELY WOMAN UPON SOCIETY

CONSTANTLY, my dear Bob, I have told you how refining is the influence of women upon society, and how profound our respect ought to be for them. Living in chambers as you do, my dear nephew, and not of course liable to be amused by the constant society of an old uncle, who moreover might be deucedly bored with your own conversation—I beseech and implore you to make a point of being intimate with one or two families where you can see kind and well-bred English ladies. I have seen women of all nations in the world, but I never saw the equals of Englishwomen (meaning of course to include our cousins the MacWhirters of Glasgow, and the O'Tooles of Cork): and I pray sincerely, my boy, that you may always have a woman for a friend.

Try, then, and make yourself the *bienvenu* in some house where accomplished and amiable ladies are. Pass as much of your time as you can with them. Lose no opportunity of making yourself agreeable to them: run their errands; send them flowers and elegant little tokens; show a willingness to be pleased by their attentions, and to aid their little charming schemes of shopping or dancing, or this, or that. I say to you, make yourself a lady's man as much as ever you can.

It is better for you to pass an evening once or twice a week in a lady's drawing-room, even though the conversation is rather slow

and you know the girls' songs by heart, than in a club, tavern, or smoking-room, or a pit of a theatre. All amusements of youth, to which virtuous women are not admitted, are, rely on it, deleterious in their nature. All men who avoid female society have dull perceptions and are stupid, or have gross tastes and revolt against what is pure. Your Club swaggerers who are sucking the butts of billiard-queues all night call female society insipid. Sir, poetry is insipid to a yokel; beauty has no charms for a blind man; music does not please an unfortunate brute who does not know one tune from another;—and, as a true epicure is hardly ever tired of water-souchy and brown bread-and-butter, I protest I can sit for a whole night talking to a well-regulated kindly woman about her girl coming out, or her boy at Eton, and like the evening's entertainment.

One of the great benefits a young man may derive from women's society is, that he is bound to be respectful to them. The habit is of great good to your moral man, depend on it. Our education makes of us the most eminently selfish men in the world. We fight for ourselves; we push for ourselves; we cut the best slices out of the joint at club-dinners for ourselves; we yawn for ourselves and light our pipes, and say we won't go out; we prefer ourselves and our ease; and the greatest good that comes to a man from women's society is, that he has to think of somebody besides himself—somebody to whom he is bound to be constantly attentive and respectful. Certainly I don't want my dear BOB to associate with those of the other sex whom he doesn't and can't respect: that is worse than billiards: worse than tavern brandy-and-water: worse than smoking selfishly at home. But I vow I would rather see you turning over the leaves of MISS FIDDLECOMBE'S music-book all night, than at billiards, or smoking, or brandy-and-water, or all three.

Remember, if a house is pleasant, and you like to remain in it, that to be well with the woman of the house is the great, the vital point. If it is a good house, don't turn up your nose because you are only asked to come in the evening while others are invited to dine. Recollect the debts of dinners which an hospitable family has to pay; who are you that you should always be expecting to nestle under the mahogany? Agreeable acquaintances are made just as well in the drawing-room as in the dining-room. Go to tea brisk and good-humoured. Be determined to be pleased. Talk to a dowager. Take a hand at whist. If you are musical, and know a song, sing it like a man. Never sulk about dancing, but off with you. You will find your acquaintance enlarge. Mothers, pleased with your good-humour, will probably ask you to Pocklington

Square, to a little party. You will get on—you will form yourself a circle. You may marry a rich girl, or, at any rate, get the chance of seeing a number of the kind, and the pretty.

Many young men, who are more remarkable for their impudence and selfishness than their good sense, are fond of boastfully announcing that they decline going to evening parties at all, unless, indeed, such entertainments commence with a good dinner, and a quantity of claret.

I never saw my beautiful-minded friend, MRS. Y. Z., many times out of temper, but can quite pardon her indignation when young FRED NOODLE, to whom the Y. Z.'s have been very kind, and who has appeared scores of times at their elegant table in Up—r B–k–r Street, announced, in an unlucky moment of flippancy, that he did not intend to go to evening parties any more.

What induced FRED NOODLE to utter this bravado I know not; whether it was that he has been puffed up by attentions from several Aldermen's families, with whom he has of late become acquainted, and among whom he gives himself the airs of a prodigious 'swell'; but having made this speech one Sunday after church, when he condescended to call in B–k–r Street, and show off his new gloves and waistcoat, and talked in a sufficiently dandified air about the Opera (the wretched creature fancies that an eight-and-sixpenny pit ticket gives him the privileges of a man of fashion)—NOODLE made his bow to the ladies, and strutted off to show his new yellow kids elsewhere.

'MATILDA, my love, bring the Address Book,' MRS. Y. Z. said to her lovely eldest daughter, as soon as NOODLE was gone, and the banging hall-door had closed upon the absurd youth. That graceful and obedient girl rose, went to the back drawing-room, on a table in which apartment the volume lay, and brought the book to her mamma.

MRS. Y. Z. turned to the letter N; and under that initial discovered the name of the young fellow who had just gone out. NOODLE, F., 250 Jermyn Street, St. James's. She took a pen from the table before her, and with it deliberately crossed the name of MR. NOODLE out of her book. MATILDA looked at ELIZA, who stood by in silent awe. The sweet eldest girl, who has a kind feeling towards every soul alive, then looked towards her mother with expostulating eyes, and said, 'O mamma!' Dear, dear MATILDA! I love all pitiful hearts like thine.

But MRS. Y. Z. was in no mood to be merciful, and gave way to a natural indignation and feeling of outraged justice.

'What business has that young man to tell me,' she exclaimed, 'that he declines going to evening parties, when he knows that

after Easter we have one or two? Has he not met with constant hospitality here since MR. Y. Z. brought him home from the Club? Has he so much *beaux yeux?* or, has he so much wit? or, is he a man of so much note, that his company at a dinner-table becomes indispensable? He is nobody; he is not handsome; he is not clever; he never opens his mouth except to drink your papa's claret; and he declines evening parties, forsooth!—Mind, children, he is never invited into this house again.'

When Y. Z. now meets young NOODLE at the Club, that kind but feeble-minded old gentleman covers up his face with the newspaper, so as not to be seen by NOODLE; or sidles away with his face to the bookcases, and lurks off by the door. The other day they met on the steps, when the wretched NOODLE, driven *aux abois*, actually had the meanness to ask how MRS. Y. Z. was? The Colonel (for such he is, and of the Bombay service, too) said: 'My wife? Oh!—hum!—I'm sorry to say MRS. Y. Z. has been very poorly indeed, lately—very poorly, and confined to her room. God bless my soul! I've an appointment at the India House, and it's past two o'clock'—and he fled.

I had the malicious satisfaction of describing to NOODLE the most sumptuous dinner which Y. Z. had given the day before, at which there was a Lord present, a Foreign Minister with his Orders, two Generals with Stars, and every luxury of the season; but at the end of our conversation, seeing the effect it had upon the poor youth, and how miserably he was cast down, I told him the truth, viz. that the above story was a hoax, and that if he wanted to get into MRS. Y. Z.'s good graces again, his best plan was to go to LADY FLACK'S party, where I knew the MISS Y. Z.'s would be, and dance with them all night.

Yes, my dear BOB, you boys must pay with your persons, however lazy you may be—however much inclined to smoke at the Club, or to lie there and read the last delicious new novel; or averse to going home to a dreadful black set of chambers, where there is no fire; and at ten o'clock at night creeping shuddering into your ball suit, in order to go forth to an evening party.

The dressing, the clean gloves, and cab-hire are nuisances, I grant you. The idea of the party itself a bore; but you must go. When you are at the party, it is not so stupid; there is always something pleasant for the eye and attention of an observant man. There is a bustling Dowager wheedling and manœuvring to get proper partners for her girls; there is a pretty girl enjoying herself with all her heart, and in all the pride of her beauty, than which I know no more charming object;—there is poor MISS MEGGOT, lonely up against the wall, whom nobody asks to dance,

and with whom it is your bounden duty to waltz. There is always something to see or do, when you are there; and to evening parties, I say, you must go.

Perhaps I speak with the ease of an old fellow who is out of the business, and beholds you from afar off. My dear boy, they don't want *us* at evening parties. A stout, bald-headed man dancing is a melancholy object to himself in the looking-glass opposite, and there are duties and pleasures of all ages. Once, Heaven help us, and only once, upon my honour, and I say so as a gentleman, some boys seized upon me and carried me to the Casino, where, forthwith, they found acquaintances and partners, and went whirling away in the double-timed waltz (it is an abominable dance to me—I am an old Fogy) along with hundreds more. I caught sight of a face in the crowd—the most blank, melancholy, and dreary old visage it was—my own face in the glass—there was no use in my being there. *Canities adest morosa*—no, not *morosa*—but, in fine, I had no business in the place, and so came away.

I saw enough of that Casino, however, to show to me that—— But my paper is full, and on the subject of women I have more things to say, which might fill many hundred more pages.

BROWN THE ELDER.

SOME MORE WORDS ABOUT THE LADIES.

SUFFER me to speak, my dear BOB, and in somewhat a grave tone, about women, and their influence over you young fellows—an influence so vast, for good or for evil.

I have, as you pretty well know, an immense sum of money in the Three per Cents, the possession of which does not, I think, decrease your respect for my character, and of which, at my demise, you will possibly have your share. But if ever I hear of you as a Casino haunter, as a frequenter of Races and Greenwich Fairs, and such amusements, in questionable company, I give you my honour you shall benefit by no legacy of mine, and I will divide the portion that was, and is, I hope, to be yours, amongst your sisters.

Think, sir, of what they are, and of your mother at home, spotless and pious, loving and pure, and shape your own course so as to be worthy of them. Would you do anything to give them pain? Would you say anything that should bring a blush to their fair cheeks, or shock their gentle natures? At the Royal Academy Exhibition last year, when that great stupid, dandified monkey, CAPTAIN GRIGG, in company with the other vulgar oaf, MR. GOWKER, ventured to stare, in rather an insolent manner, at your pretty little sister FANNY, who had come blushing like a May rose from MISS PINKERTON'S Academy, I saw how your honest face flushed up with indignation, as you caught a sight of the hideous grins and ogles of those two ruffians in varnished boots; and your eyes flashed out at them glances of defiance and warning so savage and terrible, that the discomfited wretches turned wisely upon their heels, and did not care to face such a resolute young champion as BOB BROWN. What is it that makes all your blood tingle, and fills your heart with a vague and fierce desire to thrash

somebody, when the idea of the possibility of an insult to that fair creature enters your mind? You can't bear to think that injury should be done to a being so sacred, so innocent, and so defenceless. You would do battle with a GOLIATH in her cause. Your sword would leap from its scabbard (that is, if you gentlemen from Pump Court wore swords and scabbards at the present period of time) to avenge or defend her.

Respect all beauty, all innocence, my dear BOB; defend all defencelessness in your sister, as in the sisters of other men. We have all heard the story of the Gentleman of the last century, who, when a crowd of young bucks and bloods in the Crush-room of the Opera were laughing and elbowing an old lady there—an old lady, lonely, ugly, and unprotected—went up to her respectfully and offered her his arm, took her down to his own carriage which was in waiting, and walked home himself in the rain,—and twenty years afterwards had ten thousand a year left him by this very old lady, as a reward for that one act of politeness. We have all heard that story; nor do I think it is probable that you will have ten thousand a year left to you for being polite to a woman: but I say, be polite, at any rate. Be respectful to every woman. A manly and generous heart can be no otherwise—as a man would be gentle with a child, or take off his hat in a church.

I would have you apply this principle universally towards women—from the finest lady of your acquaintance down to the laundress who sets your chambers in order. It may safely be asserted that the persons who joke with barmaids or servants at lodgings are not men of a high intellectual or moral capacity. To chuck a still-room maid under the chin, or to send off MOLLY the cook grinning, are not, to say the least of them, dignified acts in any gentleman. The butcher-boy who brings the leg of mutton to MOLLY may converse with her over the area-railings; or the youthful grocer may exchange a few jocular remarks with BETTY at the door as he hands in to her the tea and sugar: but not you. We must live according to our degree. I hint this to you, sir, by the way, and because the other night, as I was standing on the drawing-room landing-place, taking leave of our friends MR. and MRS. FAIRFAX, after a very agreeable dinner, I heard a giggling in the hall, where you were putting on your coat, and where that uncommonly good-looking parlour-maid was opening the door. And here, whilst on this subject, and whilst MRS. BETTY is helping you on with your coat, I would say, respecting your commerce with your friends' servants and your own, be thankful to them, and they will be grateful to you in return, depend upon it. Let the young fellow who lives in lodgings respect the poor little maid who does

the wondrous work of the house, and not send her on too many errands, or ply his bell needlessly; if you visit any of your comrades in such circumstances, be you, too, respectful and kindly in your tone to the poor little Abigail. If you frequent houses, as I hope you will, where are many good fellows and amiable ladies who cannot afford to have their doors opened or their tables attended by men, pray be particularly courteous (though by no means so marked in your attentions as on the occasion of the dinner at MR. FAIRFAX'S to which I have just alluded) to the women-servants. Thank them when they serve you. Give them a half-crown now and then—nay, as often as your means will permit. Those small gratuities make but a small sum in your year's expenses, and it may be said that the practice of giving them never impoverished a man yet; and, on the other hand, they give a deal of innocent happiness to a very worthy, active, kind set of folks.

But let us hasten from the hall-door to the drawing-room, where Fortune has cast your lot in life: I want to explain to you why I am so anxious that you should devote yourself to that amiable lady who sits in it. Sir, I do not mean to tell you that there are no women in the world vulgar and ill-humoured, rancorous and narrow-minded, mean schemers, son-in-law hunters, slaves of fashion, hypocrites; but I do respect, admire, and almost worship good women; and I think there is a very fair number of such to be found in this world, and, I have no doubt, in every educated Englishman's circle of society, whether he finds that circle in palaces in Belgravia and Mayfair, in snug little suburban villas, in ancient comfortable old Bloomsbury, or in back parlours behind the shop. It has been my fortune to meet with excellent English ladies in every one of these places—wives graceful and affectionate, matrons tender and good, daughters happy and pure-minded, and I urge the society of such on you, because I defy you to think evil in their company. Walk into the drawing-room of LADY Z., that great lady: look at her charming face, and hear her voice. You know that she can't but be good, with such a face and such a voice. She is one of those fortunate beings on whom it has pleased Heaven to bestow all sorts of its most precious gifts and richest worldly favours. With what a grace she receives you; with what a frank kindness and natural sweetness and dignity! Her looks, her motions, her words, her thoughts, all seem to be beautiful and harmonious quite. See her with her children, what woman can be more simple and loving? After you have talked to her for a while, you very likely find she is ten times as well read as you are: she has a hundred accomplishments which she is not the least anxious to show off, and makes no more account of them

than of her diamonds, or of the splendour round about her—to all of which she is born, and has a happy, admirable claim of nature and possession—admirable and happy for her and for us too; for is it not a happiness for us to admire her? Does anybody grudge her excellence to that paragon? Sir, we may be thankful to be admitted to comtemplate such consummate goodness and beauty; and as in looking at a fine landscape or a fine work of art, every generous heart must be delighted and improved, and ought to feel grateful afterwards, so one may feel charmed and thankful for having the opportunity of knowing an almost perfect woman. Madam, if the gout and the custom of the world permitted, I would kneel down and kiss the hem of your Ladyship's robe. To see your gracious face is a comfort—to see you walk to your carriage is a holiday. Drive her faithfully, oh thou silver-wigged coachman! drive her to all sorts of splendours and honours and Royal festivals. And for us, let us be glad that we should have the privilege to admire her.

Now transport yourself in spirit, my good BOB, into another drawing-room. There sits an old lady of more than fourscore years, serene and kind, and as beautiful in her age now as in her youth, when History toasted her. What has she not seen, and what is she not ready to tell? All the fame and wit, all the rank and beauty of more than half a century, have passed through those rooms where you have the honour of making your best bow. She is as simple now as if she had never had any flattery to dazzle her; she is never tired of being pleased and being kind. Can that have been anything but a good life which, after more than eighty years of it are spent, is so calm? Could she look to the end of it so cheerfully, if its long course had not been pure? Respect her, I say, for being so happy, now that she is old. We do not know what goodness and charity, what affections, what trials, may have gone to make that charming sweetness of temper, and complete that perfect manner. But if we do not admire and reverence such an old age as that, and get good from contemplating it, what are we to respect and admire?

Or shall we walk through the shop (while N. is recommending a tall copy to an amateur, or folding up a twopennyworth of letter-paper, and bowing to a poor customer in a jacket and apron with just as much respectful gravity as he would show while waiting upon a Duke), and see Mrs. N. playing with the child in the back parlour until N. shall come in to tea? They drink tea at five o'clock; and are actually as well bred as those gentlefolks who dine three hours later. Or will you please to step into Mrs. J.'s lodgings, who is waiting, and at work, until her husband comes home

from chambers? She blushes and puts the work away on hearing the knock, but when she sees who the visitor is, she takes it with a smile from behind the sofa cushion, and behold, it is one of J.'s waistcoats, on which she is sewing buttons. She might have been a Countess blazing in diamonds had Fate so willed it, and the higher her station the more she would have adorned it. But she looks as charming while plying her needle as the great lady in her palace whose equal she is, in beauty, in goodness, in high-bred grace and simplicity: at least, I can't fancy her better, or any Peeress being more than her peer.

And it is with this sort of people, my dear BOB, that I recommend you to consort, if you can be so lucky as to meet with their society—nor do I think you are very likely to find many such at the Casino; or in the dancing-booths of Greenwich Fair on this present Easter Monday. BROWN THE ELDER.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

I.

CHOICE of friends, my dear ROBERT, is a point upon which every man about town should be instructed, as he should be careful. And as example, they say, is sometimes better than precept, and at the risk even of appearing somewhat ludicrous in your eyes, I will narrate to you an adventure which happened to myself, which is at once ridiculous and melancholy (at least to me), and which will show you how a man, not imprudent or incautious of his own nature, may be made to suffer by the imprudent selection of a friend. Attend then, my dear BOB, to 'the History of RASSELAS, Prince of Abyssinia.'

Sir, in the year 1810 I was a jolly young Bachelor, as you are now (indeed, it was three years before I married your poor dear aunt); I had a place in the Tape and Sealing-Wax Office; I had chambers in Pump Court, *au troisième*, and led a not uncomfortable life there. I was a free and gay young fellow in those days (however much, sir, you may doubt the assertion, and think that I am changed), and not so particular in my choice of friends as subsequent experience has led me to be.

There lived in the set of chambers opposite to mine a Suffolk gentleman, of good family, whom I shall call MR. BLUDYER. Our boys or clerks first made acquaintance, and did each other mutual kind offices: borrowing for their respective masters' benefit, neither

of whom were too richly provided with the world's goods, coals, blacking-brushes, crockery-ware, and the like; and our forks and spoons, if either of us had an entertainment in chambers. As I learned presently that MR. BLUDYER had been educated at Oxford, and heard that his elder brother was a gentleman of good estate and reputation in his county, I could have no objection to make his acquaintance, and accepted finally his invitation to meet a large game-pie which he had brought with him from the country, and I recollect I lent my own silver teapot, which figured handsomely on the occasion. It is the same one which I presented to you, when you took possession of your present apartments.

MR. BLUDYER was a sporting man: it was the custom in those days with many gentlemen to dress as much like coachmen as possible: in top-boots, huge white coats with capes, Belcher neckerchiefs, and the like adornments; and at the tables of bachelors of the very first fashion you would meet with prize-fighters and jockeys, and hear a great deal about the prize-ring, the cock-pit, and the odds. I remember my LORD TILBURY was present at this breakfast (who afterwards lamentably broke his neck in a steeple-chase, by which the noble family became extinct), and for some time I confounded his Lordship with Dutch Sam, who was also of the party, and, indeed, not unlike the noble Viscount in dress and manner.

My acquaintance with MR. BLUDYER ripened into a sort of friendship. He was perfectly good-natured, and not ill-bred; and his jovial spirits and roaring stories amused a man who, though always of a peaceful turn, had no dislike to cheerful companions. We used to dine together about at coffee-houses, for Clubs were scarcely invented in those days, except for the aristocracy; and, in fine, were very intimate. BLUDYER, a brave and athletic man, would often give a loose to his spirits of an evening, and mill a Charley or two, as the phrase then was. The young bloods of those days thought it was no harm to spend a night in the watch-house, and I assure you it has accommodated a deal of good company. *Autres temps, autres mœurs.* In our own days, my good BOB, a station-house bench is not the bed for a gentleman.

I was at this time (and deservedly so, for I had been very kind to her, and my elder brother, your father, neglected her considerably) the favourite nephew of your grand-aunt, my aunt, MRS. GENERAL MACWHIRTER, who was left a very handsome fortune by the General, and to whom I do not scruple to confess I paid every attention to which her age, her sex, and her large income entitled her. I used to take sweetmeats to her poodle. I went and drank tea with her night after night. I accompanied her Sunday after

Sunday to hear the REV. ROWLAND HILL, at the Rotunda Chapel, over Blackfriars Bridge, and I used to read many of the tracts with which she liberally supplied me—in fact, do everything to comfort and console a lady of peculiar opinions and habits who had a large jointure. Your father used to say I was a sneak, but he was then a boisterous young squire; and perhaps we were not particularly good friends.

Well, sir, my dear aunt, MRS. GENERAL MACWHIRTER, made me her chief confidant. I regulated her money matters for her, and acted with her bankers and lawyers; and as she always spoke of your father as a reprobate, I had every reason to suppose I should inherit the property, the main part of which has now passed to another branch of the BROWNS. I do not grudge it, BOB: I do not grudge it. Your family is large; and I have enough from my poor dear departed wife.

Now it so happened that in June 1811—I recollect the Comet was blazing furiously at the time, and MRS. MACWHIRTER was of opinion that the world was at an end—MR. BLUDYER, who was having his chambers in Pump Court painted, asked permission to occupy mine, where he wished to give a lunch to some people whom he was desirous to entertain. Thinking no harm, of course I said yes; and I went to my desk at the Tape and Sealing-Wax Office at my usual hour, giving instructions to my boy to make MR. BLUDYER'S friends comfortable.

As ill-luck would have it, on that accursed Friday, MRS. MACWHIRTER, who had never been up my staircase before in her life (for your dear grand-aunt was large in person, and the apoplexy which carried her off soon after menaced her always), having some very particular business with her solicitors in Middle Temple Lane, and being anxious to consult me about a mortgage, actually mounted my stairs, and opened the door on which she saw written the name of MR. THOMAS BROWN. She was a peculiar woman, I have said, attached to glaring colours in her dress, and from her long residence in India, seldom without a set of costly birds of paradise in her bonnet, and a splendid Cashmere shawl.

Fancy her astonishment then, on entering my apartments at three o'clock in the afternoon, to be assailed in the first place by a strong smell of tobacco-smoke which pervaded the passage, and by a wild and ferocious bulldog which flew at her on entering my sitting-room.

This bulldog, sir, doubtless attracted by the brilliant colours of her costume, seized upon her, and pinned her down, screaming so that her voice drowned that of BLUDYER himself, who was sitting on the table bellowing, 'A Southerly Wind and a

Cloudy Sky proclaim a Hunting Morning'—or some such ribald trash: and the brutal owner of the dog (who was no other than the famous Mulatto boxer, NORROY, called the 'Black Prince' in the odious language of the Fancy, and who was inebriated doubtless at the moment) encouraged his dog in the assault upon this defenceless lady, and laughed at the agonies which she endured.

MR. BLUDYER, the black man, and one or two more, were arranging a fight on Moulsey Hurst, when my poor aunt made her appearance among these vulgar wretches. Although it was but three o'clock, they had sent for gin-and-water to a neighbouring tavern, and the glasses sparkled on the board,—to use a verse from a Bacchanalian song which I well remember MR. BLUDYER used to yell forth—when I myself arrived from my office at my usual hour, half-past three. The black fellow, and young CAPTAIN CAVENDISH of the Guards, were the smokers; and it appears that at first all the gentlemen screamed with laughter; some of them called my aunt an 'old girl'; and it was not until she had nearly fainted that the filthy Mulatto called the dog off from the flounce of her yellow gown, of which he had hold.

When this poor victim of vulgarity asked with a scream—Where was her nephew? new roars of laughter broke out from the coarse gin-drinkers. 'It's the old woman whom he goes to meeting with,' cried out BLUDYER. 'Come away, boys!' And he led his brutalised crew out of my chambers into his own, where they finished, no doubt, their arrangements about the fight.

Sir, when I came home at my usual hour of half-past three, I found MRS. MACWHIRTER in hysterics upon my sofa—the pipes were lying about—the tin dish-covers—the cold kidneys—the tavern cruet-stands, and wretched remnants of the orgy were in disorder on the table-cloth, stained with beer. Seeing her fainting, I wildly bade my boy to open the window, and seizing a glass of water which was on the table, I presented it to her lips.—It was gin-and-water, which I proffered to that poor lady.

She started up with a scream, which terrified me as I upset the glass: and with empurpled features, and a voice quivering and choking with anger, she vowed she would never forgive me. In vain I pleaded that I was ignorant of the whole of these disgraceful transactions. I went down on my knees to her, and begged her to be pacified; I called my boy, and bade him bear witness to my innocence: the impudent young fiend burst out laughing in my face, and I kicked him downstairs as soon as she was gone: for go she did directly to her carriage, which was in waiting in Middle Temple Lane, and to which I followed her with tears in my eyes, amidst a

crowd of jeering barristers' boys and Temple porters. But she pulled up the window in my face, and would no more come back to me than EURYDICE would to ORPHEUS.

If I grow pathetic over this story, my dear BOB, have I not reason? Your great-aunt left thirty thousand pounds to your family, and the remainder to the missionaries, and it is a curious proof of the inconsistency of women, that she, a serious person, said on her deathbed that she would have left her money to me, if I had called out MR. BLUDYER, who insulted her, and with whom I certainly would have exchanged shots, had I thought that MRS. MACWHIRTER would have encouraged any such murder.

My wishes, dear BOB, are moderate. Your aunt left me a handsome competency—and, I repeat, I do not grudge my brother GEORGE the money. Nor is it probable that such a calamity can happen again to any one of our family—that would be too great a misfortune. But I tell you the tale, because at least it shows you how important good company is, and that a young man about town should beware of his friends as well as of his enemies.

We will pursue the subject of friends generally in a future letter, and I am meanwhile, my dear BOB, always your affectionate uncle, BROWN THE ELDER.

II.

THE other day I saw you walking by the Serpentine with young LORD FOOZLE, of the Windsor Heavies, who nodded to all sorts of suspicious broughams on the ride, while you looked about (you know you did, you young rascal) for acquaintances, as much as to say—'See! here am I, BOB BROWN, of Pump Court, walking with a lord.'

My dear BOB, I own that to walk with a lord, and to be seen with him, is a pleasant thing. Every man of the middle class likes to know persons of rank. If he says he don't—don't believe him. And I would certainly wish that you should associate with your superiors rather than your inferiors. There is no more dangerous or stupefying position for a man in life than to be a cock of a small society. It prevents his ideas from growing; it renders him intolerably conceited. A twopenny-halfpenny Cæsar, a Brummagem dandy, a coterie philosopher or wit, is pretty sure to be an ass; and, in fine, I set it down as a maxim that it is good for a man to live where he can meet his betters, intellectual and social.

But if you fancy that getting into LORD FOOZLE'S set will do you good or advance your prospects in life, my dear BOB, you are woefully

mistaken. The Windsor Heavies are a most gentlemanlike, well-made, and useful set of men. The conversation of such of them as I have had the good fortune to meet has not certainly inspired me with a respect for their intellectual qualities, nor is their life commonly of that kind which rigid ascetics would pronounce blameless. Some of the young men amongst them talk to the broughams, frequent the private boxes, dance at the Casinos; few read—many talk about horseflesh and the odds after dinner, or relax with a little lansquenet or a little billiards at PRATT'S.

My boy, it is not with the eye of a moralist that your venerable old uncle examines these youths, but rather of a natural philosopher, who inspects them as he would any other phenomenon, or queer bird, or odd fish, or fine flower. These fellows are like the flowers, and neither toil nor spin, but are decked out in magnificent apparel: and for some wise and useful purposes, no doubt. It is good that there should be honest, handsome, hard-living, hard-riding, stupid young Windsor Heavies—as that there should be polite young gentlemen in the Temple, or any other variety of our genus.

And it is good that you should go from time to time to the Heavies' mess, if they ask you; and know that worthy set of gentlemen. But beware, O BOB, how you live with them. Remember that your lot in life is to toil, and spin too—and calculate how much time it takes a Heavy or a man of that condition to do nothing. Say, he dines at eight o'clock, and spends seven hours after dinner in pleasure. Well, if he goes to bed at three in the morning—that precious youth must have nine hours' sleep, which bring him to twelve o'clock next day, when he will have a headache probably, so that he can hardly be expected to dress, rally, have devilled chicken and pale ale, and get out before three. Friendship—the Club—the visits which he is compelled to pay, occupy him till five or six, and what time is there left for exercise and a ride in the Park, and for a second toilette preparatory to dinner, etc.? He goes on in his routine of pleasure, this young Heavy, as you do in yours of duty—one man in London is pretty nearly as busy as another. The company of young 'Swells,' then, if you will permit me the word, is not for you. You must consider that you should not spend more than a certain sum for your dinner—they need not. You wear a black coat, and they a shining cuirass and monstrous epaulets. Yours is the useful part in life and theirs the splendid—though why speak further on this subject? Since the days of the Frog and the Bull, a desire to cope with Bulls has been known to be fatal to Frogs.

And to know young noblemen, and brilliant and notorious town bucks and leaders of fashion, has this great disadvantage—that if

you talk about them or are seen with them much, you offend all your friends of middle life. It makes men angry to see their acquaintances better off than they themselves are. If you live much with great people, others will be sure to say that you are a sneak. I have known JACK JOLLIFF, whose fun and spirits made him adored by the dandies (for they are just such folks as you and I, only with not quite such good brains, and perhaps better manners —simple folks, who want to be amused)—I have known JACK JOLLIFF, I say, offend a whole roomful of men by telling us that he had been dining with a Duke. *We* hadn't been to dine with a Duke. We were not courted by grandees—and we disliked the man who was, and said he was a parasite, because men of fashion courted him. I don't know any means by which men hurt themselves more in the estimation of their equals than this of talking of great folks. A man may mean no harm by it—he speaks of the grandees with whom he lives, as you and I do of JONES or SMITH who give us dinners. But his old acquaintances do not forgive him his superiority, and set the Tufthunted down as the Tufthunter.

I remember laughing at the jocular complaint made by one of this sort, a friend whom I shall call MAIN. After MAIN published his *Travels in the Libyan Desert* four years ago, he became a literary lion, and roared in many of the metropolitan *salons*. He is a good-natured fellow, never in the least puffed up by his literary success, and always said that it would not last. His greatest leonine quality, however, is his appetite; and to behold him engaged on a Club joint, or to see him make away with pounds of turbot, and plate after plate of *entrées*, roasts, and sweets, is indeed a remarkable sight, and refreshing to those who like to watch animals feeding. But since MAIN has gone out of, and other authors have come into, fashion—the poor fellow comically grumbles, 'That year of lionisation has ruined me. The people who used to ask me before don't ask me any more. They are afraid to invite me to Bloomsbury because they fancy I am accustomed to Mayfair, and Mayfair has long since taken up with a new roarer—so that I am quite alone!' And thus he dines at the Club almost every day at his own charges now, and attacks the joint. I do not envy the man who comes after him to the haunch of mutton.

If Fate, then, my dear BOB, should bring you in contact with a lord or two, eat their dinners, enjoy their company, but be mum about them when you go away.

And, though it is a hard and cruel thing to say, I would urge you, my dear BOB, specially to beware of taking pleasant fellows for your friends. Choose a good disagreeable friend, if you be wise—a surly, steady, economical, rigid fellow. All jolly fellows, all delights

of Club smoking-rooms and billiard-rooms, all fellows who sing a capital song, and the like, are sure to be poor. As they are free with their own money, so will they be with yours; and their very generosity and goodness of disposition will prevent them from having the means of paying you back. They lend their money to some other jolly fellows. They accommodate each other by putting their jolly names to the backs of jolly bills. Gentlemen in Cursitor Street are on the look-out for them. Their tradesmen ask for them, and find them not. Ah, BOB, it's hard times with a gentleman when he has to walk round a street for fear of meeting a creditor there, and for a man of courage when he can't look a tailor in the face.

Eschew jolly fellows then, my boy, as the most dangerous and costly of company; and *à propos* of bills—if I ever hear of your putting your name to a stamped paper—I will disown you, and cut you off with a protested shilling.

I know many men who say (whereby I have my private opinion of their own probity) that all poor people are dishonest: this is a hard word, though more generally true than some folks suppose—but I fear that all people much in debt are not honest. A man who has to wheedle a tradesman is not going through a very honourable business in life—a man with a bill becoming due to-morrow morning, and putting a good face on it in the Club, is perforce a hypocrite whilst he is talking to you—a man who has to do any meanness about money I fear me is so nearly like a rogue that it's not much use calculating where the difference lies. Let us be very gentle with our neighbours' failings, and forgive our friends their debts, as we hope ourselves to be forgiven. But the best thing of all to do with your debts is to pay them. Make none; and don't live with people who do. Why, if I dine with a man who is notoriously living beyond his means, I am a hypocrite certainly myself, and I fear a bit of a rogue too. I try to make my host believe that I believe him an honest fellow. I look his sham splendour in the face without saying, 'You are an impostor.' Alas, ROBERT, I have partaken of feasts where it seemed to me that the plate, the viands, the wine, the servants and butlers were all sham, like CINDERELLA'S COACH and footmen, and would turn into rats and mice, and an old shoe or a cabbage-stalk, as soon as we were out of the house and the clock struck twelve.

BROWN THE ELDER.

MR. BROWN THE ELDER TAKES MR. BROWN THE YOUNGER TO A CLUB.

I.

PRESUMING that my dear BOBBY would scarcely consider himself to be an accomplished man about town, until he had obtained an entrance into a respectable Club, I am happy to inform you that you are this day elected a Member of the 'Polyanthus,' having been proposed by my kind friend, LORD VISCOUNT COLCHICUM, and seconded by your affectionate uncle. I have settled with MR. STIFF, the worthy Secretary, the preliminary pecuniary arrangements regarding the entrance fee and the first annual subscription—the ensuing payments I shall leave to my worthy nephew.

You were elected, sir, with but two black balls; and every other man who was put up for ballot had four, with the exception of TOM HARICO, who had more black beans than white. Do not, however, be puffed up by this victory, and fancy yourself more popular than other men. Indeed I don't mind telling you (but, of course, I do not wish this to go any further) that CAPTAIN SLYBOOTS and I, having suspicions of the meeting, popped a couple of adverse balls into the other candidates' boxes; so that, at least, you should, in case of mishap, not be unaccompanied in ill-fortune.

Now, then, that you are a member of the 'Polyanthus,' I

trust you will comport yourself with propriety in the place; and permit me to offer you a few hints with regard to your bearing.

We are not so stiff at the 'Polyanthus' as at some Clubs I could name—and a good deal of decent intimacy takes place amongst us.—Do not therefore enter the Club, as I have seen men do at the 'Chokers' (of which I am also a member), with your eyes scowling under your hat at your neighbour, and with an expression of countenance which seems to say, 'Hang your impudence, sir. How dare you stare at *me?*' Banish that absurd dignity and swagger, which do not at all become your youthful countenance, my dear BOB, and let us walk up the steps and into the place. See, old NOSEWORTHY is in the bow-window reading the paper—he is always in the bow-window reading the paper.

We pass by the worthy porter, and alert pages—a fifteen-hundredth part of each of whom is henceforth your paid-for property—and you see he takes down your name as MR. R. BROWN, Junior, and will know you and be civil to you until death.—Ha, there is JAWKINS, as usual: he has nailed poor STYLES up against a pillar, and is telling him what the opinion of the City is about GEORGE HUDSON, Esquire, and when SIR ROBERT will take the government. How d'you do, JAWKINS?—Satisfactory news from India? GILBERT to be made BARON GILBERT of Goojerat? Indeed, I don't introduce you to JAWKINS, my poor BOB; he will do that for himself, and you will have quite enough of him before many days are over.

Those three gentlemen sitting on the sofa are from our beloved sister island; they come here every day, and wait for the Honourable Member for Ballinafad, who is at present in the writing-room.

I have remarked, in London, however, that every Irish gentleman is accompanied by other Irish gentlemen, who wait for him as here, or at the corner of the street. These are waiting until the Honourable Member for Ballinafad can get them three places—in the Excise, in the Customs, and a little thing in the Post Office, no doubt. One of them sends home a tremendous account of parties and politics here, which appears in the *Ballinafad Banner*. He knows everything. He has just been closeted with PEEL, and can vouch for it that CLARENDON has been sent for. He knows who wrote the famous pamphlet, 'Ways and Means for Ireland,'—all the secrets of the present Cabinet, the designs of SIR JAMES GRAHAM. How LORD JOHN can live under those articles which he writes in the *Banner* is a miracle to me! I hope he will get that little thing in the Post Office soon.

This is the newspaper-room—enter the Porter with the evening

papers—what a rush the men make for them! Do you want to see one? Here is the *Standard*—nice article about the "Starling Club"—very pleasant, candid, gentlemanlike notice—Club composed of clergymen, atheists, authors, and artists. Their chief conversation is blasphemy; they have statues of SOCRATES and MAHOMET in the centrepiece of the dinner-table, take every opportunity of being disrespectful to MOSES, and a dignified clergyman always proposes the Glorious, Pious, and Immortal Memory of CONFUCIUS. Grace is said backwards, and the Catechism treated with the most irreverent ribaldry by the comic authors and the general company. —Are these men to be allowed to meet, and their horrid orgies to continue? Have you had enough?—let us go into the other rooms.

What a calm and pleasant seclusion the library presents after the bawl and bustle of the newspaper-room! There is never anybody here. English gentlemen get up such a prodigious quantity of knowledge in their early life, that they leave off reading soon after they begin to shave, or never look at anything but a newspaper. How pleasant this room is,—isn't it? with its sober draperies, and long calm lines of peaceful volumes—nothing to interrupt the quiet—only the melody of HORNER's nose as he lies asleep upon one of the sofas. What is he reading? Hah! *Pendennis*, No. VII. Hum, let us pass on. Have you read *David Copperfield* by the way? How beautiful it is—how charmingly fresh and simple! In those admirable touches of tender humour—and I should call humour, Boy, a mixture of love and wit—who can equal this great genius? There are little words and phrases in his books which are like personal benefits to the reader. What a place it is to hold in the affections of men! What an awful responsibility hanging over a writer! What man holding such a place, and knowing that his words go forth to vast congregations of mankind,—to grown folks—to their children, and perhaps to their children's children,—but must think of his calling with a solemn and humble heart! May love and truth guide such a man always! It is an awful prayer—may Heaven further its fulfilment! And then, Boy, let the *Record* reple him.—See, here's HORNER waking up—How do you do, HORNER?

This neighbouring room, which is almost as quiet as the library, is the card-room, you see. There are always three or four devotees assembled in it, and the lamps are scarcely ever out in this Temple of Trumps.

I admire, as I see them, my dear BOBEN, grave and silent at these little green tables, not moved outwardly by grief or pleasure at losing or winning, but calmly pursuing their game, as that pursuit

is called, which is in fact the most elaborate science and study) at noon-day, entirely absorbed, and philosophically indifferent to the bustle and turmoil of the enormous working world without. DISRAELI may make his best speech; the Hungarians may march into Vienna; the Protectionists come in; LOUIS PHILIPPE be restored; or the Thames set on fire; and COLONEL PAM and MR. TRUMPINGTON will never leave their table, so engaging is their occupation at it. The turning up of an ace is of more interest to them than all the affairs of all the world besides—and so they will go on until Death summons them, and their last trump is played.

It is curious to think that a century ago almost all gentlemen, soldiers, statesmen, men of science, and divines, passed hours at play every day,—as our grandmothers did likewise. The poor old kings and queens must feel the desertion now, and deplore the present small number of their worshippers, as compared to the myriads of faithful subjects who served them in past times.

I do not say that other folks' pursuits are much more or less futile; but fancy a life such as that of the Colonel—eight or nine hours of sleep, eight of trumps, and the rest for business, reading, exercise, and domestic duty or affection (to be sure he's most likely a bachelor, so that the latter offices do not occupy him much)—fancy such a life, and at its conclusion at the age of seventy-five, the worthy gentleman being able to say, I have spent twenty-five years of my existence turning up trumps.

With TRUMPINGTON matters are different. Whist is a profession with him, just as much as Law is yours. He makes the deepest study of it—he makes every sacrifice to his pursuit: he may be fond of wine and company, but he eschews both, to keep his head cool and play his rubber. He is a man of very good parts, and was once well read, as you see by his conversation when he is away from the table, but he gives up reading for play—and knows that to play well a man must play every day. He makes three or four hundred a year by his Whist, and well he may—with his brains, and half his industry, he could make a larger income at any other profession.

In a game with these two gentlemen, the one who has been actually seated at that card-table for a term as long as your whole life, the other who is known as a consummate practitioner, do you think it is likely you will come off a winner? The state of your fortune is your look-out, not theirs. They are there at their posts—like knights—ready to meet all comers. If you choose to engage them, sit down. They will, with the most perfect probity, calmness, and elegance of manner, win and win of you until they have won every shilling of a fortune, when they will make you a bow, and

wish you good morning. You may go and drown yourself afterwards —it is not their business. Their business is to be present in that room, and to play cards with you or anybody. When you are done with—*Bon jour*. My dear Colonel, let me introduce you to a new member, my nephew, MR. ROBERT BROWN.

The other two men at the table are the HONOURABLE G. WINDGALL and MR. CHANTER: perhaps you have not heard that the one made rather a queer settlement at the last Derby; and the other has just issued from one of Her Majesty's establishments in St. George's Fields.

Either of these gentlemen is perfectly affable, good-natured, and easy of access—and will cut you for half-crowns if you like, or play you at any game on the cards. They descend from their broughams or from horseback at the Club door with the most splendid air, and they feast upon the best dishes and wines in the place.

But do you think it is advisable to play cards with them? Which know the games best—you or they? Which are most likely —we will not say to play foul—but to take certain little advantages in the game which their consummate experience teaches them —you or they? Finally, is it a matter of perfect certainty, if you won, that they would pay you?

Let us leave these gentlemen, my dear BOB, and go through the rest of the house. BROWN THE ELDER.

II.

FROM the library we proceed to the carved and gilded drawing-room of the Club, the damask hangings of which are embroidered with our lovely emblem, the Polyanthus, and which is fitted with a perfectly unintelligible splendour. SARDANAPALUS, if he had pawned one of his kingdoms, could not have had such mirrors as one of those in which I see my dear BOB admiring the tie of his cravat with such complacency, and I am sure I cannot comprehend why SMITH and BROWN should have their persons reflected in such vast sheets of quicksilver; or why, if we have a mind to a sixpenny cup of tea and muffins, when we come in with muddy boots from a dirty walk, those refreshments should be served to us as we occupy a sofa much more splendid, and far better stuffed than any LOUIS QUATORZE ever sat upon. I want a sofa, as I want a friend, upon which I can repose, familiarly. If you can't have intimate terms and freedom with one and the other, they are of no good. A full-dress Club is an absurdity—and no man ought to come into this room except in a uniform or a Court suit. I daren't put my feet on

yonder sofa for fear of sullying the damask, or, worse still, for fear that HICKS the Committee-man should pass, and spy out my sacrilegious boots on the cushion.

We pass through these double doors, and enter rooms of a very different character.

By the faint and sickly odour pervading this apartment, by the opened windows, by the circular stains upon all the marble tables, which indicate the presence of brandies-and-waters long passed into the world of spirits, my dear BOB will have no difficulty in recognising the smoking-room, where I daresay he will pass a good deal of his valuable time henceforth.

If I could recommend a sure way of advancement and profit to a young man about town, it would be, after he has come away from a friend's house and dinner, where he has to a surety had more than enough of claret and good things, when he ought to be going to bed at midnight, so that he might rise fresh and early for his morning's work, to stop, nevertheless, for a couple of hours at the Club, and smoke in this room and tipple weak brandy-and-water.

By a perseverance in this system you may get a number of advantages. By sitting up till three of a summer morning, you have the advantage of seeing the sun rise, and as you walk home to Pump Court, can mark the quiet of the streets in the rosy glimmer of the dawn. You can easily spend in that smoking-room (as for the billiard-room adjacent, how much more can't you get rid of there), and without any inconvenience or extravagance whatever, enough money to keep you a horse. Three or four cigars when you are in the Club, your case filled when you are going away, a couple of glasses of very weak cognac and cold water, will cost you sixty pounds a year, as sure as your name is BOB BROWN. And as for the smoking and tippling, plus billiards, they may be made to cost anything.

And then you have the advantage of hearing such delightful and instructive conversation in a Club smoking-room, between the hours of twelve and three! Men who frequent that place at that hour are commonly men of studious habits and philosophical and reflective minds, to whose opinions it is pleasant and profitable to listen. They are full of anecdotes, which are always moral and well chosen; their talk is never free, or on light subjects. I have one or two old smoking-room pillars in my eye now, who would be perfect models for any young gentleman entering life, and to whom a father could not do better than entrust the education of his son.

To drop the satirical vein, my dear BOB, I am compelled as a man to say my opinion, that the best thing you can do with regard to that smoking-room is to keep out of it; or at any rate never to

be seen in the place after midnight. They are very pleasant and frank, those jolly fellows, those loose fishes, those fast young men—but the race in life is not to such fast men as these—and you who want to win must get up early of a morning, my boy. You and an old college-chum or two may sit together over your cigar-boxes in one another's chambers and talk till all hours, and do yourselves good probably. Talking among you is a wholesome exercitation; humour comes in an easy flow; it doesn't preclude grave argument and manly interchange of thought—I own myself, when I was younger, to have smoked many a pipe with advantage in the company of DOCTOR PARR. Honest men, with pipes or cigars in their mouths, have great physical advantages in conversation. You may stop talking if you like—but the breaks of silence never seem disagreeable, being filled up by the puffing of the smoke—hence there is no awkwardness in resuming the conversation—no straining for effect—sentiments are delivered in a grave, easy manner—the cigar harmonises the society, and soothes at once the speaker and the subject whereon he converses. I have no doubt that it is from the habit of smoking that Turks and American-Indians are such monstrous well-bred men. The pipe draws wisdom from the lips of the philosopher, and shuts up the mouth of the foolish: it generates a style of conversation, contemplative, thoughtful, benevolent, and unaffected: in fact, dear BOB, I must out with it—I am an old smoker. At home I have done it up the chimney rather than not do it (the which I own is a crime). I vow and believe that the cigar has been one of the greatest creature-comforts of my life—a kind companion, a gentle stimulant, an amiable anodyne, a cementer of friendship. May I die if I abuse that kindly weed which has given me so much pleasure!

Since I have been a member of the Club, what numbers of men have occupied this room and departed from it, like so many smoked-out cigars, leaving nothing behind but a little disregarded ashes! BOB, my boy, they drop off in the course of twenty years, our boon companions, and jolly fellow bottle-crackers. I mind me of many a good fellow who has talked and laughed here, and whose pipe is put out for ever. Men I remember as dashing youngsters but the other day have passed into the state of old fogys: they have sons, sir, of almost our age, when first we joined the 'Polyanthus.' Grass grows over others in all parts of the world. Where is poor NED? Where is poor FRED? Dead rhymes with NED and FRED too—their place knows them not—their names one year appeared at the end of the Club list, under that dismal category of 'Members Deceased,' in which you and I shall rank some day. Do you keep that subject steadily in your mind? I do not see

why one shouldn't meditate upon Death in Pall Mall as well as in a howling wilderness. There is enough to remind one of it at every corner. There is a strange face looking out of JACK's old lodgings in Jermyn Street,—somebody else has got the Club chair which TOM used to occupy. He doesn't dine here and grumble as he used formerly. He has been sent for, and has not come back again—one day Fate will send for us, and we shall not return—and the people will come down to the Club as usual, saying, 'Well, and so poor old BROWN's gone.'—Indeed, a smoking-room on a morning is not a cheerful spot.

Our room has a series of tenants of quite distinct characters. After an early and sober dinner below, certain *habitués* of the 'Polyanthus' mount up to this apartment for their coffee and cigar, and talk as gravely as Sachems at a Palaver. Trade and travel, politics and geography, are their discourse—they are in bed long before their successors the jolly fellows begin their night life, and the talk of the one set is as different to the conversation of the other as any talk can be.

After the grave old Sachems come other frequenters of the room: a squad of sporting men very likely—very solemn and silent personages these—who give the odds, and talk about the cup in a darkling undertone. Then you shall have three or four barristers with high voices, seldom able to sit long without talking of their profession, or mentioning something about Westminster Hall. About eleven, men in white neckcloths drop in from dinner parties, and show their lacquered boots and shirt-studs with a little complacency—and at midnight, after the theatres, the young rakes and *viveurs* come swaggering in, and call loudly for gin-twist.

But as for a Club smoking-room after midnight, I vow again that you are better out of it: that you will waste your money and your precious hours and health there; and you may frequent this 'Polyanthus' room for a year, and not carry away from the place one single idea or story that can do you the least good in life. How much you shall take away of another sort, I do not here set down; but I have before my mind's eye the image of old SILENUS, with purple face and chalk-stone fingers, telling his foul old garrison legends over his gin-and-water. He is in the smoking-room every night; and I feel that no man can get benefit from the society of that old man.

What society he has he gets from this place. He sits for hours in a corner of the sofa, and makes up his parties here. He will ask you after a little time, seeing that you are a gentleman and have a good address, and will give you an exceedingly good dinner. I went once, years ago, to a banquet of his—and found all the men at his

table were Polyanthuses: so that it was a house dinner in —— Square, with MRS. SILENUS at the head of the table.

After dinner she retired and was no more seen, and SILENUS amused himself by making poor MR. TIPPLETON drunk. He came to the Club the next day; he amused himself by describing the arts by which he had practised upon the easy brains of poor MR. TIPPLETON (as if that poor fellow wanted any arts or persuasion to induce him to intoxicate himself), and told all the smoking-room how he had given a dinner, how many bottles of wine had been emptied, and how many TIPPLETON had drunk for his share. 'I kept my eye on TIP, sir,' the horrid old fellow said—'I took care to make him mix his liquors well, and before eleven o'clock I finished him, and had him as drunk as a lord, sir!' Will you like to have that gentleman for a friend? He has elected himself our smoking-room king at the 'Polyanthus,' and midnight monarch.

As he talks, in comes poor TIPPLETON—a kind soul—a gentleman—a man of reading and parts—who has friends at home very likely, and had once a career before him—and what is he now? His eyes are vacant; he reels into a sofa corner, and sits in maudlin silence, and hiccups every now and then. Old SILENUS winks knowingly round at the whole smoking-room; most of the men sneer—some pity—some very young cubs laugh and jeer at him. TIPPLETON'S drunk.

BROWN THE ELDER.

III.

FROM the library and smoking-room regions let us descend to the lower floor. Here you behold the coffee-room, where the neat little tables are already laid out, awaiting the influx of diners.

A great advance in civilisation was made, and the honesty as well as economy of young men of the middle classes immensely promoted, when the ancient tavern system was overthrown, and those houses of meeting instituted where a man, without sacrificing his dignity, could dine for a couple of shillings. I remember in the days of my youth when a very moderate dinner at a reputable coffee-house cost a man half-a-guinea; when you were obliged to order a pint of wine for the good of the house; when the waiter got a shilling for his attendance; and when young gentlemen were no richer than they are now, and had to pay thrice as much as they at present need to disburse for the maintenance of their station.

Then men (who had not the half-guinea at command) used to dive into dark streets in the vicinage of Soho or Covent Garden, and get a meagre meal at shilling taverns—or TOM, the clerk, issued out from your chambers in Pump Court and brought back your dinner between two plates from a neighbouring ham-and-beef shop. Either repast was strictly honourable, and one can find no earthly fault with a poor gentleman for eating a poor meal. But that solitary meal in chambers was indeed a dismal refection. I think with anything but regret of those lonely feasts of beef and cabbage; and how there was no resource for the long evenings but those books, over which you had been poring all day, or the tavern with its deuced expenses, or the theatre. A young bachelor's life was a clumsy piece of wretchedness then—mismanaged and ill-economised—just as your Temple Chambers or College rooms now are, which

are quite behind the age in the decent conveniences which every modern tenement possesses.

And that dining for a shilling and strutting about Pall Mall afterwards was, after all, an hypocrisy. At the time when the 'Trois Frères Provençaux' at Paris had two entrances, one into the place of the Palais Royal, and one into the street behind, where the sixteen-sous dinner-houses are, I have seen bucks with profuse toothpicks walk out of these latter houses of entertainment, pass up the 'Trois Frères' stairs, and descend from the other door into the Palais Royal, so that the people walking there might fancy these poor fellows had been dining regardless of expense. No; what you call putting a good face upon poverty—that is, hiding it under a grin, or concealing its rags under a makeshift,—is always rather a base stratagem. Your Beaux Tibbs and twopenny dandies can never be respectable altogether; and if a man is poor, I say he ought to seem poor; and that both he and Society are in the wrong, if either sees any cause of shame in poverty.

That is why I say we ought to be thankful for Clubs. Here is no skulking to get a cheap dinner; no ordering of expensive liquors and dishes for the good of the house, or cowering sensitiveness as to the opinion of the waiter. We advance in simplicity and honesty as we advance in civilisation, and it is my belief that we become better bred and less artificial, and tell more truth every day.

This, you see, is the Club coffee-room—it is three o'clock; young WIDEAWAKE is just finishing his breakfast (with whom I have nothing to do at present, but to say parenthetically, that if you *will* sit up till five o'clock in the morning, BOB, my boy, you may look out to have a headache and a breakfast at three in the afternoon). WIDEAWAKE is at breakfast—GOLDSWORTHY is ordering his dinner—while MR. NUDGIT, whom you see yonder, is making his lunch. In those two gentlemen is the moral and exemplification of the previous little remarks which I have been making.

You must know, sir, that at the 'Polyanthus,' in common with most Clubs, gentlemen are allowed to enjoy, gratis, in the coffee-room, bread, beer, sauces, and pickles.

After four o'clock, if you order your dinner, you have to pay sixpence for what is called the table—the clean cloth, the vegetables, cheese, and so forth: before that hour you may have lunch, when there is no table charge.

Now, GOLDSWORTHY is a gentleman and a man of genius, who has courage and simplicity enough to be poor—not like some fellows whom one meets, and who make a *fanfaronnade* of poverty, and draping themselves in their rags, seem to cry, 'See how virtuous I am,—how honest DIOGENES is!' but he is a very poor man, whose

education and talents are of the best, and who in so far claims to rank with the very best people in the world. In his place in Parliament, when he takes off his hat (which is both old and well brushed), the Speaker's eye is pretty sure to meet his, and the House listens to him with the respect which is due to so much honesty and talent. He is the equal of any man, however lofty or wealthy. His social position is rather improved by his poverty, and the world, which is a manly and generous world in its impulses, however it may be in its practice, contemplates with a sincere regard and admiration MR. GOLDSWORTHY'S manner of bearing his lack of fortune. He is going to dine for a shilling: he will have two mutton-chops (and the mutton-chop is a thing unknown in domestic life and in the palaces of epicures, where you may get cutlets dressed with all sorts of French sauces, but not the admirable mutton-chop), and with a due allowance of the Club bread and beer, he will make a perfectly wholesome, and sufficient, and excellent meal; and go down to the House and fire into Ministers this very night.

Now, I say, this man dining for a shilling is a pleasant spectacle to behold. I respect MR. GOLDSWORTHY with all my heart, without sharing those ultra-Conservative political opinions which we all know he entertains, and from which no interest, temptation, or hope of place will cause him to swerve: and you see he is waited upon with as much respect here as old SILENUS, though he order the most sumptuous banquet the cook can devise, or bully the waiters ever so.

But ah, BOB, what can we say of the conduct of that poor little MR. NUDGIT? He has a bedchamber in some court unknown in the neighbourhood of the 'Polyanthus.' He makes a breakfast with the Club bread and beer; he lunches off the same supplies—and being of an Epicurean taste, look what he does—he is actually pouring a cruet of anchovy sauce over his bread to give it a flavour; and I have seen the unconscionable little gourmand sidle off to the pickle-jars when he thought nobody was observing, and pop a walnut or a half-dozen of pickled onions into his mouth, and swallow them with a hideous furtive relish.

He disappears at dinner-time, and returns at half-past seven or eight o'clock, and wanders round the tables when the men are at their dessert and generous over their wine. He has a number of little stories about the fashionable world to tell, and is not unentertaining. When you dine here, sometimes give NUDGIT a glass or two out of your decanter, BOB, my boy, and comfort his poor old soul. He was a gentleman once and had money, as he will be sure to tell you. He is mean and feeble, but not unkind—a poor little parasite not to be unpitied. MR. NUDGIT, allow me to introduce you to a new member, my nephew, MR. ROBERT BROWN.

At this moment old SILENUS swaggers in, bearing his great waistcoat before him, and walking up to the desk where the coffee-room clerk sits and where the bills of fare are displayed. As he passes, he has to undergo the fire of MR. GOLDSWORTHY'S eyes, which dart out at him two flashes of the most killing scorn. He has passed by the battery without sinking, and lays himself alongside the desk. NUDGIT watches him, and will presently go up smirking humbly to join him.

'HUNT,' he says, 'I want a table, you know, at seven—dinner for eight—LORD HOBANOB dines with me—send the butler. —What's in the bill of fare? Let's have clear soup and turtle —I've sent it in from the City—dressed fish and turbot,' and with a swollen, trembling hand he writes down a pompous bill of fare.

As I said, NUDGIT comes up simpering, with a newspaper in his hand.

'Hullo, NUDG!' says MR. SILENUS, 'how's the beer? Pickles good to-day?'

NUDGIT smiles in a gentle, deprecatory manner.

'Smell out a good dinner, hey, NUDG?' says DIVES.

'If any man knows how to give one, you do,' answers the poor beggar. 'I wasn't a bad hand at ordering a dinner myself, once. What's the fish in the list to-day?' and with a weak smile he casts his eye over the bill of fare.

'LORD HOBANOB dines with me, and *he* knows what a good dinner is, I can tell you,' says MR. SILENUS; 'so does CRAMLEY.'

'Both well-known epicures,' says NUDGIT.

'I'm going to give HOBANOB a return dinner to his at the 'Rhododendrum.' He bet me that BATIFOL, the *chef* at the 'Rhododendrum,' did better than our man can. HOB'S dinner was last Wednesday, and I don't say it wasn't a good one; or that taking GROSBOIS by surprise, is giving him quite fair play—but we'll see, NUDGIT. *I* know what GROSBOIS can do.'

'I should think you did, indeed, SILENUS,' says the other.

'I see your mouth's watering. I'd ask you, only I know you're engaged. You're always engaged, NUDGIT.—Not to-day? Well then, you may come; and I say, MR. NUDGIT, we'll have a wet evening, sir, mind you that.'

MR. BOWLS, the butler, here coming in, MR. SILENUS falls into conversation with him about wines and icing. I am glad poor NUDGIT has got his dinner. He will go and walk in the Park to get up an appetite. And now, MR. BOB, having shown you over your new house, I too will bid you for the present farewell.

BROWN THE ELDER.

A WORD ABOUT BALLS IN SEASON.

WHEN my good friend, *Mr. Punch*, some time since, asked me to compile a series of conversations for young men in the dancing world, so that they might be agreeable to their partners, and advance their own success in life, I consented with a willing heart to my venerable friend's request, for I desire nothing better than to promote the amusement and happiness of all young people; and nothing, I thought, would be easier than to touch off a few light, airy, graceful little sets of phrases, which young fellows might adopt or expand, according to their own ingenuity and leisure.

Well, sir, I imagined myself, just for an instant, to be young again, and that I had a neat waist instead of that bow-window with which Time and Nature have ornamented the castle of my body, and brown locks instead of a bald pate (there was a time, sir, when my hair was not considered the worst part of me, and I recollect when I was a young man in the Militia, and when pigtails finally went out in our corps, who it was that longed to have my *queue*—it was found in her desk at her death, and my poor dear wife was always jealous of her)—I just chose, I say, to fancy myself a young man, and that I would go up in imagination and ask a girl to dance with me. So I chose MARIA—a man might go farther and fare worse than choose MARIA, MR. BOB.

'My dear MISS E.,' says I, 'may I have the honour of dancing the next set with you?'

'The next *what?*' says MISS E., smiling, and turning to MRS. E., as if to ask what a set meant.

'I forgot,' says I; 'the next quadrille, I would say.'

'It is rather slow dancing quadrilles,' says MISS E.; 'but if I must, I must.'

'Well, then, a waltz, will that do? I know nothing prettier than a waltz played not too quick.'

'What!' says she, 'do you want a horrid old three-timed waltz like that which the little figures dance upon the organs? You silly old creature! you are good-natured, but you are in your dotage. All these dances are passed away. You might as well ask me to wear a gown with a waist up to my shoulders, like that in which mamma was married; or a hoop and high heels, like grandmamma in the picture; or to dance a gavotte or a minuet. Things are changed, old gentleman—the fashions of your time are gone, and—and the bucks of your time will go too, MR. BROWN. If I want to dance, here is CAPTAIN WHISKERFIELD, who is ready; or young STUDDINGTON, who is a delightful partner. He brings a little animation into our balls; and when he is not in society, dances every night at Vauxhall and the Casino.'

I pictured to myself MARIA giving some such reply to my equally imaginative demand—for of course I never made the request, any more than she did the answer—and in fact, dear BOB, after turning over the matter of ballroom conversations in my mind, and sitting with pen and ink before me for a couple of hours, found that I had nothing at all to say on the subject, and have no more right to teach a youth what he is to say in the present day to his partner, than I should have had in my own boyhood to instruct my own grandmother in the art of sucking eggs. We should pay as much reverence to youth as we should to age; there are points in which you young folks are altogether our superiors: and I can't help constantly crying out to persons of my own years, when busied about their young people—leave them alone; don't be always meddling with their affairs, which they can manage for themselves; don't be always insisting upon managing their boats, and putting your oars in the water with theirs.

So I have the modesty to think that *Mr. Punch* and I were a pair of conceited old fogys, in devising the above plan of composing conversation for the benefit of youth, and that young folks can manage to talk of what interests them, without any prompting on our part. To say the truth, I have hardly been to a ball these three years. I saw the head of the stair at H. E.'s the T—— Ambassador in Br—ne Square, the other night, but retired without even getting a sight of, or making my bow to, Her Excellency;

thinking wisely that *mon lait de poule, et mon bonnet de nuit*, much better became me at that hour of midnight than the draught in a crowded passage and the sight of ever so many beauties.

But though I don't go myself to these assemblies, I have intelligence amongst people who go, and hear from the girls and their mammas what they do, and how they enjoy themselves. I must own that some of the new arrangements please me very much, as being natural and simple, and, in so far, superior to the old mode.

In my time, for instance, a ballroom used to be more than half-filled with old male and female fogies, whose persons took up a great deal of valuable room, who did not in the least ornament the walls against which they stood, and who would have been much better at home in bed. In a great country-house, where you have a hall fireplace in which an ox might be roasted conveniently, the presence of a few score more or less of stout old folks can make no difference; there is room for them at the card-tables, and round the supper-board, and the sight of their honest red faces and white waistcoats lining the walls cheers and illuminates the assembly room.

But it is a very different case when you have a small house in Mayfair, or in the pleasant district of Pimlico and Tyburn; and accordingly I am happy to hear that the custom is rapidly spreading of asking none but dancing people to balls. It was only this morning that I was arguing the point with our cousin MRS. CROWDER, who was greatly irate because her daughter FANNY had received an invitation to go with her aunt, MRS. TIMMINS, to LADY TUTBURY'S ball, whereas poor MRS. CROWDER had been told that she could on no account get a card.

NOW BLANCHE CROWDER is a very large woman naturally, and with the present fashion of flounces in dress, this balloon of a creature would occupy the best part of a back drawing-room; whereas ROSA TIMMINS is a little bit of a thing, who takes up no space at all, and indeed furnishes the side of a room as prettily as a bank of flowers could. I tried to convince our cousin upon this point—this *embonpoint*, I may say, and of course being too polite to make remarks personal to MRS. CROWDER, I playfully directed them elsewhere.

'Dear BLANCHE,' said I, 'don't you see how greatly LADY TUTBURY would have to extend her premises if all the relatives of all her dancers were to be invited? She has already flung out a marquee over the leads, and actually included the cistern—what can she do more? If all the girls were to have chaperons, where could the elders sit? TUTBURY himself will not be present. He is a large and roomy man like your humble servant, and LADY TUT has sent

him off to Greenwich, or the "Star and Garter" for the night, where, I have no doubt, he and some other stout fellows will make themselves comfortable. At a ball amongst persons of moderate means and large acquaintance in London, room is much more precious than almost anybody's company, except that of the beauties and the dancers. Look at LORD TRAMPLETON, that enormous, hulking monster (who nevertheless dances beautifully, as all big men do), when he takes out his favourite partner, MISS WIRLEDGE, to polk, his arm, as he whisks her round and round, forms radii of a circle of very considerable diameter. He almost wants a room to himself. Young men and women now, when they dance, dance really; it is no lazy sauntering, as of old, but downright hard work—after which they want air and refreshment. How can they get the one when the rooms are filled with elderly folks; or the other, when we are squeezing round the supper-tables, and drinking up all the available Champagne and Seltzer-water? No, no; the present plan, which I hear is becoming general, is admirable for London. Let there be a half-dozen of good, active, bright-eyed chaperons and duennas—little women, who are more active and keep a better look-out than your languishing voluptuous beauties' (I said this, casting at the same time a look of peculiar tenderness towards BLANCHE CROWDER); 'let them keep watch and see that all is right—that the young men don't dance too often with the same girl, or disappear on to the balcony, and that sort of thing; let them have good large roomy family coaches to carry the young women home to their mammas. In a word, at a ball, let there be for the future no admittance except upon business. In all the affairs of London life, that is the rule, depend upon it.'

'And pray who told you, MR. BROWN, that I didn't wish to dance myself?' says BLANCHE, surveying her great person in the looking-glass (which could scarcely contain it) and flouncing out of the room; and I actually believe that the unconscionable creature, at her age and size, is still thinking that she is a fairy, and that the young fellows would like to dance round the room with her. Ah, BOB, I remember that grotesque woman a slim and graceful girl. I remember others tender and beautiful, whose bright eyes glitter, and whose sweet voices whisper no more. So they pass away—youth and beauty, love and innocence—pass away and perish. I think of one now, whom I remember the fairest and the gayest, the kindest and the purest; her laughter was music—I can hear it still, though it will never echo any more. Far away, the silent tomb closes over her. Other roses than those of our prime grow up and bloom, and have their day. Honest youth, generous youth, may yours be as pure and as fair!

I did not think when I began to write it, that the last sentence would have finished so; but life is not altogether jocular, MR. BOB, and one comes upon serious thoughts suddenly, as upon a funeral in the street. Let us go back to the business we are upon—namely, balls, whereof it has perhaps struck you that your uncle has very little to say.

I saw one announcement in the morning fashionable print to-day, with a fine list of some of the greatest folks in London, and had previously heard from various quarters how eager many persons were to attend it, and how splendid an entertainment it was to be. And so the morning paper announced that MRS. HORNBY MADÔX threw open her house in So-and-so Street, and was assisted in receiving her guests by LADY FUGLEMAN.

Now this is a sort of entertainment and arrangement than which I confess I can conceive nothing more queer, though I believe it is by no means uncommon in English society. MRS. HORNBY MADOX comes into her fortune of ten thousand a year—wishes to be presented in the London world, having lived in the country previously—spares no expense to make her house and festival as handsome as may be, and gets LADY FUGLEMAN to ask the company for her—not the honest HORNBYS, not the family MADOXES, not the portly old squires and friends and relatives of her family, and from her county; but the London dandies and the London society: whose names you see chronicled at every party, and who, being LADY FUGLEMAN'S friends, are invited by her Ladyship to MRS. HORNBY'S house.

What a strange notion of society does this give—of friendship, of fashion, of what people will do to be in the fashion! Poor MRS. HORNBY comes into her fortune, and says to her old friends and family, 'My good people, I am going to cut every one of you. You were very well as long as we were in the country, where I might have my natural likings and affections. But, henceforth, I am going to let LADY FUGLEMAN choose my friends for me. I know nothing about you any more. I have no objection to you, but if you want to know me you must ask LADY FUGLEMAN: if she says yes, I shall be delighted: if no, *Bon jour*.'

This strange business goes on daily in London. Honest people do it, and think not the least harm. The proudest and noblest do not think they demean themselves by crowding to MRS. GOLDCALF'S parties, and strike quite openly a union between her wealth and their titles, to determine as soon as the former ceases. There is not the least hypocrisy about this at any rate—the terms of the bargain are quite understood on every hand.

But oh, BOB, see what an awful thing it is to confess, and would

not even hypocrisy be better than this daring cynicism, this open heartlessness—Godlessness I had almost called it? Do you mean to say, you great folks, that your object in society is not love, is not friendship, is not family union and affection—is not truth and kindness—is not generous sympathy and union of Christian (pardon me the word, but I can indicate my meaning by no other)—of Christian men and women, parents and children,—but that you assemble and meet together, not caring or trying to care for one another,—without a pretext of good-will,—with a daring selfishness openly avowed? I am sure I wish MRS. GOLDCALF or the other lady no harm, and have never spoken to or set eyes on either of them, and I do not mean to say, MR. ROBERT, that you and I are a whit better than they are, and doubt whether they have made the calculation for themselves of the consequences of what they are doing. But as sure as two and two make four, a person giving up of his own accord his natural friends and relatives, for the sake of the fashion, seems to me to say, I acknowledge myself to be heartless: I turn my back on my friends, I disown my relatives, and I dishonour my father and mother.

And so no more at present, dear BOB, from your affectionate

BROWN THE ELDER.

A WORD ABOUT DINNERS.

ENGLISH Society, my beloved Bob, has this eminent advantage over all other—that is, if there be any society left in the wretched distracted old European continent—that it is above all others a dinner-giving society. A people like the Germans, that dines habitually, and with what vast appetite I need not say, at one o'clock in the afternoon—like the Italians, that spends its evenings in opera-boxes—like the French, that amuses itself of nights with *eau sucrée* and intrigue—cannot, believe me, understand Society rightly. I love and admire my nation for its good sense, its manliness, its friendliness, its morality in the main—and these, I take it, are all expressed in that noble institution, the dinner.

The dinner is the happy end of the Briton's day. We work harder than the other nations of the earth. We do more, we live more in our time, than Frenchmen or Germans. Every great man amongst us likes his dinner, and takes to it kindly. I could mention the most august names of poets, statesmen, philosophers, historians, judges, and divines, who are great at the dinner-table as in the field, the closet, the senate or the bench. Gibbon mentions that he wrote the first two volumes of his history whilst a placeman in London, lodging in St. James's, going to the House of Commons, to the Club, and to dinner every day. The man flourishes under that generous and robust regimen; the healthy energies of

society are kept up by it; our friendly intercourse is maintained; our intellect ripens with the good cheer and throws off surprising crops, like the fields about Edinburgh, under the influence of that admirable liquid, Claret. The best wines are sent to this country therefore; for no other deserves them as ours does.

I am a diner-out, and live in London. I protest, as I look back at the men and dinners I have seen in the last week, my mind is filled with manly respect and pleasure. How good they have been! how admirable the entertainments! how worthy the men!

Let me, without divulging names, and with a cordial gratitude, mention a few of those whom I have met and who have all done their duty.

Sir, I have sat at table with a great, a world-renowned statesman. I watched him during the progress of the banquet—I am at liberty to say that he enjoyed it like a man.

On another day it was a celebrated literary character. It was beautiful to see him at his dinner: cordial and generous, jovial and kindly, the great author enjoyed himself as the great statesman—may he long give us good books and good dinners!

Yet another day, and I sat opposite to a Right Reverend Bishop. My Lord, I was pleased to see good thing after good thing disappear before you, and think no man ever better became that rounded episcopal apron. How amiable he was; how kind! He put water into his wine. Let us respect the moderation of the Church.

And then the men learned in the law: how they dine! what hospitality, what splendour, what comfort, what wine! As we walked away very gently in the moonlight, only three days since, from the ——'s, a friend of my youth and myself, we could hardly speak for gratitude: 'Dear sir,' we breathed fervently, 'ask us soon again.' One never has too much at those perfect banquets—no hideous headaches ensue, or horrid resolutions about adopting Revalenta Arabica for the future—but contentment with all the world, light slumbers, joyful waking to grapple with the morrow's work. Ah, dear Bob, those lawyers have great merits. There is a dear old judge at whose family table if I could see you seated, my desire in life would be pretty nearly fulfilled. If you make yourself agreeable there, you will be in a fair way to get on in the world. But you are a youth still. Youths go to balls: men go to dinners.

Doctors, again, notoriously eat well; when my excellent friend Sangrado takes a bumper, and saying, with a shrug and a twinkle of his eye, '*Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor*,' tosses off the wine, I always ask the butler for a glass of that bottle.

The inferior clergy, likewise, dine very much and well. I don't

know when I have been better entertained, as far as creature comforts go, than by men of very Low Church principles; and one of the very best repasts that ever I saw in my life was at Darlington, given by a Quaker.

Some of the best wine in London is given to his friends by a poet of my acquaintance. All artists are notoriously fond of dinners, and invite you, but not so profusely. Newspaper editors delight in dinners on Saturdays, and give them, thanks to the present position of Literature, very often and good. Dear BOB, I have seen the mahoganies of many men.

Every evening between seven and eight o'clock, I like to look at the men dressed for dinner, perambulating the western districts of our city. I like to see the smile on their countenances lighted up with an indescribable self-importance and good-humour; the askance glances which they cast at the little street-boys and foot-passengers who eye their shiny boots; the dainty manner in which they trip over the pavement on those boots, eschewing the mud-pools and dirty crossings; the refreshing whiteness of their linen; the coaxing twiddle which they give to the ties of their white chokers—the caress of a fond parent to an innocent child.

I like walking myself; those who go in cabs or broughams, I have remarked, somehow, have not the same radiant expression which the pedestrian exhibits. A man in his own brougham has anxieties about the stepping of his horse, or the squaring of the groom's elbows, or a doubt whether JONES's turn-out is not better; or whether something is not wrong in the springs; or whether he shall have the brougham out if the night is rainy. They always look tragical behind the glasses. A cab diner-out has commonly some cares, lest his sense of justice should be injured by the overcharge of the driver (these fellows are not uncommonly exorbitant in their demands upon gentlemen whom they set down at good houses); lest the smell of tobacco left by the last occupants of the vehicle (five medical students, let us say, who have chartered the vehicle, and smoked cheroots from the London University to the playhouse in the Haymarket) should infest the clothes of TOM LAVENDER who is going to LADY ROSEMARY'S; lest straws should stick unobserved to the glutinous lustre of his boots—his shiny ones, and he should appear in DIVES's drawing-room like a poet with a *tenui avenâ*, or like Mad Tom in the play. I hope, my dear BOB, if a straw should ever enter a drawing-room in the wake of your boot, you will not be much disturbed in mind. Hark ye, in confidence: I have seen ——[1] in a hack-cab. There is no harm

[1] MR. BROWN'S MS. here contains a name of such prodigious dignity out of the 'P—r-ge,' that we really do not dare to print it.

in employing one. There is no harm in anything natural, any more.

I cannot help here parenthetically relating a story which occurred in my own youth, in the year 1815, at the time when I first made my own *entrée* into society (for everything must have a beginning, BOB; and though we have been gentlemen long before the Conqueror, and have always consorted with gentlemen, yet we had not always attained that *haute volée* of fashion which has distinguished some of us subsequently); I recollect, I say, in 1815, when the MARQUIS OF SWEETBREAD was good enough to ask me and the late MR. RUFFLES to dinner, to meet PRINCE SCHWARTZENBERG and the HETMAN PLATOFF. RUFFLES was a man a good deal about town in those days, and certainly in very good society.

I was myself a young one, and thought RUFFLES was rather inclined to patronise me; which I did not like. 'I would have you know, MR. RUFFLES,' thought I, 'that, after all, a gentleman can but be a gentleman; that though we BROWNS have no handles to our names, we are quite as well bred as some folks who possess those ornaments'—and in fine I determined to give him a lesson. So when he called for me in the hackney-coach at my lodgings in Swallow Street, and we had driven under the *porte-cochère* of Sweetbread House, where two tall and powdered domestics in the uniform of the Sweetbreads, viz., a spinach-coloured coat, with waistcoat and the rest of delicate yellow or melted-butter colour, opened the doors of the hall—what do you think, sir, I did? In the presence of these gentlemen, who were holding on at the door, I offered to toss up with RUFFLES, heads or tails, who should pay for the coach; and then purposely had a dispute with the poor Jarvey about the fare. RUFFLES's face of agony during this transaction I shall never forget. Sir, it was like the Laocoon. Drops of perspiration trembled on his pallid brow, and he flung towards me looks of imploring terror that would have melted an ogre. A better fellow than RUFFLES never lived—he is dead long since, and I don't mind owning to this harmless little deceit.

A person of some note—a favourite Snob of mine (to use the words of a somewhat coarse writer who previously contributed to this periodical)—I am told, when he goes to dinner, adopts what he considers a happy artifice, and sends his cab away at the corner of the street; so that the gentleman in livery may not behold its number, or that lord with whom he dines, and about whom he is always talking, may not be supposed to know that MR. SMITH came in a hack-cab.

A man who is troubled with a shame like this, BOB, is unworthy of any dinner at all. Such a man must needs be a sneak and a

humbug—anxious about the effect which he is to produce—uneasy in his mind: a donkey in a lion's skin: a small pretender—distracted by doubts and frantic terrors of what is to come next. Such a man can be no more at ease in his chair at dinner than a man is in the fauteuil at the dentist's (unless indeed he go to the admirable MR. GILBERT in Suffolk Place, who is dragged into this essay for the benefit of mankind alone, and who, I vow, removes a grinder with so little pain, that all the world should be made aware of him)—a fellow, I say, ashamed of the origin from which he sprung, of the cab in which he drives, awkward, therefore affected and unnatural, can never hope or deserve to succeed in society.

The great comfort of the society of great folks is, that they do not trouble themselves about your twopenny little person, as smaller persons do, but take you for what you are—a man kindly and good-natured, or witty and sarcastic, or learned and eloquent, or a good *raconteur*, or a very handsome man (and in '15 some of the BROWNS were—but I am speaking of five-and-thirty years ago), or an excellent gourmand and judge of wines—or what not. Nobody sets you so quickly at your ease as a fine gentleman. I have seen more noise made about a knight's lady than about the DUCHESS OF FITZBATTLEAXE herself: and LADY MOUNTARARAT, whose family dates from the Deluge, enter and leave a room, with her daughters, the lovely LADIES EVE and LILITH D'ARC, with much less pretension and in much simpler capotes and what-do-you-call-'ems, than LADY DE MOGYNS or MRS. SHINDY, who quit an assembly in a whirlwind as it were, with trumpets and alarums like a stage king and queen.

But my pen can run no further, for my paper is out, and it is time to dress for dinner. Let us resume this theme next week, dear youth, and believe me in the meantime to be your affectionate BROWN THE ELDER.

ON SOME OLD CUSTOMS OF THE DINNER-TABLE

OF all the sciences which have made a progress in late years, I think, dear BOB (to return to the subject from which I parted with so much pleasure last week), that the art of dinner-giving has made the most delightful and rapid advances. Sir, I maintain, even now, with a matured age and appetite, that the dinners of this present day are better than those we had in our youth, and I can't but be thankful at least once in every day for this decided improvement in our civilisation. Those who remember the usages of five-and-twenty years back will be ready, I am sure, to acknowledge this progress. I was turning over at the Club yesterday a queer little book written at that period, which, I believe, had some authority at the time, and which records some of those customs which obtained, if not in good London society, at least in some companies, and parts of our islands. Sir, many of these practices seem as antiquated now as the usages described in the accounts of Homeric feasts, or QUEEN ELIZABETH'S banquets and breakfasts. Let us be happy to think they are gone.

The book in question is called *The Maxims of Sir Morgan O'Doherty*, a queer baronet, who appears to have lived in the first quarter of the century, and whose opinions the antiquarian may

examine, not without profit—a strange barbarian indeed it is, and one wonders that such customs should ever have been prevalent in our country.

Fancy such opinions as these having ever been holden by any set of men among us. Maxim 2.—'It is laid down in fashionable life that you must drink champagne after white cheeses, water after red. . . . Ale is to be avoided, in case a wet night is to be expected, as should cheese also.' Maxim 4.—'A fine singer, after dinner, is to be avoided, for he is a great bore, and stops the wine. . . . One of the best rules (to put him down) is to applaud him most vociferously as soon as he has sung the first verse, as if all was over, and say to the gentleman farthest from you at table that you admire the conclusion of this song very much.' Maxim 25.—'You meet people occasionally who tell you it is bad taste to give champagne at dinner—Port and Teneriffe being such superior drinking,' etc. etc. I am copying out of a book printed three months since, describing ways prevalent when you were born. Can it be possible, I say, that England was ever in such a state?

Was it ever a maxim in 'fashionable life' that you were to drink Champagne after white cheese? What was that maxim in fashionable life about drinking and about cheese? The maxim in fashionable life is to drink what you will. It is too simple now to trouble itself about wine or about cheese. Ale again is to be avoided, this strange DOHERTY says, if you expect a wet night—and in another place he says, 'The English drink a pint of porter at a draught.'—What English? gracious powers! Are we a nation of coalheavers? Do we ever have a wet night? Do we ever meet people occasionally who say that to give Champagne at dinner is bad taste, and that Port and Teneriffe are such superior drinking? Fancy Teneriffe, my dear boy—I say fancy a man asking you to drink Teneriffe at dinner; the mind shudders at it—he might as well invite you to swallow the Peak.

And then consider the maxim about the fine singer who is to be avoided. What! was there a time within most people's memory, when folks at dessert began to sing? I have heard such a thing at a tenants' dinner in the country; but the idea of a fellow beginning to perform a song at a dinner-party in London fills my mind with terror and amazement; and I picture to myself any table which I frequent, in Mayfair, in Bloomsbury, in Belgravia, or where you will, and the pain which would seize upon the host and the company if some wretch were to commence a song.

We have passed that savage period of life. We do not want to hear songs from guests—we have the songs done for us; as we don't want our ladies to go down into the kitchen and cook the dinner

any more. The cook can do it better and cheaper. We do not desire feats of musical or culinary skill—but simple, quiet, easy, unpretending conversation.

In like manner there was a practice once usual, and which still lingers here and there, of making complimentary speeches after dinner: that custom is happily almost entirely discontinued. Gentlemen do not meet to compliment each other profusely, or to make fine phrases. Simplicity gains upon us daily. Let us be thankful that the florid style is disappearing.

I once shared a bottle of sherry with a commercial traveller at Margate, who gave a toast or a sentiment as he filled every glass. He would not take his wine without this queer ceremony before it. I recollect one of his sentiments, which was as follows: 'Year is to 'er who doubles our joys, and divides our sorrows—I give you woman, sir,'—and we both emptied our glasses. These lumbering ceremonials are passing out of our manners, and were found only to obstruct our free intercourse. People can like each other just as much without orations, and be just as merry without being forced to drink against their will.

And yet there are certain customs to which one clings still; for instance, the practice of drinking wine with your neighbour, though wisely not so frequently indulged in as of old, yet still obtains, and I trust will never be abolished. For though, in the old time, when Mr. and Mrs. Fogy had sixteen friends to dinner, it became an insupportable *corvée* for Mr. F. to ask sixteen persons to drink wine, and a painful task for Mrs. Fogy to be called upon to bow to ten gentlemen, who desired to have the honour to drink her health, yet, employed in moderation, that ancient custom of challenging your friends to drink is a kindly and hearty old usage, and productive of many most beneficial results.

I have known a man of a modest and reserved turn (just like your old uncle, dear Bob, as no doubt you were going to remark), when asked to drink by the host, suddenly lighten up, toss off his glass, get confidence, and begin to talk right and left. He wanted but the spur to set him going. It is supplied by the butler at the back of his chair.

It sometimes happens, again, that a host's conversational powers are not brilliant. I own that I could point out a few such whom I have the honour to name among my friends—gentlemen, in fact, who wisely hold their tongues because they have nothing to say which is worth the hearing or the telling, and properly confine themselves to the carving of the mutton and the ordering of the wines. Such men, manifestly, should always be allowed—nay, encouraged, to ask their guests to take wine. In putting that hospitable question,

they show their good-will, and cannot possibly betray their mental deficiency. For example, let us suppose JONES, who has been perfectly silent all dinner-time,—oppressed, doubtless, by that awful LADY TIARA, who sits swelling on his right hand,—suddenly rallies, singles me out, and with a loud cheering voice cries, 'BROWN, my boy, a glass of wine.' I reply, 'With pleasure, my dear JONES.' He responds as quick as thought, 'Shall it be Hock or Champagne, BROWN?' I mention the wine which I prefer. He calls to the butler, and says, 'Some Champagne or Hock' (as the case may be, for I don't choose to commit myself),—'some Champagne or Hock to MR. BROWN'; and finally he says, 'Good health!' in a pleasant tone. Thus you see, JONES, though not a conversationist, has had the opportunity of making no less than four observations, which, if not brilliant or witty, are yet manly, sensible, and agreeable. And I defy any man in the metropolis, be he the most accomplished, the most learned, the wisest, or the most eloquent, to say more than JONES upon a similar occasion.

If you have a difference with a man, and are desirous to make it up, how pleasant it is to take wine with him. Nothing is said but that simple phrase which has just been uttered by my friend JONES; and yet it means a great deal. The cup is a symbol of reconciliation. The other party drinks up your good-will as you accept his token of returning friendship—and thus the liquor is hallowed which JONES has paid for: and I like to think that the grape which grew by Rhine or Rhone was born and ripened under the sun there, so as to be the means of bringing two good fellows together. I once heard the head physician of a Hydropathic establishment on the sunny banks of the first-named river, give the health of His Majesty the King of Prussia, and, calling upon the company to receive that august toast with a 'donnerndes Lebehoch,' toss off a bumper of sparkling water. It did not seem to me a genuine enthusiasm. No, no, let us have toast and wine, not toast and water. It was not in vain that grapes grew on the hills of Father Rhine.

One seldom asks ladies now to take wine,—except when, in a confidential whisper to the charming creature whom you have brought down to dinner, you humbly ask permission to pledge her, and she delicately touches her glass, with a fascinating smile, in reply to your glance,—a smile, you rogue, which goes to your heart. I say, one does not ask ladies any more to take wine: and I think, this custom being abolished, the contrary practice should be introduced, and that the ladies should ask the gentlemen. I know one who did, *une grande dame, de par le monde*, as honest BRANTÔME phrases it, and from whom I deserved no such kindness; but, sir, the

effect of this graceful act of hospitality was such, that she made a grateful slave for ever of one who was an admiring rebel previously, who would do anything to show his gratitude, and who now knows no greater delight than when he receives a card which bears her respected name.[1]

A dinner of men is well now and again, but few well-regulated minds relish a dinner without women. There are some wretches who, I believe, still meet together for the sake of what is called 'the spread,' who dine each other round and round, and have horrid delights in turtle, early peas, and other culinary luxuries; but I pity the condition as I avoid the banquets of those men. The only substitute for ladies at dinners, or consolation for want of them, is—smoking. Cigars, introduced with the coffee, do, if anything can, make us forget the absence of the other sex. But what a substitute is that for her who doubles our joys, and divides our griefs—for woman! as my friend the traveller said.

BROWN THE ELDER.

[1] Upon my word, MR. BROWN, this is too broad a hint.—*Mr. Punch.*

GREAT AND LITTLE DINNERS.

IT has been said, dear BOB, that I have seen the mahoganies of many men, and it is with no small feeling of pride and gratitude that I am enabled to declare also, that I hardly remember in my life to have had a bad dinner. Would to heaven that all mortal men could say likewise! Indeed, and in the presence of so much want and misery as pass under our ken daily, it is with a feeling of something like shame and humiliation that I make the avowal; but I have robbed no man of his meal that I know of, and am here speaking of very humble as well as very grand banquets, the which I maintain are, when there is a sufficiency, almost always good.

Yes, all dinners are good, from a shilling upwards. The plate of boiled beef which MARY, the neat-handed waitress, brings or used to bring you in the Old Bailey—I say used, for, ah me! I speak of years long past, when the cheeks of MARY were as blooming as the carrots which she brought up with the beef, and she may be a grandmother by this time, or a pallid ghost, far out of the regions of beef;—from the shilling dinner of beef and carrots to the grandest banquet of the season—everything is good. There are no degrees in eating. I mean that mutton is as good as venison—beefsteak, if you are hungry, as good as turtle—bottled ale, if you like it, to the full as good as Champagne;—there is no delicacy in the world which MONSIEUR FRANCATELLI or MONSIEUR SOYER can produce, which I believe to be better than toasted cheese. I have seen a dozen of epicures at a grand table forsake every French and

Italian delicacy for boiled leg of pork and pease-pudding. You can but be hungry, and eat and be happy.

What is the moral I would deduce from this truth, if truth it be? I would have a great deal more hospitality practised than is common among us—more hospitality and less show. Properly considered, the quality of dinner is twice blest: it blesses him that gives, and him that takes: a dinner with friendliness is the best of all friendly meetings—a pompous entertainment, where no love is, the least satisfactory.

Why, then, do we of the middle classes persist in giving entertainments so costly, and beyond our means? This will be read by many a man and woman next Thursday, who are aware that they live on leg of mutton themselves, or, worse than this, have what are called meat teas, than which I cannot conceive a more odious custom; that ordinarily they are very sober in their way of life; that they like in reality that leg of mutton better than the condiments of that doubtful French artist who comes from the pastrycook's, and presides over the mysterious stewpans in the kitchen; why, then, on their company dinners, should they flare up in the magnificent manner in which they universally do?

Everybody has the same dinner in London, and the same soup, saddle of mutton, boiled fowls and tongue, *entrées*, champagne, and so forth. I own myself to being no better nor worse than my neighbours in this respect, and rush off to the confectioner's for sweets, etc.; hire sham butlers and attendants; have a fellow going round the table with still and dry champagne, as if I knew his name, and it was my custom to drink those wines every day of my life. I am as bad as my neighbours: but why are we so bad, I ask?—why are we not more reasonable?

If we receive very great men or ladies at our houses, I will lay a wager that they will select mutton and gooseberry tart for their dinner: forsaking the *entrées* which the men in white Berlin gloves are handing round in the Birmingham plated dishes. Asking lords and ladies, who have great establishments of their own, to French dinners and delicacies, is like inviting a grocer to a meal of figs, or a pastrycook to a banquet of raspberry tarts. They have had enough of them. And great folks, if they like you, take no count of your feasts, and grand preparations, and can but eat mutton like men.

One cannot have sumptuary laws nowadays, or restrict the gastronomical more than any other trade; but I wish a check could be put upon our dinner extravagances by some means, and am confident that the pleasures of life would greatly be increased

by moderation. A man might give two dinners for one, according to the present pattern. Half your money is swallowed up in a dessert, which nobody wants in the least, and which I always grudge to see arriving at the end of plenty. Services of culinary kickshaws swallow up money, which gives nobody pleasure, except the pastrycook, whom it enriches. Everybody lives as if he had three or four thousand a year.

Somebody with a voice potential should cry out against this overwhelming luxury. What is mere decency in a very wealthy man is absurdity—nay, wickedness—in a poor one; a frog by nature, I am an insane silly creature to attempt to swell myself to the size of the ox, my neighbour. Oh that I could establish in the middle classes of London an Anti-*entrée* and Anti-dessert movement! I would go down to posterity not ill deserving of my country in such a case, and might be ranked among the social benefactors. Let us have a meeting at WILLIS's Rooms, Ladies and Gentlemen, for the purpose, and get a few philanthropists, philosophers, and bishops or so, to speak! As people, in former days, refused to take sugar, let us get up a society which shall decline to eat dessert and made dishes.[1]

In this way, I say, every man who now gives a dinner might give two, and take in a host of poor friends and relatives, who are now excluded from his hospitality. For dinners are given mostly in the middle classes by way of revenge; and MR. and MRS. THOMPSON ask MR. and MRS. JOHNSON because the latter have asked them. A man at this rate who gives four dinners of twenty persons in the course of the season, each dinner costing him something very near upon thirty pounds, receives in return, we will say, forty dinners from the friends whom he has himself invited. That is, MR. and MRS. JOHNSON pay a hundred and twenty pounds, as do all their friends, for forty-four dinners of which they partake. So that they may calculate that every time they dine with their respected friends, they pay about twenty-eight shillings per *tête*. What a sum this is, dear JOHNSON, for you and me to spend upon our waistcoats! What does poor MRS. JOHNSON care for all these garish splendours, who has had her dinner at two with her dear children in the nursery? Our custom is not hospitality or pleasure, but to be able to cut off a certain number of acquaintance from the dining list.

One of these dinners of twenty, again, is scarcely ever pleasant as far as regards society. You may chance to get near a pleasant

[1] MR. BROWN here enumerates three *entrées* which he confesses he can *not* resist, and likewise preserved cherries at dessert; but the principle is good, though the man is weak.

neighbour and neighbouress, when your corner of the table is possibly comfortable. But there can be no general conversation. Twenty people cannot engage together in talk. You would want a speaking-trumpet to communicate from your place by the lady of the house (for I wish to give my respected reader the place of honour) to the lady at the opposite corner at the right of the host. If you have a joke or a *mot* to make, you cannot utter it before such a crowd. A joke is nothing which can only get a laugh out of a third part of the company. The most eminent wags of my acquaintance are dumb in these great parties; and your *raconteur* or story-teller, if he is prudent, will invariably hold his tongue. For what can be more odious than to be compelled to tell a story at the top of your voice, to be called on to repeat it for the benefit of a distant person who has only heard a part of the anecdote? There are stories of mine which would fail utterly were they narrated in any but an undertone; others in which I laugh, am overcome by emotion, and so forth—what I call my *intimes* stories. Now it is impossible to do justice to these except in the midst of a general hush, and in a small circle; so that I am commonly silent. And as no anecdote is positively new in a party of twenty, the chances are so much against you that somebody should have heard the story before, in which case you are done.

In these large assemblies, a wit, then, is of no use, and does not have a chance: a *raconteur* does not get a fair hearing, and both of these real ornaments of a dinner-table are thus utterly thrown away. I have seen JACK JOLIFFE, who can keep a table of eight or ten persons in a roar of laughter for four hours, remain utterly mute in a great entertainment, smothered by the numbers and the dowager on each side of him: and TOM YARNOLD, the most eminent of our conversationists, sit through a dinner as dumb as the footman behind him. They do not care to joke, unless there is a sympathising society, and prefer to be silent rather than to throw their good things away.

What I would recommend, then, with all my power, is, that dinners should be more simple, more frequent, and should contain fewer persons. Ten is the utmost number that a man of moderate means should ever invite to his table; although in a great house, managed by a great establishment, the case may be different. A man and woman may look as if they were glad to see ten people; but in a great dinner they abdicate their position as host and hostess,—are mere creatures in the hands of the sham butlers, sham footmen, and tall confectioner's emissaries who crowd the room,—and are guests at their own table, where they are helped last, and of which they occupy the top and bottom. I

have marked many a lady watching with timid glances the large artificial *major-domo*, who officiates for that night only, and thought to myself, 'Ah, my dear madam, how much happier might we all be if there were but half the splendour, half the made dishes, and half the company assembled.'

If any dinner-giving person who reads this shall be induced by my representations to pause in his present career, to cut off some of the luxuries of his table, and instead of giving one enormous feast to twenty persons to have three simple dinners for ten, my dear nephew will not have been addressed in vain. Everybody will be bettered; and while the guests will be better pleased, and more numerous, the host will actually be left with money in his pocket. BROWN THE ELDER.

ON LOVE, MARRIAGE, MEN, AND WOMEN.

I.

BOB BROWN is in love, then, and undergoing the common lot! And so, my dear lad, you are this moment enduring the delights and tortures, the jealousy and wakefulness, the longing and raptures, the frantic despair and elation, attendant upon the passion of love. In the year 1812 (it was before I contracted my alliance with your poor dear aunt, who never caused me any of the disquietudes above enumerated), I myself went through some of those miseries and pleasures which you now, oh my nephew, are enduring. I pity and sympathise with you. I am an old cock now, with a feeble strut and a faltering crow. But I was young once; and remember the time very well. Since that time, *amavi amantes:* if I see two young people happy, I like it, as I like to see children enjoying a pantomime. I have been the confidant of numbers of honest fellows, and the secret watcher of scores of little pretty intrigues in life. MISS Y., I know why you go so eagerly to balls now; and, MR. Z., what has set you off dancing at your mature age. Do you fancy, MRS. ALPHA, that I believe you walk every day at half-past eleven by the Serpentine for nothing, and that I don't see young O'MEGA in Rotten Row? . . . And so, my poor BOB, you are shot.

If you lose the object of your desires, the loss won't kill you: you may set that down as a certainty. If you win, it is possible that you will be disappointed: that point also is to be considered. But hit or miss, good luck or bad—I should be sorry, my honest BOB, that thou didst not undergo the malady. Every man ought to be in love a few times in his life, and to have a smart attack of the fever. You are the better for it when it is over: the better for your misfortune if you endure it with a manly heart; how much the better for success if you win it and a good wife into the bargain! Ah, BOB—there is a stone in the burying-ground at Funchal which I often and often think of—many hopes and passions lie beneath it, along with the fairest and gentlest creature in the world—it's not MRS. BROWN that lies there. After life's fitful fever, she sleeps in Marylebone burying-ground, poor dear soul! EMILY BLENKINSOP *might* have been MRS. BROWN, but—but let us change the subject.

Of course you will take my advice, my dear BOB, about your flame. All men and women do. It is notorious that they listen to the opinions of all their friends, and never follow their own counsel. Well, tell us about this girl. What are her qualifications, expectations, belongings, station in life, and so forth?

About beauty I do not argue. I take it for granted. A man sees beauty, or that which he likes, with eyes entirely his own. I don't say that plain women get husbands as readily as the pretty girls—but so many handsome girls are unmarried, and so many of the other sort wedded, that there is no possibility of establishing a rule, or of setting up a standard. Poor dear MRS. BROWN was a far finer woman than EMILY BLENKINSOP, and yet I loved her little finger more than the whole hand which your AUNT MARTHA gave me—I see the plainest women exercising the greatest fascinations over men—in fine, a man falls in love with a woman because it is fate, because she is a woman; BOB, too, is a man, and endowed with a heart and a beard.

Is she a clever woman? I do not mean to disparage you, my good fellow, but you are not a man that is likely to set the Thames on fire; and I should rather like to see you fall to the lot of a clever woman. A set has been made against clever women from all times. Take all SHAKSPERE'S heroines—they all seem to me pretty much the same—affectionate, motherly, tender—that sort of thing. Take SCOTT'S ladies, and other writers'—each man seems to draw from one model—an exquisite slave is what we want for the most part, a humble, flattering, smiling, child-loving, tea-making, pianoforte-playing being, who laughs at our jokes, however old they may be, coaxes and wheedles us in our humours, and fondly lies to us through life. I never could get your poor aunt into the system,

though I confess I should have been a happier man had she tried it.

There are many more clever women in the world than men think for. Our habit is to despise them; we believe they do not think because they do not contradict us; and are weak because they do not struggle and rise up against us. A man only begins to know women as he grows old; and for my part my opinion of their cleverness rises every day.

When I say I know women, I mean I know that I don't know them. Every single woman I ever knew is a puzzle to me, as I have no doubt she is to herself. Say they are not clever? Their hypocrisy is a perpetual marvel to me, and a constant exercise of cleverness of the finest sort. You see a demure-looking woman perfect in all her duties, constant in house-bills and shirt-buttons, obedient to her lord, and anxious to please him in all things; silent when you and he talk politics, or literature, or balderdash together, and if referred to, saying, with a smile of perfect humility, 'Oh, women are not judges upon such and such matters; we leave learning and politics to men.' 'Yes, poor POLLY,' says JONES, patting the back of MRS. J.'s head good-naturedly, 'attend to the house, my dear; that's the best thing you can do, and leave the rest to us.' Benighted idiot! She has long ago taken your measure and your friends'; she knows your weaknesses, and ministers to them in a thousand artful ways. She knows your obstinate points, and marches round them with the most curious art and patience, as you will see an ant on a journey turn round an obstacle. Every woman manages her husband: every person who manages another is a hypocrite. Her smiles, her submission, her good-humour, for all which we value her,—what are they but admirable duplicity? We expect falseness from her, and order and educate her to be dishonest. Should he upbraid, I'll own that he prevail; say that he frown, I'll answer with a smile;—what are these but lies, that we exact from our slaves?—lies, the dexterous performance of which we announce to be the female virtues; brutal Turks that we are! I do not say that MRS. BROWN ever obeyed me—on the contrary; but I should have liked it, for I am a Turk like my neighbour.

I will instance your mother now. When my brother comes in to dinner after a bad day's sport, or after looking over the bills of some of you boys, he naturally begins to be surly with your poor dear mother, and to growl at the mutton. What does she do? She may be hurt, but she doesn't show it. She proceeds to coax, to smile, to turn the conversation, to stroke down BRUIN, and get him in a good-humour. She sets him on his old stories, and she

and all the girls—poor dear little SAPPHIRAS!—set off laughing; there is that story about the Goose walking into church, which your father tells, and your mother and sisters laugh at, until I protest I am so ashamed that I hardly know where to look. On he goes with that story time after time: and your poor mother sits there and knows that I know she is a humbug, and laughs on; and teaches all the girls to laugh too. Had that dear creature been born to wear a nose-ring and bangles instead of a muff and bonnet; and a brown skin in the place of that fair one with which Nature has endowed her, she would have done Suttee, after your brown Brahmin father had died, and thought women very irreligious too, who refused to roast themselves for their masters and lords. I do not mean to say that the late MRS. BROWN would have gone through the process of incremation for me—far from it; by a timely removal she was spared from the grief which her widowhood would have doubtless caused her, and I acquiesce in the decrees of Fate in this instance, and have not the least desire to have preceded her.

I hope the ladies will not take my remarks in ill part. If I die for it, I must own that I don't think they have fair play. In the bargain we make with them I don't think they get their rights. And as a labourer notoriously does more by the piece than he does by the day, and a free man works harder than a slave, so I doubt whether we get the most out of our women by enslaving them as we do by law and custom. There are some folks who would limit the range of women's duties to little more than a kitchen range—others who like them to administer to our delectation in a ball-room, and permit them to display dimpled shoulders and flowing ringlets—just as you have one horse for a mill, and another for the Park. But in whatever way we like them, it is for our use somehow that we have women brought up: to work for us, or to shine for us, or to dance for us, or what not? It would not have been thought shame of our fathers fifty years ago, that they could not make a custard or a pie, but our mothers would have been rebuked had they been ignorant on these matters. Why should not you and I be ashamed now because we cannot make our own shoes, or cut out our own breeches? We know better: we get the cobblers and tailors to do that—and it was we who made the laws for women, who, we are in the habit of saying, are not so clever as we are.

My dear nephew, as I grow old and consider these things, I know which are the stronger, men or women; but which are the cleverer, I doubt. BROWN THE ELDER.

II.

ONG years ago—indeed it was at the Peace of Amiens—when with several other young bucks I was making the grand tour, I recollect how sweet we all of us were upon the lovely DUCHESS OF MONTEPULCIANO at Naples, who, to be sure, was not niggardly of her smiles in return. There came a man amongst us, however, from London, a very handsome young fellow, with such an air of fascinating melancholy in his looks, that he cut out all the other suitors of the Duchess in the course of a week, and would have married her very likely, but that war was declared while this youth was still hankering about his Princess, and he was sent off to Verdun, whence he did not emerge for twelve years, and until he was as fat as a porpoise, and the Duchess was long since married to GENERAL COUNT RAFF, one of the Emperor's heroes.

I mention poor TIBBITS to show the curious difference of manner which exists among us, and which, though not visible to foreigners, is instantly understood by English people. Brave, clever, tall, slim, dark, and sentimental-looking, he passed muster in a foreign saloon, and, as I must own to you, cut us fellows out: whereas we English knew instantly that the man was not well bred, by a thousand little signs, not to be understood by the foreigner. In his early youth, for instance, he had been cruelly deprived of his *h's* by his parents, and though he tried to replace them in after life, they were no more natural than a glass eye, but stared at you as it were in a ghastly manner out of the conversation, and pained you by their horrid intrusions. Not acquainted with these refinements of our language, foreigners did not understand

what TIBBITS' errors were, and doubtless thought it was from envy that we conspired to slight the poor fellow.

I mention MR. TIBBITS, because he was handsome, clever, honest, and brave, and in almost all respects our superior, and yet laboured under disadvantages of manner which unfitted him for certain society. It is not TIBBITS the man, it is not TIBBITS the citizen, of whom I would wish to speak lightly: his morals, his reading, his courage, his generosity, his talents, are undoubted—it is the social TIBBITS of whom I speak; and as I do not go to balls because I do not dance, or to meetings of the Political Economy Club, or other learned associations, because taste and education have not fitted me for the pursuits for which other persons are adapted, so TIBBITS' sphere is not in drawing-rooms, where the *h* and other points of etiquette are rigorously maintained.

I say thus much because one or two people have taken some remarks of mine in ill part, and hinted that I am a Tory in disguise, and an aristocrat that should be hung up to a lamp-post. Not so, dear Bob:—there is nothing like the truth, about whomsoever it may be. I mean no more disrespect towards any fellow-man by saying that he is not what is called in Society well bred, than by stating that he is not tall or short, or that he cannot dance, or that he does not know Hebrew, or whatever the case may be. I mean that if a man works with a pickaxe or shovel all day, his hands will be harder than those of a lady of fashion, and that his opinion about MADAME SONTAG'S singing, or the last new novel, will not probably be of much value. And though I own my conviction that there are some animals which frisk advantageously in ladies' drawing-rooms, whilst others pull stoutly at the plough, I do not most certainly mean to reflect upon a horse for not being a lap-dog, or see that he has any cause to be ashamed that he is other than a horse.

And, in a word, and as you are what is called a gentleman yourself, I hope that MRS. BOB BROWN, whoever she may be, is not only by nature, but by education, a gentlewoman. No man ought ever to be called upon to blush for his wife. I see good men rush into marriage with ladies of whom they are afterwards ashamed; and in the same manner charming women linked to partners whose vulgarity they try to screen. Poor MRS. BOTIBOL, what a constant hypocrisy your life is, and how you insist upon informing everybody that BOTIBOL is the best of men! Poor JACK JINKINS! what a female is that you brought back from Bagnigge Wells to introduce to London society! a handsome, tawdry, flaunting, watering-place belle; a boarding-house beauty: tremendous in brazen ornaments and cheap finery.

If you marry, dear BOB, I hope MRS. ROBERT B. will be a lady not very much above or below your own station.

I would sooner that you should promote your wife, than that she should advance you. And though every man can point you out instances where his friends have been married to ladies of superior rank, who have accepted their new position with perfect grace, and made their husbands entirely happy; as there are examples of maid-servants decorating coronets, and sempstresses presiding worthily over Baronial Halls; yet I hope MRS. ROBERT BROWN will not come out of a palace or a kitchen: but out of a house something like yours, out of a family something like yours, with a snug jointure something like that modest portion which I daresay you will inherit.

I remember when ARTHUR ROWDY (who I need not tell you belongs to the firm of STUMPY, ROWDY & Co., of Lombard Street, bankers) married LADY CLEOPATRA: what a grand match it was thought by the ROWDY family; and how old MRS. ROWDY in Portman Square was elated at the idea of her son's new connection. Her daughters were to go to all the parties in London; and her house was to be filled with the very greatest of great folks. We heard of nothing but dear LADY STONEHENGE from morning till night; and the old frequenters of the house were perfectly pestered with stories of dear LADY ZENOBIA and dear LADY CORNELIA, and of the dear Marquis, whose masterly translation of *Cornelius Nepos* had placed him among the most learned of our nobility.

When ROWDY went to live in Mayfair, what a wretched house it was into which he introduced such of his friends as were thought worthy of presentation to his new society! The rooms were filled with young dandies of the STONEHENGE connection—beardless bucks from Downing Street, gay young sprigs of the Guards—their sisters and mothers, their kith and kin. They overdrew their accounts at ROWDY'S bank, and laughed at him in his drawing-room; they made their bets and talked their dandy talk over his claret, at which the poor fellow sat quite silent. LADY STONEHENGE invaded his nursery, appointed and cashiered his governess and children's maids; established her apothecary in permanence over him; quarrelled with old MRS. ROWDY, so that the poor old body was only allowed to see her grandchildren by stealth, and have secret interviews with them in the garden of Berkeley Square; made ROWDY take villas at Tunbridge, which she filled with her own family; massacred her daughter's visiting-book, in the which LADY CLEOPATRA, a good-natured woman, at first admitted some of her husband's relatives and acquaintance, and carried him abroad upon excursions, in which all he had to do was to settle the bills with the courier. And

she went so far as to order him to change his side of the House and his politics, and adopt those of LORD STONEHENGE, which were of the age of the Druids, his Lordship's ancestors; but here the honest British merchant made a stand and conquered his mother-in-law, who would have smothered him the other day for voting for ROTHSCHILD. If it were not for the Counting House in the morning, and the House of Commons at night, what would become of ROWDY? They say he smokes there, and drinks when he smokes. He has been known to go to Vauxhall, and has even been seen, with a comforter over his nose, listening to *Sam Hall* at the Cider Cellars. All this misery and misfortune came to the poor fellow for marrying out of his degree. The clerks at Lombard Street laugh when LORD MISTLETOE steps out of his cab and walks into the bank-parlour; and ROWDY's private account invariably tells tales of the visit of his young scapegrace of a brother-in-law.

BROWN THE ELDER.

III.

LET us now, beloved and ingenuous youth, take the other side of the question, and discourse a little while upon the state of that man who takes unto himself a wife inferior to him in degree. I have before me in my acquaintance many most pitiable instances of individuals who have made the fatal mistake.

Although old fellows are as likely to be made fools as young in love matters, and DAN CUPID has no respect for the most venerable age, yet I remark that it is generally the young men who marry vulgar wives. They are on a reading tour for the Long Vacation, they are quartered at Ballinafad, they see MISS SMITH or MISS O'SAUGHNESSY every day—healthy, lively, jolly girls with red cheeks, bright eyes, and high spirits—they come away at the end of the vacation, or when the regiment changes its quarters, engaged men; family rows ensue, mothers cry out, papas grumble, Miss pines and loses her health at Baymouth or Ballinafad—consent is got at last, JONES takes his degree,

JENKINS gets his company; MISS SMITH and MISS O'SHAUGHNESSY become MRS. JONES and MRS. JENKINS.

For the first year it is all very well. MRS. JONES is a great, bouncing handsome creature, lavishly fond of her adored JONES, and caring for no other company but his. They have a cottage at Bayswater. He walks her out every evening. He sits and reads the last new novel to her whilst she works slippers for him, or makes some little tiny caps, and for—dear JULIA, dear EDWARD! —they are all in all to one another.

Old MRS. SMITH of course comes up from Swansea at the time when the little caps are put into requisition, and takes possession of the cottage at Bayswater. MRS. JONES senior calls upon MRS. EDWARD JONES's mamma, and, of course, is desirous to do everything that is civil to the family of EDWARD's wife.

MRS. JONES finds in the mother-in-law of her EDWARD a large woman with a cotton umbrella, who dines in the middle of the day, and has her beer, and who calls MRS. JONES Mum. What a state they are in in Pocklington Square about this woman! How can they be civil to her? Whom can they ask to meet her? How the girls, EDWARD's sisters, go on about her! FANNY says she ought to be shown to the housekeeper's room when she calls; MARY proposes that MRS. SHAY, the washerwoman, should be invited on the day when MRS. SMITH comes to dinner; and EMMA (who was EDWARD's favourite sister, and who considers herself jilted by his marriage with JULIA) points out the most dreadful thing of all, that MRS. SMITH and JULIA are exactly alike, and that in a few years MRS. EDWARD JONES will be the very image of that great, enormous, unwieldy, horrid old woman.

Closeted with her daughter, of whom and of her baby she has taken possession, MRS. SMITH gives her opinion about the JONESES: —They may be very good, but they are too fine ladies for *her;* and they evidently think she is not good enough for *them:* they are sad worldly people, and have never sat under a good minister, that is clear: they talked French before her on the day she called in Pocklington Gardens, 'and though they were laughing at me, I'm sure I can pardon them,' MRS. SMITH says. EDWARD and JULIA have a little altercation about the manner in which his family has treated MRS. SMITH, and JULIA, bursting into tears as she clasps her child to her bosom, says, 'My child, my child, will you be taught to be ashamed of your mother?'

EDWARD flings out of the room in a rage. It is true that MRS. SMITH is not fit to associate with his family, and that her manners are not like theirs; that JULIA's eldest brother, who is a serious tanner at Cardiff, is not a pleasant companion after dinner; and

that it is not agreeable to be called 'NED' and 'OLD COVE' by her younger brother, who is an attorney's clerk in Gray's Inn, and favours NED by asking him to lend him 'a sov,' and by coming to dinner on Sundays. It is true that the appearance of that youth at the first little party the EDWARD JONESES gave after their marriage, when NATTY disgracefully inebriated himself, caused no little scandal amongst his friends, and much wrath on the part of old JONES, who said, 'That little scamp call my daughters by their Christian names!—a little beggar that is not fit to sit down in my hall. If ever he dares to call at my house, I'll tell JOBBINS to fling a pail of water over him.' And it is true that NATTY called many times in Pocklington Square, and complained to EDWARD that he, NAT, could neither see his mar nor the gurls, and that the old gent cut up uncommon stiff.

So you see EDWARD JONES has had his way, and got a handsome wife, but at what expense? He and his family are separated. His wife brought him nothing but good looks. Her stock of brains is small. She is not easy in the new society into which she has been brought, and sits quite mum both at the grand parties which the old JONESES give in Pocklington Square, and at the snug little entertainments which poor EDWARD JONES tries on his own part. The women of the JONES'S set try her in every way, and get no good from her: JONES'S male friends, who are civilised beings, talk to her, and receive only monosyllables in reply. His house is a stupid one; his acquaintances drop off; he has no circle at all at last, except, to be sure, that increasing family circle which brings up old MRS. SMITH from Swansea every year.

What is the lot of a man at the end of a dozen years who has a wife like this? She is handsome no longer, and she never had any other merit. He can't read novels to her all through his life, while she is working slippers—it is absurd. He can't be philandering in Kensington Gardens with a lady who does not walk out now except with two nursemaids and the twins in a go-cart. He is a young man still, when she is an old woman. Love is a mighty fine thing, dear BOB, but it is not the life of a man. There are a thousand other things for him to think of besides the red lips of LUCY, or the bright eyes of ELIZA. There is business, there is friendship, there is society, there are taxes, there is ambition, and the manly desire to exercise the talents which are given us by Heaven, and reap the prize of our desert. There are other books in a man's library besides OVID; and after dawdling ever so long at a woman's knee, one day he gets up and is free. We have all been there: we have all had the fever: the strongest and the smallest, from SAMSON,

HERCULES, RINALDO, downwards; but it burns out, and you get well.

Ladies who read this, and who know what a love I have for the whole sex, will not, I hope, cry out at the above observations, or be angry because I state that the ardour of love declines after a certain period. My dear MRS. HOPKINS, you would not have HOPKINS to carry on the same absurd behaviour which he exhibited when he was courting you? or in place of going to bed and to sleep comfortably, sitting up half the night to write to you bad verses? You would not have him racked with jealousy if you danced or spoke with any one else at a ball; or neglect all his friends, his business, his interest in life, in order to dangle at your feet? No, you are a sensible woman; you know that he must go to his counting-house, that he must receive and visit his friends, and that he must attend to his and your interest in life. You are no longer his goddess, his fairy, his peerless paragon, whose name he shouted as *Don Quixote* did that of *Dulcinea*. You are JANE HOPKINS, you are thirty years old, you have got a parcel of children, and HOP loves you and them with all his heart. He would be a helpless driveller and ninny were he to be honeymooning still, whereas he is a good honest fellow, respected on 'Change, liked by his friends, and famous for his port-wine.

Yes, BOB, the fever goes, but the wife doesn't. Long after your passion is over, MRS. BROWN will be at your side, good soul, still; and it is for that, as I trust, long subsequent period of my worthy BOB'S life that I am anxious. How will she look when the fairy brilliancy of the honeymoon has faded into the light of common day!

You are of a jovial and social turn, and like to see the world, as why should you not? It contains a great number of kind and honest folks, from whom you may hear a thousand things wise and pleasant. A man ought to like his neighbours, to mix with his neighbours, to be popular with his neighbours. It is a friendly heart that has plenty of friends. You can't be talking to MRS. BROWN for ever and ever: you will be a couple of old geese if you do.

She ought then to be able to make your house pleasant to your friends. She ought to attract them to it by her grace, her good breeding, her good-humour. Let it be said of her, 'What an uncommonly nice woman MRS. BROWN is!' Let her be, if not a clever woman, an appreciator of cleverness in others, which, perhaps, clever folks like better. Above all, let her have a sense of humour, my dear BOB, for a woman without a laugh in her (like the late excellent MRS. BROWN) is the greatest bore in existence. Life without laughing is a dreary blank. A woman who cannot laugh is a

wet blanket on the kindly nuptial couch. A good laugh is sunshine in a house. A quick intelligence, a brightening eye, a kind smile, a cheerful spirit,—these, I hope, MRS. BOB will bring to you in her *trousseau*, to be used afterwards for daily wear. Before all things, my dear nephew, try and have a cheerful wife.

What, indeed, does not that word 'cheerfulness' imply? It means a contented spirit; it means a pure heart; it means a kind and loving disposition; it means humility and charity; it means a generous appreciation of others, and a modest opinion of self. Stupid people—people who do not know how to laugh—are always pompous and self-conceited: that is, bigoted; that is, cruel; that is, ungentle, uncharitable, unchristian. Have a good, jolly, laughing, kind woman, then, for your partner, you who are yourself a kind and jolly fellow; and when you go to sleep, and when you wake, I pray there may be a smile under each of your honest nightcaps.

BROWN THE ELDER.

OUT OF TOWN.

I

I HAVE little news, my dear BOB, wherewith to entertain thee from this city, from which almost everybody has fled within the last week, and which lies in a state of torpor. I wonder what the newspapers find to talk about day after day, and how they come out every morning. But for a little distant noise of cannonading from the Danube and the Theiss, the whole world is silent, and London seems to have hauled down her flag, as HER MAJESTY has done at Pimlico, and the Queen of Cities is gone out of town.

You, in pursuit of MISS KICKLEBURY, are probably by this time at Spa or Hamburg. Watch her well, BOB, and see what her temper is like. See whether she flirts with the foreigners much, examine how she looks of a morning (you will have a hundred opportunities of familiarity, and can drop in and out of a friend's apartments at a German watering-place as you never can hope to do here), examine her conduct with her little sisters, if they are of the party, whether she is good and playful with them, see whether she is cheerful and obedient to old LADY KICK (I acknowledge a hard task)—in fine, try her manners and temper, and see whether she wears them all day, or only puts on her smiles with her fresh bonnet, to come out on the parade at music time. I, meanwhile, remain behind, alone in our airy and great Babylon.

As an old soldier when he gets to his ground begins straightway

à se caser, as the French say, makes the most of his circumstances, and himself as comfortable as he can, an old London man, if obliged to pass the dull season in town, accommodates himself to the time, and forages here and there in the deserted city, and manages to make his own tent snug. A thousand means of comfort and amusement spring up, whereof a man has no idea of the existence, in the midst of the din and racket of the London season. I, for my part, am grown to that age, sir, when I like the quiet time the best: the gaiety of the great London season is too strong and noisy for me; I like to talk to my beloved metropolis when she has done dancing at crowded balls, and squeezing at concerts, and chattering at conversaziones, and gorging at great dinners—when she is calm, contemplative, confidential, and at leisure.

COLONEL PADMORE of our Club being out of town, and too wise a man to send his favourite old cob to grass, I mounted him yesterday, and took a ride in Rotten Row, and in various parts of the city, where but ten days back all sorts of life, hilarity, and hospitality were going on. What a change it is now in the Park, from that scene which the modern Pepys, and that ingenious youth who signs his immortal drawings with a D surmounted by a dickey-bird, depicted only a few weeks ago! Where are the thousands of carriages that crawled along the Serpentine shore, and which give an observant man a happy and wholesome sense of his own insignificance—for you shall be a man long upon the town, and pass five hundred equipages without knowing the owners of one of them? Where are the myriads of horsemen who trampled the Row?—the splendid dandies whose boots were shiny, whose chins were tufted, whose shirts were astounding, whose manners were frank and manly, whose brains were somewhat small? Where are the stout capitalists and bishops on their cobs (the Bench, by the way, cuts an uncommonly good figure on horseback)? Where are the dear rideresses, above all? Where is she, the gleaming of whose red neck-ribbon in the distance made your venerable uncle's heart beat, BOB? He sees her now prancing by, severe and beautiful—young DIANA, with pure bright eyes! Where is FANNY, who wore the pretty grey hat and feather, and rode the pretty grey mare? FANNY changed her name last week, without ever so much as sending me a piece of cake. The gay squadrons have disappeared: the ground no longer thrills with the thump of their countless hoofs. WATTEAU-like groups in shot silks no longer compose themselves under the green boughs of Kensington Gardens: the scarlet trumpeters have blown themselves away thence; you don't behold a score of horsemen in the course of an hour's ride; and MRS. CATHARINE HIGHFLYER, whom a fortnight since you never saw unaccompanied

by some superb young Earl and *roué* of the fashion, had yesterday so little to do with her beautiful eyes, that she absolutely tried to kill your humble servant with them as she cantered by me in at the barriers of the Row, and looked round firing Parthian shots behind her. But PADMORE's cob did not trot, nor did my blood run, any the quicker, MR. BOB; man and beast are grown too old and steady to be put out of our pace by any MRS. HIGHFLYER of them all; and though I hope, if I live to be a hundred, never to be unmoved by the sight of a pretty girl, it is not thy kind of beauty, oh ogling and vain DELILAH, that can set me cantering after thee.

By the way, one of the benefits I find in the dull season is at my own lodgings. When I ring the bell now, that uncommonly pretty young woman, the landlady's daughter, condescends to come in and superintend my comfort, and whisk about amongst the books and tea-things, and wait upon me in general: whereas in the full season, when young LORD CLAUDE LOLLYPOP is here attending to his arduous duties in Parliament, and occupying his accustomed lodgings on the second floor, the deuce a bit will MISS FLORA ever deign to bring a message or a letter to old MR. BROWN on the first, but sends me in MUGGINS, my old servant, whose ugly face I have known any time these thirty years, or the blowsy maid-of-all-work with her sandy hair in papers.

Again, at the Club, how many privileges does a man lingering in London enjoy, from which he is precluded in the full season! Every man in every Club has three or four special aversions—men who somehow annoy him, as I have no doubt but that you and I, BOB, are hated by some particular man, and for that excellent reason for which the poet disliked DR. FELL—the appearance of old BANQUO, in the same place, in the same arm-chair, reading the newspaper day after day and evening after evening; of MR. PLODDER threading among the coffee-room tables and taking note of every man's dinner; of old GENERAL HAWKSHAW, who makes that constant noise in the Club, sneezing, coughing, and blowing his nose,—all these men, by their various defects or qualities, have driven me half mad at times, and I have thought to myself, Oh that I could go to the Club without seeing BANQUO—Oh that PLODDER would not come and inspect my mutton-chop—Oh that fate would remove HAWKSHAW and his pocket-handkerchief for ever out of my sight and hearing! Well, August arrives, and one's three men of the sea are off one's shoulders. MR. and MRS. BANQUO are at Leamington, the paper says; MR. PLODDER is gone to Paris to inspect the dinners at the 'Trois Frères'; and HAWKSHAW is coughing away at Brighton, where the sad sea waves murmur before him. The Club is your own. How pleasant it is! You can get the *Globe* and *Standard*

now without a struggle; you may see all the Sunday papers; when you dine it is not like dining in a street dinned by the tramp of waiters perpetually passing with clanking dishes of various odours, and jostled by young men who look scowlingly down upon your dinner as they pass with creaking boots. They are all gone—you sit in a vast and agreeable apartment with twenty large servants at your orders—if you were a Duke with a thousand pounds a day you couldn't be better served or lodged. Those men, having nothing else to do, are anxious to prevent your desires and make you happy—the butler bustles about with your pint of wine—if you order a dish, the *chef* himself will probably cook it: what mortal can ask more?

I once read in a book purporting to give descriptions of London, and life and manners, an account of a family in the lower ranks of genteel life, who shut up the front windows of their house, and lived in the back rooms, from which they only issued for fresh air surreptitiously at midnight, so that their friends might suppose that they were out of town. I suppose that there is some foundation for this legend. I suppose that some people *are* actually afraid to be seen in London, when the persons who form society have quitted the metropolis: and that MR. and MRS. HIGGS being left at home at Islington, when MR. and MRS. BIGGS, their next-door neighbours, have departed for Margate or Gravesend, feels pangs of shame at their own poverty, and envy at their friends' better fortune. I have seen many men and cities, my dear BOB, and noted their manners: and for servility I will back a free-born Englishman of the respectable classes against any man of any nation in the world. In the competition for social rank between HIGGS and BIGGS, think what a strange standard of superiority is set up!—a shilling steamer to Gravesend, and a few shrimps more or less on one part or the other, settle the claim. Perhaps in what is called high life there are disputes as paltry, aims as mean, and distinctions as absurd: but my business is with this present folly of being ashamed to be in London. Ashamed, sir! I like being in London at this time, and have so much to say regarding the pleasure of the place in the dead season, that per favour of *Mr. Punch* I hope to write you, probably, another letter regarding it next week. BROWN THE ELDER.

II.

CAREERING through the season from one party to another, from one great dinner of twenty covers to another of eighteen guests; from LADY HUSTLEBURY'S rout to Mrs. Packington's *soirée*—friendship, to a man about town, becomes impossible from February to August: it is only his acquaintances he can cultivate during those six months of turmoil.

In the last fortnight one has had leisure to recur to more tender emotions: in other words, as nobody has asked me to dinner, I have been about seeking dinners from my old friends. And very glad they are to see you: very kindly and hospitable are they disposed to be, very pleasant are those little calm *réunions* in the quiet summer evenings, when the beloved friend of your youth and you sip a bottle of claret together leisurely, without candles, and ascend to the drawing-room where the friend of your youth's wife sits blandly presiding over the teapot. What matters that it is the metal teapot, the silver utensils being packed off to the banker's? What matters that the hangings are down, and the lustre in a brown-holland bag? Intimacy increases by this artless confidence—you are admitted to a family *en déshabillé*. In an honest man's house the wine is never sent to the banker's; he can always go to the cellar for that. And so we drink and prattle in quiet—about the past season, about our sons at college, and what not? We become intimate again, because Fate, which has long separated us, throws us once more together. I say the dull season is a kind season: gentle and amiable, friendly and full of enjoyment.

Among these pleasant little meetings, for which the present

season has given time and opportunity, I shall mention one, sir, which took place last Wednesday, and which during the very dinner itself I vowed I would describe, if the venerable *Mr. Punch* would grant me leave and space, in the columns of a journal which has for its object the promotion of mirth and good-will.

In the year eighteen hundred and something, sir, there lived at a villa, at a short distance from London, a certain gentleman and lady who had many acquaintances and friends, among whom was your humble servant. For to become acquainted with this young woman was to become her friend, so friendly was she, so kind, so gentle, so full of natural genius, and graceful feminine accomplishment. Whatever she did, she did charmingly; her life was decorated with a hundred pretty gifts, with which, as one would fancy, kind fairies had endowed her cradle; music and pictures seemed to flow naturally out from her hand, as she laid it on the piano or the drawing-board. She sang exquisitely, and with a full heart, and, as if she couldn't help it any more than a bird. I have an image of this fair creature before me now, a calm sunshiny evening, a green lawn flaring with roses and geraniums, and a half-dozen gentlemen sauntering thereon in a state of great contentment, or gathered under the verandah, by the open French window: near by she sits singing at the piano. She is in a pink dress: she has *gigot* sleeves; a little child in a prodigious sash is playing at her mother's knee. She sings song after song; the sun goes down behind the black fir-trees that belt the lawn, and Missy in the blue sash vanishes to the nursery; the room darkens in the twilight; the stars appear in the heavens—and the tips of the cigars glow in the balcony: she sings song after song, in accents soft and low, tender and melodious—we are never tired of hearing her. Indeed, Bob, I can hear her still—the stars of those calm nights still shine in my memory, and I have been humming one of her tunes with my pen in my mouth, to the surprise of Mr. Dodder, who is writing at the opposite side of the table, and wondering at the lackadaisical expression which pervades my venerable mug.

You will naturally argue from the above pathetic passage that I was greatly smitten by Mrs. Nightingale (as we will call the lady, if you will permit me). You are right, sir. For what is an amiable woman made, but that we should fall in love with her? I do not mean to say that you are to lose your sleep, or give up your dinner, or make yourself unhappy in her absence; but when the sun shines (and it is not too hot) I like to bask in it: when the bird sings, to listen: and to admire that which is admirable with an honest and hearty enjoyment. There were a half-dozen men at the period of which I speak who wore Mrs. Nightingale's colours,

and we used to be invited down from London of a Saturday and Sunday, to Thornwood, by the hospitable host and hostess there, and it seemed like going back to school, when we came away by the coach of a Monday morning: we talked of her all the way back to London, to separate upon our various callings when we got into the smoky city. SALVATOR RODGERS, the painter, went to his easel; WOODWARD, the barrister, to his chambers; PIPER, the doctor, to his patient (for he then only had one), and so forth. Fate called us each to his business, and has sent us upon many a distant errand since that day. But from that day to this, whenever we meet, the remembrance of the holidays at Thornwood has been always a bond of union between us: and we have always had MRS. NIGHTINGALE'S colours put away amongst the cherished relics of old times.

N. was a West India merchant, and his property went to the bad. He died at Jamaica. Thornwood was let to other people, who knew us not. The widow with a small jointure retired, and educated her daughter abroad. We had not heard of her for years and years, nor until she came to town about a legacy a few weeks since.

In those years and years what changes have taken place! SIR SALVATOR RODGERS is a Member of the Royal Academy; WOODWARD, the barrister, has made a fortune at the Bar; and in seeing DOCTOR PIPER in his barouche, as he rolls about Belgravia and Mayfair, you at once know what a man of importance he has become.

On last Monday week, sir, I received a letter in a delicate female handwriting, with which I was not acquainted, and which MISS FLORA, the landlady's daughter, condescended to bring me, saying that it had been left at the door by two ladies in a brougham.

'—Why did you not let them come upstairs?' said I in a rage, after reading the note.

'We don't know what sort of people goes about in broughams,' said MISS FLORA, with a toss of her head; 'we don't want no ladies in *our* house.' And she flung her impertinence out of the room.

The note was signed FRANCES NIGHTINGALE,—whereas *our* NIGHTINGALE'S name was LOUISA. But this FRANCES was no other than the little thing in the large blue sash, whom we remembered at Thornwood ever so many years ago. The writer declared that she recollected me quite well, that her mamma was most anxious to see an old friend, and that they had apartments at No. 166 Clarges Street, Piccadilly, whither I hastened off to pay my respects to MRS. NIGHTINGALE.

When I entered the room, a tall and beautiful young woman with blue eyes, and a serene and majestic air, came up to shake hands with me: and I beheld in her, without in the least recog-

nising, the little FANNY of the blue sash. Mamma came out of the adjoining apartment presently. We had not met since—since all sorts of events had occurred—her voice was not a little agitated. Here was that fair creature whom we had admired so. Sir, I shall not say whether she was altered or not. The tones of her voice were as sweet and kind as ever:—and we talked about MISS FANNY as a subject in common between us, and I admired the growth and beauty of the young lady, though I did not mind telling her to her face (at which to be sure the girl was delighted) that she never in my eyes would be half as pretty as her mother.

Well, sir, upon this day arrangements were made for that dinner which took place on Wednesday last, and to the remembrance of which I determined to consecrate this present page.

It so happened that everybody was in town of the old set of whom I have made mention, and everybody was disengaged. SIR SALVATOR RODGERS (who has become such a swell since he was knighted and got the cordon of the order of the George and Blue Boar of Russia, that we like to laugh at him a little) made his appearance at eight o'clock, and was perfectly natural and affable. WOODWARD, the lawyer, forgot his abominable law and his money, about which he is always thinking; and finally, DOCTOR PIPER, of whom we despaired because his wife is mortally jealous of every lady whom he attends, and will hardly let him dine out of her sight, had pleaded LADY RACKSTRAW'S situation as a reason for not going down to Wimbledon Common till night—and so we six had a meeting.

The door was opened to us by a maid who looked us hard in the face as we went upstairs, and who was no other than little FANNY'S nurse in former days—come like us to visit her old mistress. We all knew her except WOODWARD, the lawyer, and all shook hands with her except him. Constant study had driven her out of the lawyer's memory. I don't think he ever cared for MRS. NIGHTINGALE as much as the rest of us did, or indeed that it is in the nature of that learned man to care for any but one learned person.

And what do you think, sir, the dear and faithful widow had done to make us welcome? She remembered the dishes that we used to like ever so long ago, and she had every man's favourite dish for him. RODGERS used to have a passion for herrings—there they were; the lawyer, who has an enormous appetite, which he gratifies at other people's expense, had a shoulder of mutton and onion sauce, which the lean and hungry man devoured almost entirely: mine did not come till the second course—it was baked

plum-pudding—I was affected when I saw it, sir—I choked almost when I ate it. PIPER made a beautiful little speech, and made an ice compound, for which he was famous, and we drank it just as we used to drink it in old times, and to the health of the widow.

How should we have had this dinner, how could we all have assembled together again, if everybody had not been out of town, and everybody had not been disengaged? Just for one evening, the scattered members of an old circle of friendship returned and met round the old table again—round this little green island we moor for the night at least,—to-morrow we part company, and each man for himself sails over the *ingens æquor*.

Since I wrote the above, I find that everybody really *is* gone away. The widow left town on Friday. I have been on my round just now, and have been met at every step by closed shutters and the faces of unfamiliar charwomen. No. 9 is gone to Malvern. Nos. 37, 15, 25, 48, and 36A are gone to Scotland. The solitude of the Club begins to be unbearable, and I found MUGGINS this morning preparing a mysterious apparatus of travelling boot-trees, and dusting the portmanteaus.

If you are not getting on well with the KICKLEBURYS at Hamburg, I recommend you to go to Spa. MRS. NIGHTINGALE is going thither, and will be at the Hotel d'Orange, where you may use my name and present yourself to her; and I may hint to you in confidence that MISS FANNY will have a very pretty little fortune.

BROWN THE ELDER.

THE PROSER:

ESSAYS AND DISCOURSES BY DR. SOLOMON PACIFICO.

[redacted]

I.

ON A LADY IN AN OPERA-BOX.

GOING the other night to the Conservatoire at Paris, where there was a magnificent assemblage of rank and fashion gathered together to hear the delightful performances of MADAME SONTAG, the friend who conferred upon me the polite favour of a ticket to the stalls, also pointed out to me who were the most remarkable personages round about us. There were ambassadors, politicians, and gentlemen, military and literary; there were beauties, French, Russian, and English; there were old ladies who had been beauties once, and who, by the help of a little distance and politeness (and if you didn't use your opera-glass, which is a cruel detector of paint and wrinkles), looked young and handsome still; and a plenty of old bucks in the stalls and boxes, well wigged, well gloved, and brilliantly waistcoated, very obsequious to the ladies, and satisfied with themselves and the world.

Up in the second tier of boxes I saw a very stout, jolly, good-humoured-looking lady, whose headdress and ringlets and general appurtenances were unmistakably English—and whom, were you to meet her at Timbuctoo, or in the Seraglio of the Grand Sultan amongst a bevy of beauties collected from all the countries of the earth, one would instantly know to be a British female. I do not mean to say that, were I the Padishah, I would select that moon-faced *houri* out of all the lovely society, and make her the Empress or Grand Signora of my dominions; but simply that there is a character about our countrywomen which leads one to know, recog-

nise, and admire, and wonder at them among all women of all tongues and countries. We have our British Lion; we have our BRITANNIA ruling the waves; we have our British female—the most respectable, the most remarkable, of the women of this world. And now we have come to the woman who gives the subject, though she is not herself the subject, of these present remarks.

As I looked at her with that fond curiosity and silent pleasure and wonder which she (I mean the great British Female) always inspires in my mind, watching her smiles, her ways and motions, her allurements and attractive gestures—her head bobbing to this friend whom she recognised in the stalls—her jolly fat hand wagging a welcome to that acquaintance in a neighbouring box—my friend and guide for the evening caught her eye, and made her a respectful bow, and said to me with a look of much meaning, 'That is MRS. TROTTER-WALKER.' And from that minute I forgot MADAME SONTAG, and thought only of MRS. T.-W.

'So that,' said I, 'is MRS. TROTTER-WALKER! You have touched a chord in my heart. You have brought back old times to my memory, and made me recall some of the griefs and disappointments of my early days.'

'Hold your tongue, man!' says TOM, my friend. 'Listen to the SONTAG; how divinely she is singing! how fresh her voice is still!'

I looked up at MRS. WALKER all the time with unabated interest. 'Madam,' thought I, 'you look to be as kind and good-natured a person as eyes ever lighted upon. The way in which you are smiling to that young dandy with the double eyeglass, and the *empressement* with which he returns the salute, show that your friends are persons of rank and elegance, and that you are esteemed by them—giving them, as I am sure from your kind appearance you do, good dinners and pleasant balls. But I wonder what you would think if you knew that I was looking at you? I behold you for the first time: there are a hundred pretty young girls in the house, whom an amateur of mere beauty would examine with much greater satisfaction than he would naturally bestow upon a lady whose prime is past; and yet the sight of you interests me, and tickles me, so to speak, and my eyeglass can't remove itself from the contemplation of your honest face.'

What is it that interests me so? What do you suppose interests a man the most in this life? HIMSELF, to be sure. It is at himself he is looking through his opera-glass—himself who is concerned, or he would not be watching you so keenly. And now let me confess why it is that the lady in the upper box excites me so, and why I say, 'That is MRS. TROTTER-WALKER, is it?' with an air of such deep interest.

Well then. In the year eighteen hundred and thirty odd, it happened that I went to pass the winter at Rome, as we will call the city. MAJOR-GENERAL and MRS. TROTTER-WALKER were also there; and until I heard of them there, I had never heard that there were such people in existence as the General and the lady—the lady yonder with the large fan in the upper boxes. MRS. WALKER, as became her station in life, took, I daresay, very comfortable lodgings, gave dinners and parties to her friends, and had a night in the week for receptions.

Much as I have travelled and lived abroad, these evening *réunions* have never greatly fascinated me. Man cannot live upon lemonade, wax candles, and weak tea. Gloves and white neck-cloths cost money, and those plaguy shiny boots are always so tight and hot. Am I made of money, that I can hire a coach to go to one of these *soirées* on a rainy Roman night; or can I come in goloshes, and take them off in the ante-chamber? I am too poor for cabs, and too vain for goloshes. If it had been to see the girl of my heart (I mean at the time when there were girls, and I had a heart), I couldn't have gone in goloshes. Well, not being in love, and not liking weak tea and lemonade, I did not go to evening parties that year at Rome: nor, of later years, at Paris, Vienna, Copenhagen, Islington, or wherever I may have been.

What, then, were my feelings when my dear and valued friend, MRS. COVERLADE (she is a daughter of that venerable peer, the Right Honourable the LORD COMANDINE), who was passing the winter too at Rome, said to me, 'My dear DOCTOR PACIFICO, what have you done to offend MRS. TROTTER-WALKER?'

'I know no person of that name,' I said. 'I knew WALKER of the Post Office, and poor TROTTER who was a captain in our regiment, and died under my hands at the Bahamas. But with the TROTTER-WALKERS I haven't the honour of an acquaintance.'

'Well, it is not likely that you will have that honour,' MRS. COVERLADE said. 'MRS. WALKER said last night that she did not wish to make your acquaintance, and that she did not intend to receive you.'

'I think she might have waited until I asked her, madam,' I said. 'What have I done to her? I have never seen or heard of her: how should I want to get into her house? or attend at her Tuesdays—confound her Tuesdays!' I am sorry to say I said, 'Confound MRS. WALKER'S Tuesdays,' and the conversation took another turn, and it so happened that I was called away from Rome suddenly, and never set eyes upon MRS. WALKER, or indeed thought about her from that day to this.

Strange endurance of human vanity! a million of much more

important conversations have escaped one since then, most likely, —but the memory of this little mortification (for such it is, after all) remains quite fresh in the mind, and unforgotten, though it is a trifle, and more than half a score of years old. We forgive injuries, we survive even our remorse for great wrongs that we ourselves commit; but I doubt if we ever forgive slights of this nature put upon us, or forget circumstances in which our self-love had been made to suffer.

Otherwise, why should the remembrance of MRS. TROTTER-WALKER have remained so lively in this bosom? Why should her appearance have excited such a keen interest in these eyes? Had VENUS or HELEN (the favourite beauty of PARIS) been at the side of MRS. T.-W., I should have looked at the latter more than at the Queen of Love herself. Had MRS. WALKER murdered MRS. PACIFICO, or inflicted some mortal injury upon me, I might forgive her—but for a slight? Never, MRS. TROTTER-WALKER; never, by Nemesis, never!

And now, having allowed my personal wrath to explode, let us calmly moralise for a minute or two upon this little circumstance; for there is no circumstance, however little, that won't afford a text for a sermon. Why was it that MRS. GENERAL TROTTER-WALKER refused to receive DOCTOR S. PACIFICO at her parties? She had noticed me probably somewhere where I had not remarked her; she did not like my aquiline countenance, my manner of taking snuff, my Blucher boots or what not; or she had seen me walking with my friend JACK RAGGETT, the painter, on the Pincio—a fellow with a hat and beard like a bandit, a shabby paletot, and a great pipe between his teeth. I was not genteel enough for her circle—I assume that to be the reason; indeed, MRS. COVERLADE, with a good-natured smile at my coat, which I own was somewhat shabby, gave me to understand as much.

You little know, my worthy kind lady, what a loss you had that season at Rome, in turning up your amiable nose at the present writer. I could have given you appropiate anecdotes (with which my mind is stored) of all the Courts of Europe (besides of Africa, Asia, and St. Domingo), which I have visited. I could have made the General die of laughing after dinner with some of my funny stories, of which I keep a book, without which I never travel. I am content with my dinner: I can carve beautifully, and make jokes upon almost any dish at table. I can talk about wine, cookery, hotels all over the Continent:—anything you will. I have been familiar with Cardinals, Red Republicans, Jesuits, German princes, and Carbonari; and, what is more, I can listen and hold my tongue to admiration. Ah, madam, what

did you lose in refusing to make the acquaintance of SOLOMON PACIFICO, M.D.!

And why? Because my coat was a trifle threadbare; because I dined at the 'Lepre' with RAGGETT and some of those other bandits of painters, and had not the money to hire a coach and horses.

Gentility is the death and destruction of social happiness amongst the middle classes in England. It destroys naturalness (if I may coin such a word) and kindly sympathies. The object of life, as I take it, is to be friendly with everybody. As a rule, and to a philosophical cosmopolite, every man ought to be welcome. I do not mean to your intimacy or affection, but to your society; as there is, if we would or could but discover it, something notable, something worthy of observation, of sympathy, of wonder and amusement, in every fellow-mortal. If I had been MR. PACIFICO, travelling with a *courier* and a carriage, would MRS. WALKER have made any objection to me? I think not. It was the Blucher boots and the worn hat and the homely companion of the individual which were unwelcome to this lady. If I had been the disguised DUKE OF PACIFICO, and not a retired army-surgeon, would she have forgiven herself for slighting me? What stores of novels, what *foison* of plays, are composed upon this theme—the queer old character in the wig and cloak throws off coat and spectacles, and appears suddenly with a star and crown—a HAROUN ALRASCHID, or other Merry Monarch. And straightway we clap our hands and applaud—what?—the star and garter.

But disguised emperors are not common nowadays. You don't turn away monarchs from your door, any more than angels, unawares. Consider, though, how many a good fellow you may shut out and sneer upon! what an immense deal of pleasure, frankness, kindness, good-fellowship, we forego for the sake of our confounded gentility, and respect for outward show! Instead of placing our society upon an honest footing, we make our aim almost avowedly sordid. Love is of necessity banished from your society when you measure all your guests by a money-standard.

I think of all this—a harmless man—seeing a good-natured-looking jolly woman in the boxes yonder, who thought herself once too great a person to associate with the likes of me. If I give myself airs to my neighbour, may I think of this too, and be a little more humble! And you, honest friend, who read this—have you ever pooh-poohed a man as good as you? If you fall into the society of people whom you are pleased to call your inferiors, did you ever sneer? If so, change I into U, and the fable is narrated for your own benefit, by your obedient servant,

SOLOMON PACIFICO.

II.

ON THE PLEASURES OF BEING A FOGY.

WHILST I was riding the other day by the beautiful Serpentine River upon my excellent friend HEAVYSIDE'S grey cob, and in company of the gallant and agreeable AUGUSTUS TOPLADY, a carriage passed from which looked out a face of such remarkable beauty, that AUGUSTUS and myself quickened our pace to follow the vehicle, and to keep for a while those charming features in view. My beloved and unknown young friend who peruses these lines, it was very likely your face which attracted your humble servant; recollect whether you were not in the Park upon the day I allude to, and if you were, whom else could I mean but you? I don't know your name; I have forgotten the arms on the carriage, or whether there were any; and as for women's dresses, who can remember them? but your dear kind countenance was so pretty and good-humoured and pleasant to look at, that it remains to this day faithfully engraven on my heart, and I feel sure that you are as good as you are handsome. Almost all handsome women are good: they cannot choose but be good and gentle with those sweet features and that charming graceful figure. A day in which one sees a *very* pretty woman should always be noted as a holyday with a man, and marked with a white stone. In this way, and at this season in London, to be sure, such a day

comes seven times in the week, and our calendar, like that of the Roman Catholics, is all Saints' days.

TOPLADY, then, on his chestnut horse, with his glass in his eye, and the tips of his shiny boots just touching the stirrup, and your slave, the present writer (who by the way is *rather* better and younger-looking than the designer has made him) rode after your carriage, and looked at you with such notes of admiration expressed in their eyes, that you remember you blushed, you smiled, and then began to talk to that very nice-looking elderly lady in the front seat, who of course was your mamma. You turned out of the ride—it was time to go home and dress for dinner,—you were gone. Good luck go with you, and with all fair things which thus come and pass away!

TOP caused his horse to cut all sorts of absurd capers and caracoles by the side of your carriage. He made it dance upon two legs, then upon other two, then as if he would jump over the railings and crush the admiring nurserymaids and the rest of the infantry. I should think he got his animal from BATTY'S, and that, at a crack of WIDDICOMB'S whip, he could dance a quadrille. He ogled, he smiled, he took off his hat to a Countess's carriage that happened to be passing in the other line, and so showed his hair; he grinned, he kissed his little finger-tips and flung them about as if he would shake them off; whereas the other party on the grey cob—the old gentleman—pounded along at a resolute trot, and never once took his respectful eyes off you while you continued in the ring.

When you were gone (you see by the way in which I linger about you still, that I am unwilling to part with you) TOPLADY turned round upon me with a killing triumphant air, and stroked that impudent little tuft he has on his chin, and said—'I say, old boy, it was the chestnut she was looking at, and not the *gwey*.' And I make no doubt he thinks you are in love with him to this minute.

'You silly young jackanapes,' said I, 'what do I care whether she was looking at the grey or the chestnut? I was thinking about the girl; you were thinking about yourself, and be hanged to your vanity!' And with this thrust in his little chest, I flatter myself I upset young TOPLADY, that triumphant careering rider.

It was natural that he should wish to please; that is, that he should wish other people to admire him. AUGUSTUS TOPLADY is young (still) and lovely. It is not until a late period of life that a genteel young fellow, with a Grecian nose and a suitable waist and whiskers, begins to admire other people besides himself.

That, however, is the great advantage which a man possesses

whose morning of life is over, whose reason is not taken prisoner by any kind of blandishments, and who knows and feels that he is a FOGY. As an old buck is an odious sight, absurd, and ridiculous before gods and men; cruelly, but deservedly, quizzed by you young people, who are not in the least duped by his youthful air or toilette artifices, so an honest, good-natured, straightforward, middle-aged, easily pleased Fogy is a worthy and amiable member of society, and a man who gets both respect and liking.

Even in the lovely sex, who has not remarked how painful is that period of a woman's life when she is passing out of her bloom, and thinking about giving up her position as a beauty? What sad injustice and stratagems she has to perpetrate during the struggle! She hides away her daughters in the schoolroom, she makes them wear cruel pinafores, and dresses herself in the garb which they ought to assume. She is obliged to distort the calendar, and to resort to all sorts of schemes and arts to hide, in her own person, the august and respectable marks of time. Ah! what is this revolt against nature but impotent blasphemy? Is not Autumn beautiful in its appointed season, that we are to be ashamed of her and paint her yellowing leaves pea-green? Let us, I say, take the fall of the year as it was made, serenely and sweetly, and await the time when Winter comes and the nights shut in. I know, for my part, many ladies who are far more agreeable and more beautiful too, now that they are no longer beauties; and, by converse, I have no doubt that TOPLADY, about whom we were speaking just now, will be a far pleasanter person when he has given up the practice, or desire, of killing the other sex, and has sunk into a mellow repose as an old bachelor or a married man.

The great and delightful advantage that a man enjoys in the world, after he has abdicated all pretensions as a conqueror and enslaver of females, and both formally, and of his heart, acknowledges himself to be a Fogy, is that he now comes for the first time to enjoy and appreciate duly the society of women. For a young man about town there is only one woman in the whole city—(at least very few indeed of the young Turks, let us hope, dare to have two or three strings to their wicked bows); he goes to ball after ball in pursuit of that one person; he sees no other eyes but hers; hears no other voice; cares for no other petticoat but that in which his charmer dances; he pursues her—is refused—is accepted and jilted; breaks his heart, mends it of course, and goes on again after some other beloved being, until in the order of fate and nature he marries and settles, or remains unmarried, free, and a Fogy. Until then we know nothing of women—the kindness and refinement and wit of the elders; the artless prattle and dear little chatter of the

young ones; all these are hidden from us until we take the Fogy's degree: nay, even perhaps from married men, whose age and gravity entitle them to rank amongst Fogies; for every woman, who is worth anything, will be jealous of her husband up to seventy or eighty, and always prevent his intercourse with other ladies. But an old bachelor, or better still, an old widower, has this delightful *entrée* into the female world: he is free to come; to go; to listen; to joke; to sympathise; to talk with Mamma about her plans and troubles; to pump from Miss the little secrets that gush so easily from her pure little well of a heart; the ladies do not *gêner* themselves before him, and he is admitted to their mysteries like the Doctor, the Confessor, or the Kislar Aga.

What man who can enjoy this pleasure and privilege ought to be indifferent to it? If the society of one woman is delightful, as the young fellows think, and justly, how much more delightful is the society of a thousand! One woman, for instance, has brown eyes, and a geological or musical turn; another has sweet blue eyes, and takes, let us say, the GORHAM side of the controversy at present pending; a third darling, with long fringed lashes hiding eyes of hazel, lifts them up ceiling-wards in behalf of MISS SELLON, thinks the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE has hit the poor young lady very hard in publishing her letters, and proposes to quit the Church next Tuesday or Wednesday, or whenever MR. ORIEL is ready—and, of course, a man may be in love with one or the other of these. But it is manifest that brown eyes will remain brown eyes to the end, and that, having no other interest but music or geology, her conversation on those points may grow more than sufficient. SAPPHIRA, again, when she has said her say with regard to the GORHAM affair, and proved that the other party are but Romanists in disguise, and who is interested on no other subject, may possibly tire you—so may HAZELIA, who is working altar-cloths all day, and would desire no better martyrdom than to walk barefoot in a night procession up Sloane Street and home by Wilton Place, time enough to get her poor *meurtris* little feet into white satin slippers for the night's ball—I say, if a man can be wrought up to rapture, and enjoy bliss in the company of any one of these young ladies, or any other individuals in the infinite variety of Miss-kind—how much real sympathy, benevolent pleasure, and kindly observation may he enjoy, when he is allowed to be familiar with the whole charming race, and behold the brightness of all their different eyes, and listen to the sweet music of their various voices!

SOLOMON PACIFICO.

III.

ON THE BENEFITS OF BEING A FOGY.

In possession of the right and privilege of garrulity which is accorded to old age, I cannot allow that a single side of paper should contain all that I have to say in respect to the manifold advantages of being a Fogy. I am a Fogy, and have been a young man. I see twenty women in the world constantly to whom I would like to have given a lock of my hair in days when my pate boasted of that ornament; for whom my heart felt tumultuous emotions, before the victorious and beloved Mrs. Pacifico subjugated it. If I had any feelings now, Mrs. P. would order them and me to be quiet: but I have none; I am tranquil—yes, really tranquil (though, as my dear Leonora is sitting opposite to me at this minute, and has an askance glance from her novel to my paper as I write—even if I were not tranquil, I should say that I was; but I am quiet): I have passed the hot stage: and I do not know a pleasanter and calmer feeling of mind than that of a respectable person of the middle age, who can still be heartily and generously fond of all the women about whom he was in a passion and a fever in early life. If you cease liking a woman when you cease loving her, depend on it that one of you is a bad one. You are parted, never mind with what pangs on either side, or by what circumstances of fate, choice, or necessity—you have no money or she has too much, or she likes somebody else better, and so forth; but an honest Fogy should always, unless reason be given to the contrary, think well of the woman whom he has once thought well of, and remember her with kindness and tenderness, as a man remembers a place where he has been very happy.

A proper management of his recollections thus constitutes a very great item in the happiness of a Fogy. I, for my part, would rather remember ——, and ——, and —— (I dare not mention names, for isn't my Leonora pretending to read *The Initials*, and peeping over my shoulder?), than be in love over again. It is because I have suffered prodigiously from that passion that I am interested in

beholding others undergoing the malady. I watch it in ball-rooms (over my cards, where I and the old ones sit) and dinner-parties. Without sentiment, there would be no flavour in life at all. I like to watch young folks who are fond of each other, be it the housemaid furtively engaged smiling and glancing with JOHN through the area railings; be it Miss and the Captain whispering in the embrasure of the drawing-room window—*Amant* is interesting to me because of *Amari*—of course it is MRS. PACIFICO I mean.

All Fogies of good breeding and kind condition of mind, who go about in the world much, should remember to efface themselves—if I may use a French phrase—they should not, that is to say, thrust in their old mugs on all occasions. When the people are marching out to dinner, for instance, and the Captain is sidling up to Miss, Fogy, because he is twenty years older than the Captain, should not push himself forward to arrest that young fellow, and carry off the disappointed girl on his superannuated rheumatic old elbow. When there is anything of this sort going on (and a man of the world has possession of the *carte du pays* with half an eye), I become interested in a picture, or have something particular to say to pretty Polly the parrot, or to little TOMMY, who is not coming in to dinner, and while I am talking to him, Miss and the Captain make their little arrangement. In this way I managed only last week to let young BILLINGTON and the lovely BLANCHE POUTER get together: and walked downstairs with my hat for the only partner of my arm. AUGUSTUS TOPLADY now, because he was a Captain of Dragoons almost before BILLINGTON was born, would have insisted upon his right of precedence over BILLINGTON, who only got his troop the other day.

Precedence! Fiddlestick! Men squabble about precedence because they are doubtful about their condition, as Irishmen will insist upon it that you are determined to insult and trample upon their beautiful country, whether you are thinking about it or no; men young to the world mistrust the bearing of others towards them, because they mistrust themselves. I have seen many sneaks and much cringing, of course, in the world; but the fault of gentlefolks is generally the contrary—an absurd doubt of the intentions of others towards us, and a perpetual assertion of our twopenny dignity, which nobody is thinking of wounding.

As a young man, if the Lord I knew did not happen to notice me, the next time I met him I used to envelop myself in my dignity, and treat his Lordship with such a tremendous *hauteur* and killing coolness of demeanour, that you might have fancied I was an Earl at least, and he a menial upon whom I trampled. Whereas he was a simple, good-natured creature, who had no idea of insulting or slight-

ing me, and, indeed, scarcely any idea about any subject except racing or shooting. Young men have this uneasiness in society, because they are thinking about themselves: Fogies are happy and tranquil because they are taking advantage of, and enjoying without suspicion, the good-nature and good offices of other well-bred people.

Have you not often wished for yourself, or some other dear friend, ten thousand a year? It is natural that you should like such a good thing as ten thousand a year, and all the pleasures and comforts which it brings. So also it is natural that a man should like the society of people well-to-do in the world; who make their houses pleasant, who gather pleasant persons about them, who have fine pictures on their walls, pleasant books in their libraries, pleasant parks and town and country houses, good cooks and good cellars; if I were coming to dine with you, I would rather a good dinner than a bad one; if So-and-so is as good as you and possesses these things, he, in so far, is better than you who do not possess them; therefore I had rather go to his house in Belgravia than to your lodgings in Kentish Town. That is the rationale of living in good company. An absurd, conceited, high-and-mighty young man hangs back, at once insolent and bashful; an honest, simple, quiet, easy, clear-sighted Fogy steps in and takes the goods which the gods provide, without elation as without squeamishness.

It is only a few men who attain simplicity in early life. This man has his conceited self-importance to be cured of; that has his conceited bashfulness to be 'taken out of him,' as the phrase is. You have a disquiet which you try to hide, and you put on a haughty guarded manner. You are suspicious of the good-will of the company round about you, or of the estimation in which they hold you. You sit mum at table. It is not your place to 'put yourself forward.' You are thinking about yourself, that is; you are suspicious about that personage and everybody else; that is, you are not frank; that is, you are not well-bred; that is, you are not agreeable. I would instance my young friend MUMFORD as a painful example—one of the wittiest, cheeriest, cleverest, and most honest of fellows in his own circle; but having the honour to dine the other day at MR. HOBANOB'S, where His Excellency the Crimean Minister and several gentlemen of honour and wit were assembled, MUMFORD did not open his mouth once for the purposes of conversation, but sat and ate his dinner as silently as a brother of La Trappe.

He was thinking with too much distrust of himself (and of others by consequence) as TOPLADY was thinking of himself in the little affair in Hyde Park to which I have alluded in the former chapter. When MUMFORD is an honest Fogy, like some folks he

will neither distrust his host, or his company, or himself; he will make the best of the hour and the people round about him; he will scorn tumbling over head-and-heels for his dinner, but he will take and give his part of the good things, join in the talk and laugh unaffectedly, nay, actually tumble over head-and-heels, perhaps, if he has a talent that way; not from a wish to show off his powers, but from a sheer good-humour and desire to oblige. Whether as guest or as entertainer, your part and business in society is to make people as happy and as easy as you can; the master gives you his best wine and welcome—you give, in your turn, a smiling face, a disposition to be pleased and to please; and my good young friend who read this, don't doubt about yourself; or think about your precious person. When you have got on your best coat and waistcoat and have your dandy shirt and tie arranged—consider these as so many settled things, and go forward and through your business.

That is why people in what is called the great world are commonly better bred than persons less fortunate in their condition: not that they are better in reality, but from circumstances they are never uneasy about their position in the world: therefore they are more honest and simple: therefore they are better bred than GROWLER, who scowls at the great man a defiance and a determination that he will *not* be trampled upon: or poor FAWNER, who goes quivering down on his knees, and licks my Lord's shoes. But I think, in our world—at least, in my experience—there are even more GROWLERS than FAWNERS.

It will be seen, by the above remarks, that a desire to shine or to occupy a marked place in society does not constitute my idea of happiness or become the character of a discreet Fogy. Time, which has dimmed the lustre of his waistcoats, allayed the violence of his feelings, and sobered down his head with grey, should give to the whole of his life a quiet neutral tinge; out of which calm and reposeful condition an honest old Fogy looks on the world, and the struggle there of women and men. I doubt whether this is not better than struggling yourself, for you preserve your interest, and do not lose your temper. Succeeding? What is the great use of succeeding? Failing? Where is the great harm? It seems to you a matter of vast interest at one time of your life whether you shall be a lieutenant or a colonel—whether you shall or shall not be invited to the Duchess's party—whether you shall get the place you and a hundred other competitors are trying for—whether Miss will have you or not: what the deuce does it all matter a few years afterwards? Do you, JONES, mean to intimate a desire that History should occupy herself with your paltry personality? The

Future does not care whether you were a captain or a private soldier. You get a card to the Duchess's party; it is no more or less than a ball or breakfast like other balls or breakfasts. You are half-distracted because Miss won't have you and takes the other fellow, or you get her (as I did MRS. PACIFICO) and find that she is quite a different thing from what you expected. Psha! These things appear as naught—when Time passes—Time the consoler—Time the anodyne—Time the grey calm satirist, whose sad smile seems to say, Look, O man, at the vanity of the objects you pursue, and of yourself who pursue them!

But on the one hand, if there is an alloy in all success, is there not a something wholesome in all disappointment? To endeavour to regard them both benevolently is the task of a philosopher; and he who can do so is a very lucky Fogy.

SOLOMON PACIFICO.

IV.

ON A GOOD-LOOKING YOUNG LADY.

SOME time ago I had the fortune to witness at the house of ERMINIA'S brother a rather pretty and affecting scene: whereupon, as my custom is, I would like to make a few moral remarks. I must premise that I knew ERMINIA'S family long before the young lady was born. VICTORINA her mother, BOA her aunt, CHINCHILLA her grandmother—I have been intimate with every one of these ladies; and at the table of SABILLA, her married sister, with whom ERMINIA lives, have a cover laid for me whenever I choose to ask for it.

Everybody who has once seen ERMINIA remembers her. Fate is beneficent to a man before whose eyes at the parks, or churches, or theatres, or public or private assemblies, it throws ERMINIA. To see her face is a personal kindness for which one ought to be thankful to Fortune, who might have shown you CAPRELLA, with her whiskers, or FELISSA, with her savage eyes, instead of the calm and graceful, the tender and beautiful ERMINIA. When she comes into the room, it is like a beautiful air of MOZART breaking upon you: when she passes through a ballroom, everybody turns and asks who is that Princess, that fairy lady? Even the women, especially those who are the most beautiful themselves, admire

her. By one of these kind freaks of favouritism which Nature takes, she has endowed this young lady with almost every kind of perfection: has given her a charming face, a perfect form, a pure heart, a fine perception and wit, a pretty sense of humour, a laugh and a voice that are as sweet as music to hear, for innocence and tenderness ring in every accent, and a grace of movement which is a curiosity to watch, for in every attitude of motion or repose her form moves or settles into beauty, so that a perpetual grace accompanies her. I have before said that I am an old Fogy. On the day when I leave off admiring, I hope I shall die. To see ERMINIA is not to fall in love with her; there are some women too handsome, as it were, for that: and I would as soon think of making myself miserable because I could not marry the moon, and make the silver-bowed Goddess DIANA MRS. PACIFICO, as I should think of having any personal aspirations towards MISS ERMINIA.

Well then, it happened the other day that this almost peerless creature, on a visit to the country, met that great poet, TIMOTHEUS, whose habitation is not far from the country house of ERMINIA'S friend, and who, upon seeing the young lady, felt for her that admiration which every man of taste experiences upon beholding her, and which, if MRS. TIMOTHEUS had not been an exceedingly sensible person, would have caused a jealousy between her and the great bard her husband. But, charming and beautiful herself, MRS. TIMOTHEUS can even pardon another woman for being so; nay, with perfect good sense, though possibly with a little factitious enthusiasm, she professes to share to its fullest extent the admiration of the illustrious TIMOTHEUS for the young beauty.

After having made himself well acquainted with ERMINIA'S perfections, the famous votary of APOLLO and leader of the tuneful choir did what might be expected from such a poet under such circumstances and began to sing. This is the way in which Nature has provided that poets should express their emotions. When they see a beautiful creature they straightway fall to work with their ten syllables and eight syllables, with duty rhyming to beauty, vernal to eternal, riddle to fiddle, or what you please, and turn out to the best of their ability, and with great pains and neatness on their own part, a copy of verses in praise of the adorable object. I myself may have a doubt about the genuineness of the article produced, or of the passion which vents itself in this way, for how can a man who has to assort carefully his tens and eights, to make his epithets neat and melodious, to hunt here and there for rhymes, and to bite the tip of his pen, or pace the gravel walk in front of his house searching for ideas,—I doubt, I say, how a man who must go through the above process before

turning out a decent set of verses, can be actuated by such strong feelings as you and I, when, in the days of our youth, with no particular preparation, but with our hearts full of manly ardour, and tender and respectful admiration, we went to the SACCHARISSA for the time being, and poured out our souls at her feet. That sort of eloquence comes spontaneously; that poetry doesn't require rhyme-jingling and metre-sorting, but rolls out of you you don't know how—as much, perhaps, to your own surprise as to that of the beloved object whom you address. In my time, I know whenever I began to make verses about a woman, it was when my heart was no longer very violently smitten about her, and the verses were a sort of mental dram and artificial stimulus with which a man worked himself up to represent enthusiasm and perform passion. Well, well; I see what you mean; I *am* jealous of him. TIMOTHEUS's verses were beautiful, that's the fact —confound him!—and I wish I could write as well, or half as well indeed, or do anything to give ERMINIA pleasure. Like an honest man and faithful servant, he went and made the best thing he could, and laid this offering at Beauty's feet. What can a gentleman do more? My dear MRS. PACIFICO here remarks that I never made *her* a copy of verses. Of course not, my love. I am not a verse-making man, nor are you that sort of object—that sort of target, I may say—at which, were I a poet, I would choose to discharge those winged shafts of APOLLO.

When ERMINIA got the verses and read them, she laid them down, and with one of the prettiest and most affecting emotions which I ever saw in my life, she began to cry a little. The verses of course were full of praises of her beauty. 'They all tell me that,' she said; 'nobody cares for anything but that,' cried the gentle and sensitive creature, feeling within that she had a thousand accomplishments, attractions, charms, which her hundred thousand lovers would not see, whilst they were admiring her mere outward figure and headpiece.

I once heard of another lady, '*de par le monde*' as honest DES BOURDEILLES says, who, after looking at her plain face in the glass, said beautifully and pathetically, 'I am sure I should have made a good wife to any man, if he could but have got over my face!' and bewailing her maidenhood in this touching and artless manner, saying that she had a heart full of love, if anybody would accept it, full of faith and devotion, could she but find some man on whom to bestow it; she but echoed the sentiment which I have mentioned above, and which caused in the pride of her beauty the melancholy of the lonely and victorious beauty. 'We are full of love and kindness, ye men!' each says, 'of truth and purity.

We don't care about your good looks. Could we but find the right man, the man who loved us for ourselves, we would endow him with all the treasures of our hearts, and devote our lives to make him happy.' I admire and reverence ERMINIA's tears, and the simple, heart-stricken plaint of the other forsaken lady. She is JEPHTHAH's daughter condemned by no fault of her own, but doomed by Fate to disappear from among women. The other is a Queen in her splendour to whom all the Lords and Princes bow down and pay worship. 'Ah!' says she, 'it is to the Queen you are kneeling, all of you. I am a woman under this crown and this ermine. I want to be loved, and not to be worshipped: and to be allowed to love is given to everybody but me.'

How much finer a woman's nature is than a man's (by an Ordinance of Nature for the purpose no doubt devised), how much purer and less sensual than ours, is in that fact so consoling to misshapen men, to ugly men, to little men, to giants, to old men, to poor men, to men scarred with the smallpox, or ever so ungainly or unfortunate—that their ill-looks or mishaps don't influence women regarding them, and that the awkwardest fellow has a chance for a prize. Whereas, when we, brutes that we are, enter a room, we sidle up naturally towards the prettiest woman; it is the pretty face and figure which attracts us; it is not virtue, or merit, or mental charms, be they ever so great. When one reads the fairy tale of Beauty and the Beast, no one is at all surprised at Beauty's being moved by Beast's gallantry, and devotion, and true-heartedness, and rewarding him with her own love at last. There was hardly any need to make him a lovely young Prince in a gold dress under his horns and bear-skin. Beast as he was, but good beast, loyal beast, brave, affectionate, upright, generous, enduring Beast, she would have loved his ugly mug without any attraction at all. It is her nature to do so, God bless her. It was a man made the story, one of those twopenny-halfpenny men-milliner moralists, who think that to have a handsome person and a title are the greatest gifts of fortune, and that a man is not complete unless he is a lord and has glazed boots. Or it may have been that the transformation alluded to did not actually take place, but was only spiritual, and in Beauty's mind, and that, seeing before her loyalty, bravery, truth and devotion, they became in her eyes lovely, and that she hugged her Beast with a perfect contentment to the end.

When ugly WILKES said that he was only a quarter of an hour behind the handsomest man in England, meaning that the charms of his conversation would make him in that time at a lady's side as agreeable and fascinating as a *beau*, what a compliment he paid

the whole sex! How true it is (not of course applicable to you, my dear reader and lucky dog who possess both wit and the most eminent personal attractions, but of the world in general). We look for Beauty: women for Love.

So, fair ERMINIA, dry your beautiful eyes and submit to your lot, and to that adulation which all men pay you; in the midst of which court of yours the sovereign must perforce be lonely. That solitude is a condition of your life, my dear young lady, which many would like to accept, nor will your dominion last much longer than my LORD FARNCOMBE'S, let us say, at the Mansion House, whom Time and the inevitable November will depose. Another potentate will ascend his throne; the toast-master will proclaim another name than his, and the cup will be pledged to another health. As with XERXES and all his courtiers and army at the end of a few years, as with the flowers of the field, as with LORD FARNCOMBE, so with ERMINIA: were I TIMOTHEUS of the tuneful quire, I might follow out this simile between Lord Mayors and Beauties, and with smooth rhymes and quaint antithesis make a verse-offering to my fair young lady. But, madam, your faithful PACIFICO is not a poet, only a proser: and it is in truth, and not in numbers, that he admires you.

SOLOMON PACIFICO.

V.

ON AN INTERESTING FRENCH EXILE.

As he walks the streets of London in this present season, everybody must have remarked the constant appearance, in all thoroughfares and public places, of very many well-dressed foreigners. With comely beards, variegated neckcloths, and varnished little boots, with guide-books in their hands, or a shabby guide or conductor accompanying a smart little squad of half-a-dozen of them, these honest Continentals march through the city and its environs, examine NELSON on his indescribable pillar, the DUKE OF YORK impaled between the Athenæum and the United Service Clubs—*les docks, le tunnel (monument du génie Français)*, Greenwich *avec son parc et ses whites-bates, monuments de la Cité, les Squarrs du West End, etc.* The sight of these peaceful invaders is a very pleasant one. One would like to hear their comments upon our city and institutions, and to be judged by that living posterity; and I have often thought that an ingenious young Englishman, such as there are many now among us, possessing the two languages perfectly, would do very well to let his beard grow, and to travel to Paris, for the purpose of returning thence with a company of excursionists, who arrive to pass '*une semaine à Londres*,' and of chronicling the doings and opinions of the party. His Excellency the Nepaulese Ambassador, and LIEUTENANT FUTTY JUNG, know almost as much about our country as many of those other foreigners who live but at four hours' distance from us; and who are transported to England and back again at the cost of a couple of hundred francs. They are conducted to our theatres, courts of justice, houses of parliament, churches; not understanding, for the most part, one syllable of what they hear: their eager imaginations fancy an oration or a dialogue, which supplies the words delivered by the English speakers, and replace them by figures and sentiments of their own *façon*, and they believe, no doubt, that their reports are pretty accurate, and that they have actually heard and understood something.

To see the faces of these good folks of a Sunday—their dreary bewilderment and puzzled demeanour as they walk the blank streets (if they have not the means of flight to Richemont or Amstedd, or some other pretty environs of the town where *gazon* is plentiful and ale cheap), is always a most queer and comic sight. Has not one seen that peculiar puzzled look in certain little amusing manikins at the Zoological Gardens, and elsewhere, when presented with a nut which they can't crack, or examining a looking-glass of which they can't understand the mystery—that look so delightfully piteous and ludicrous? I do not mean to say that all Frenchmen are like the active and ingenious animals alluded to, and make a simious comparison odious to a mighty nation; this, in the present delicate condition of the diplomatic relations between the two countries, and while LORD STANLEY'S questions are pending respecting papers which have reference to the affairs of a celebrated namesake of mine, would be a dangerous and unkind simile; but that, as our proverbial dullness and ferocity often shows itself in the resemblance between the countenances of our people and our *boules-dogues*, so the figure and motions of the Frenchmen bear an occasional likeness to the lively ring-tail, or the brisk and interesting marmoset. They can't crack many of our nuts; an impenetrable shell guards them from our friends' teeth. I saw last year, at Paris, a little play called '*Une Semaine à Londres*,' intending to ridicule the amusements of the excursionists, and, no doubt, to satirise the manners of the English. Very likely the author had come to see London—so had M. GAUTIER—so had M. VALENTINO, the first of whom saw 'vases chiselled by BENVENUTO' in the pot from which MRS. JONES at Clapham poured out the poet's tea; the second, from a conversation in English, of which he didn't understand a syllable, with a young man in MESSRS. HUNT and ROSKELL'S shop, found out that the shopman was a Red Republican, and that he and most of his fellows were groaning under the tyranny of the aristocracy. Very likely, we say, the author of '*Une Semaine à Londres*' had travelled hither. There is no knowing what he did not see; he saw the barge of the Queen pulling to Greenwich, whither Her Majesty was going to *manger un excellent sandwich*; he saw the *bateaux* of the *blanchisseuses* on the river; and with these and a hundred similar traits, he strove to paint our manners for the behalf of his countrymen.

I was led into the above and indeed the ensuing reflections, upon reading an article in *The Times* Newspaper last week, on citizen LEDRU ROLLIN'S work on the decadence of this unhappy country, and on a subsequent reference to the work itself. That

great citizen protests that he has cracked the British nut, and, having broken his grinders at it, pronounces the kernel utterly poisonous, bitter, and rotten. No man, since the days of PITTET-COBOURG, has probably cursed us with a more hearty ill-will, not O'CONNELL himself (whom the ex-tribune heartily curses and abuses too) abused us more in his best days. An enthusiastic malevolence, a happy instinct for blundering, an eye that naturally distorts the objects which its bloodshot glances rest upon, and a fine natural ignorance, distinguish the prophet who came among us when his own country was too hot to hold him, and who bellows out to us his predictions of hatred and ruin. England is an assassin and corrupter (roars our friend); it has nailed Ireland to the cross (this is a favourite image of the orator; he said, two years ago in Paris, that *he* was nailed to the cross for the purpose of saving the nation!); that, while in France the press is an apostleship, in England it is a business; that the Church is a vast aristocratic corruption, the Prelate of Canterbury having three million francs of revenue, and the Bishop of Hawkins having died worth six millions two hundred and fifty thousand; that the commercial aristocracy is an accursed power, making '*Rule Britannia*' resound in distant seas, from the height of its victorious masts; and so forth. I am not going to enter into an argument or quarrel with the accuracy of details so curious—my purpose in writing is that of friendly negotiator and interposer of good offices, and my object eminently pacific.

But though the man paints an odious picture, and writes beneath it, as the boys do, 'This is England,' that is no reason that the portrait should be like. MR. SPEC, for instance, who tried to draw ERMINIA as a figure-head for *The Proser* of last week, made a face which was no more like hers than it was like mine; and how should he, being himself but a wretched performer, and having only once seen the young lady at an Exhibition, where I pointed her out? As with SPEC and ERMINIA, so with LEDRU and BRITANNIA. I doubt whether the Frenchman has ever seen at all the dear old country of ours, which he reviles, and curses, and abuses.

How is LEDRU to see England? We may wager that he does not know a word of the language, any more than nine hundred and ninety-nine of a thousand Frenchmen. What do they want with Jordan when they have Abanah and Pharphar, rivers of Damascus, which they consider to be the finest and most cleansing waters of the world? In the reader's acquaintance with Frenchmen, how many does he know who can speak our language decently? I have, for my part, and for example, seen many of

the refugees whom the troubles of '48 sent over among us, and not met one who, in the couple of years' residence, has taken the trouble to learn our language tolerably—who can understand it accurately when spoken, much more express himself in it with any fluency. And without any knowledge of MR. ROLLIN, who blunders in every page of his book, who does not make the least allusion to our literature, one may pretty surely argue that this interesting exile does not know our language, and could not construe, without enormous errors, any half-dozen sentences in *The Times*. When MACAULAY was busy with his great chapters on KING WILLIAM, he thoroughly learned Dutch, in order to understand, and have at first-hand the despatches of the PRINCE OF ORANGE. Have you heard of many Frenchmen swallowing a language or two before they thought of producing a history? Can THIERS read a page of NAPIER? No more than LEDRU can, or communicate in our native language with any Englishman, of any party, from LORD JOHN MANNERS to MR. JULIAN HARNEY.

How many houses has LEDRU visited of the ruffian aristocrats who are plundering the people, of the priests who are cheating them, of the middle classes who are leagued with the aristocracy, or of the people themselves? Is he intimate with any three English families? with any single nobleman, with any one parson, tradesman, or working man? He quotes a great mass of evidence against England from *The Morning Chronicle*: did he translate from the *Chronicle* himself, or get a secretary? Can he translate? If he will, without the aid of a dictionary, sit down in our office, and translate this paper fairly into French, he shall have the last volume of *Punch*, gilt, and presented to him gratis.

The chances are that this exile never sees our society at all; that he gets his dinners at a French *table d'hôte*, where other unfortunates of his nation meet and eat, and grumble; that he goes to a French *café*, or coffee-shop used by Frenchmen, to read the French newspapers; that he buys his cigars at a French house; that he takes his walk between the Quadrant and Leicester Square; and that he takes his amusement at the French play, or at a hotel in Leicester Place, where there is a billiard and a smoking-room, and where the whiskered Red men can meet and curse *l'infâme Angleterre*.

MARIUS sitting in the ruins of Carthage, and scowling on his pursuers, is a grand figure enough; but a French tribune looking upon *our* Carthage—standing alone we may fancy against the desolate statue yonder in Leicester Square—is the most dismal, absurd, ludicrous image imaginable.

'Thou hireling soldier' (says he, folding his arms against the statue, and knitting his brows with an awful air), 'thou shuddering Cimbrian slave, tell thy master that thou hast seen CAIUS MARIUS, banished and a fugitive, seated on the ruins of,' etc. The minion of despots whom he addresses does not care in the least about his scowls, or his folded arms, or his speech; not he—Policeman X points with his staff, thinks within himself that it's only a Frenchman, and tells him to move on.

To an exile of this sort what a daily humiliation London must be! How small he appears amongst the two millions! Who the deuce cares for him? The Government does not even pay him the compliment of the slightest persecution, or set so much as a spy or a policemen as a guard of honour at his door. Every man he meets of the two millions has his own business to mind. Yonder man can't attend to MARIUS: he is CHOWLER, and has got to 'chaw up' PEEL. The next can't listen: he is COBDEN, who is so pressed that he cannot even receive CAPTAIN AARON SMITH, who has something particular to say to him. A third is engaged; it is LORD ASHLEY, who has the bettering of the working classes at heart, and the model houses to visit. A fourth gives MARIUS a little sympathy, but must pass on: it is MR. G. W. M. REYNOLDS, author of *The Mysteries of London* and *The People's Instructor*, who is going to beard LORD JOHN at the meeting and ask his Lordship what his Lordship is going to do for the millions? One and all they have their own affairs to mind. Who cares about MARIUS? Get along, MARIUS, and play a pool at billiards, and smoke a cigar, and curse England to the other braves. Move on, MARIUS, and don't block up the way.

SOLOMON PACIFICO.

VI.

ON AN AMERICAN TRAVELLER.

As you sit in the great drawing-room at the Megatherium or any other club, I daresay you will remark that as each man passes the great mirror in the middle room, be he ever so handsome or homely, so well or ill-dressed, so hurried or busy, he nevertheless has time for a good survey of himself in the glass, and a deliberate examination of his clothes and person. He is anxious to know what the glass thinks of him. We are anxious to know what all reflective persons think of us. Hence our constant pleasure in reading books of travel by foreigners: by HAJJI BABAS and Persian Princes; by LEDRU ROLLINS or German philosophers; by Americans who come to England; and the like. If the black gentleman in St. Paul's Churchyard, who was called away from his broom the other day, and lifted up into the Nepaulese General's carriage in the quality of interpreter, writes his account of London life, its crossings and sweepings, I have no doubt we shall all read it; and as for the Americans, I think a smart publisher might bring over a traveller from the States every season, at least, so constant is our curiosity regarding ourselves, so pleased are we to hear ourselves spoken of, of such an unfailing interest are We to Us.

Thus, after reading LEDRU ROLLINS' book the other day, and taking the dismal view supplied of ourselves by that cracked, and warped, and dingy old Estaminet looking-glass, I, for one, was glad to survey my person in such a bright and elegant New York mirror as that of MR. PARKER WILLIS: and seized eagerly, at a Railway Station, upon a new volume by that gentleman, bearing the fascinating title of *People I have Met*. PARKER WILLIS is no other than that famous and clever N. P. WILLIS of former days, whose reminiscences have delighted so many of us, and in whose company one is always sure to find amusement of some sort or the other. Sometimes it is amusement at the writer's wit and smartness, his brilliant descriptions, and wondrous flow and rattle of spirits; sometimes it

is wicked amusement, and, it must be confessed, at WILLIS's own expense—amusement at the immensity of N. P.'s blunders, amusement at the prodigiousness of his self-esteem; amusement always, with him or at him; with or at WILLIS the poet, WILLIS the man, WILLIS the dandy, WILLIS the lover—now the Broadway CRICHTON, once the ruler of fashion, and heart-enslaver of Bond Street, and the Boulevard, and the Corso, and the Chiaja, and the Constantinople Bazaar. It is well for the general peace of families that the world does not produce many such men; there would be no keeping our wives and daughters in their senses were such fascinators to make frequent apparitions amongst us; but it is comfortable that there should have been a WILLIS; and (since the appearance of the Proser) a literary man myself, and anxious for the honour of that profession, I am proud to think that a man of our calling should have come, should have seen, should have conquered, as WILLIS has done.

'There is more or less of truth,' he nobly says, 'in every one of the stories' which he narrates here in *People I have Met*,—more or less, to be sure there is,—and it is on account of this more or less of truth that I for my part love and applaud this hero and poet so; and recommend every man who reads *Punch* to lay out a shilling and read WILLIS. We live in our country and don't know it: WILLIS walks into it and dominates it at once. To know a Duchess, for instance, is given to very few of us. He sees things that are not given to us to see. We see the Duchess pass by in her carriage, and gaze with much reverence on the strawberry leaves on the panels and her Grace within: whereas the odds are that that lovely Duchess has had at one time or the other a desperate flirtation with WILLIS the Conqueror: perhaps she is thinking of him at this very minute as her jewelled hand presses her perfumed cambric handkerchief to her fair and coroneted brow, and she languidly stops to purchase a ruby bracelet at GUNTER's, or to sip an ice at HOWELL and JAMES's. He must have whole mattresses stuffed with the blonde, or raven, or auburn memories of England's fairest daughters.

When the female English aristocracy read this title of *People I have Met*, I can fancy the whole female peerage of WILLIS's time in a shudder: and the melancholy Marchioness, and the abandoned Countess, and the heart-stricken Baroness, trembling as each gets the volume, and asking of her guilty conscience, 'Gracious goodness! is the monster going to show up *me?*'

'The greater number of his stories,' WILLIS says, 'embody such passages in the personal history of the eminent men and women of Europe as the author came to the knowledge of, by conversance with

the circles in which they moved'—and this is the point, rather than their own liveliness, elegance of style, and intrinsic merit, which makes them so valuable to English readers. We can't hope for the facilities accorded to him. As at Paris, by merely exhibiting his passport, a foreigner will walk straight into an exhibition, which is only visible to a native on certain days in the year; so with English aristocratic society, to be admitted into that Elysium you had best be a stranger. Indeed, how should it be otherwise? A lady of fashion, however benevolently disposed, can't ask everybody to her house in Grosvenor Square or Carlton Gardens. Say there are five hundred thousand people in London (a moderate calculation) who have heard of LADY P.'s Saturday evening parties and would like to attend them: where could her Ladyship put the thousandth part of them? We on the outside must be content to hear at second hand of the pleasures which the initiated enjoy.

With strangers it is different, and they claim and get admittance as strangers. Here, for instance, is an account of one BROWN, an American (though, under that modest mask of BROWN, I can't help fancying that I see the features of an N. P. W. himself): BROWN arrived in London with a budget of introductions like the postman's bag on Valentine's Day; he 'began with a most noble Duke' (the sly rogue), and, of course, was quickly 'on the dinner-list of most of the patricians of May Fair.'

'As I was calling myself to account, the other day, over my breakfast,' says BROWN, filling his glass, and pushing the bottle, 'it occurred to me that my round of engagements required some little variation. There's a *toujours perdrix*, even among lords and ladies, particularly when you belong as much to their sphere, and are as likely to become a part of it, as the fly revolving in aristocratic dust on the wheel of my Lord's carriage. I thought, perhaps, I had better see some other sort of people.

'I had, under a *presse-papier* on the table, about a hundred letters of introduction—the condemned remainder, after the selection, by advice, of four or five only. I determined to cut this heap like a pack of cards and follow up the trump.

'"JOHN MIMPSON, Esq., *House of* MIMPSON *and* PHIPPS, *Mark Lane, London.*"

'The gods had devoted me to the acquaintance of MR. (and probably MRS.) JOHN MIMPSON.'

After a 'dialogue of accost,' BROWN produced his introductory letter to MIMPSON, whom he finely describes as having that *highly-washed look* peculiar to London City men;' and MIMPSON asked BROWN to lunch and sleep at his villa at Hampstead the next day,

whither the American accordingly went in a 'poshay' with 'a pair of NEWMAN'S posters.' BROWN might, as he owns, have performed this journey in an omnibus for sixpence, whereas the chaise would cost four dollars at least, but the stranger preferred the more costly and obsolete contrivance.

'MRS. MIMPSON was in the garden. The dashing footman who gave me the information led me through a superb drawing-room, and out at a glass door upon the lawn, and left me to make my own way to the lady's presence.

'It was a delicious spot, and I should have been very glad to ramble about by myself till dinner; but, at a turn in the grand walk, I came suddenly upon two ladies.

'I made my bow, and begged leave to introduce myself as "MR. BROWN."

'With a very slight inclination of the head, and no smile whatever, one of the ladies asked me if I had walked from town, and begged her companion (without introducing me to her) to show me to lunch. The spokester was a stout and tall woman, who had rather an aristocratic nose, and was not handsome; but, to give her her due, she had made a narrow escape of it. She was dressed very showily, and evidently had great pretensions; but that she was not at all glad to see MR. BROWN was as apparent as was at all necessary.

'As the other and younger lady who was to accompany me, however, was very pretty, though dressed very plainly, and had, withal, a look in her eye which assured me she was amused with my unwelcome apparition, I determined, as I should not otherwise have done, to stay it out, and accepted her convoy with submissive civility—very much inclined, however, to be impudent to somebody, somehow.

'The lunch was on a tray in a side room, and I rang the bell and ordered a bottle of champagne. The servant looked surprised, but brought it, and meantime I was getting through the weather, and the other commonplaces, and the lady, saying little, was watching me very calmly. I liked her looks, however, and was sure she was not a MIMPSON.

'"Hand this to MISS ARMSTRONG," said I to the footman, pouring out a glass of champagne.

'"MISS BELLAMY, you mean, sir."

'I rose and bowed, and, with as grave a courtesy as I could command, expressed my pleasure at my first introduction to MISS BELLAMY—through THOMAS, the footman! MISS BELLAMY burst into a laugh, and was pleased to compliment my American manners,

and in ten minutes we were a very merry pair of friends, and she accepted my arm for a stroll through the grounds, carefully avoiding the frigid neighbourhood of MRS. MIMPSON.'

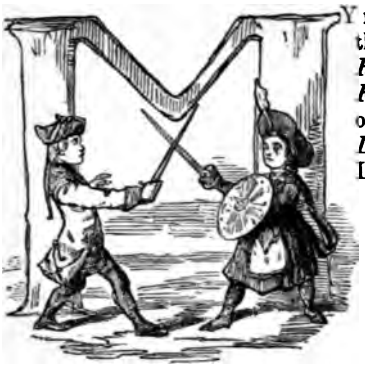
There's a rascal for you! He enters a house, is received coolly by the mistress (and if MRS. MIMPSON had to receive every BROWN in London—ye gods! what was she to do?), walks into chicken fixings in a side room, and, not content with MIMPSON'S sherry, calls for a bottle of champagne—not for a glass of champagne, but for a bottle; he catches hold of it and pours out for himself, the rogue, and for MISS BELLAMY, to whom THOMAS introduces him. And this upon an introduction of five years' date, from one mercantile man to another; upon an introduction, one of a thousand which lucky BROWN possesses, and on the strength of which BROWN sneers at MIMPSON, sneers at MRS. M., sneers at M.'s sherry, makes a footman introduce him to a lady, and consumes a bottle of champagne! Come, BROWN! you are a stranger, and on the dinner-list of most of the patricians of May Fair; but isn't this *un peu fort*, my boy? If MRS. MIMPSON, who is described as a haughty lady, fourth cousin of a Scotch Earl, and marrying M. for his money merely, had suspicions regarding the conduct of her husband's friends, don't you see that this sort of behaviour on your part, my dear BROWN, was not likely to do away with MRS. M.'s little prejudices? I should not like a stranger to enter my house, pooh-pooh my Marsala, order my servant about, and desire an introduction to my daughter through him; and deferentially think, BROWN, that you had no right to be impudent somehow to somebody, as in this instance you certainly were.

The upshot of the story is, that MRS. M. was dying to take her daughter to Almack's, for which place of entertainment BROWN, through one of the patronesses, LADY X., 'the best friend he has,' could get as many tickets as he wished; and that, to punish MRS. MIMPSON for her rudeness, and reward MISS BELLAMY for her kindness, BROWN got tickets for MISS BELLAMY and *her* mamma, but would get never a ticket for MISS MIMPSON and hers—a wonderful story, truly, and with a wonderful moral.

SOLOMON PACIFICO.

VII.

ON THE PRESS AND THE PUBLIC.



MY rising young friend HITCHINGS, the author of *Randolph the Robber*, *The Murderers of May Fair*, and other romances, and one of the chief writers in *The Lictor* newspaper — a highly Liberal, nay, seven leagued-boots progressional journal, was discoursing with the writer of the present lines upon the queer decision to which the French Assembly has come, and which enforces a signature henceforth to all the leading articles in the French papers. As an act of government, HITCHINGS said he thought the measure most absurd and tyrannous, but he was not sorry for it, as it would infallibly increase the importance of the profession of letters, to which we both belonged. The man of letters will no longer be the anonymous slave of the newspaper-press proprietor, HITCHINGS said; the man of letters will no longer be used and flung aside in his old days; he will be rewarded according to his merits, and have the chance of making himself a name. And then HITCHINGS spoke with great fervour regarding the depressed condition of literary men, and said the time was coming when their merits would get them their own. On this latter subject, which is a favourite one with many gentlemen of our profession, I, for one, am confessedly incredulous. I am resolved not to consider myself a martyr. I never knew a man who had written a good book (unless, indeed, it were a Barrister with Attorneys) hurt his position in society by having done so. On the contrary, a clever writer, with decent manners and conduct, makes more friends than any other man. And I do not believe (parentheti-

cally) that it will make much difference to my friend HITCHINGS whether his name is affixed to one, twenty, or two thousand articles of his composition. But what would happen in England if such a regulation as that just passed in France were to become law; and the House of Commons omnipotent, which can shut up our parks for us, which can shut up our Post-Office for us, which can do anything it will, should take a fancy to have the signature of every writer of a newspaper article?

Have they got any secret ledger at *The Times* in which the names of the writers of all the articles in that journal are written down? That would be a curious book to see. Articles in that paper have been attributed to every great man of the day: at one time it was said BROUGHAM wrote regularly, at another CANNING was a known contributor, at some other time it was SIR ROBERT PEEL, LORD ABERDEEN. It would be curious to see the real names. The Chancellor's or the Foreign Secretary's articles would most likely turn out to be written by JONES or SMITH. I mean no disrespect to the latter, but the contrary—to be a writer for a newspaper requires more knowledge, genius, readiness, scholarship, than you want in St. Stephen's. Compare a good leading article and a speech in the House of Commons: compare a House of Commons orator with a writer—psha!

Would JONES or SMITH, however, much profit by the publication of their names to their articles? That is doubtful. When the *Chronicle* or *The Times* speaks now, it is 'we' who are speaking, we the Liberal Conservatives, we the Conservative Sceptics: when JONES signs the article, it is we no more, but JONES. It goes to the public with no authority. The public does not care very much what JONES's opinions are. They don't purchase the JONES organ any more—the paper droops; and, in fact, I can conceive nothing more wearisome than to see the names of SMITH, BROWN, JONES, ROBINSON, and so forth, written in capitals every day, day after day, under the various articles of the paper. The public would begin to cry out at the poverty of the literary *dramatis personæ*. We have had BROWN twelve times this month, it would say. That ROBINSON's name is always coming up—as soon as there is a finance question, or a foreign question, or what not, it is SMITH who signs the article. Give us somebody else.

Thus BROWN and ROBINSON would get a doubtful and precarious bread instead of the comfortable and regular engagement which they now have. The paper would not be what it is. It would be impossible to employ men on trial, and see what their talents were worth. Occasion is half a public writer's battle. To sit down in his study and compose an article that *might* be suitable, is a hard

work for him: twice as hard as the real work; and yet not the real work; which is to fight the battle at two hours' notice, at the given place and time. The debate is over at twelve o'clock at night, let us say. Mr. Editor looks round and fixes on his man.

'Now's your time, CAPTAIN SMITH,' says he, 'charge the enemy, and rout them,'—or 'Advance, COLONEL JONES, with your column and charge.'

Now there may be men who are JONES's or ROBINSON's superiors n intellect, and who—give them a week or ten days to prepare—would turn out such an article as neither of the two men named could ever have produced—that is very likely. I have often, for my part, said the most brilliant thing in the world, and one that would utterly upset that impudent JENKINS, whose confounded jokes and puns spare nobody—but then it has been three hours after JENKINS's pun, when I was walking home very likely—and so it is with writers; some of them possess the amazing gift of the impromptu, and can always be counted upon in a moment of necessity—whilst others, slower coaches or leaders, require to get all their heavy guns into position, and laboriously to fortify their camp, before they begin to fire.

Now, saying that ROBINSON is the fellow chiefly to be entrusted with the quick work of the paper, it would be a most unkind and unfair piece of tyranny on the newspaper proprietor to force him to publish ROBINSON's name as the author of all the articles *d'occasion*. You have no more right to call for this publicity from the newspaper owner, who sells you three yards of his printed fabric, than to demand from the linen-draper, from what wholesale house he got his calico—who spun it, who owned the cotton, and who cropped it in America. It is the article, and not the name and pedigree of the artificer, which a newspaper or any other dealer has a right to sell to the public. If I get a letter (which Heaven forbid!) from MR. TAPES my attorney, I know it is not TAPES's own handwriting; I know it is a clerk writes it—so, a newspaper is a composite work got up by many hireling hands, of whom it is necessary to know no other name than the printer's or proprietor's.

It is not to be denied that men of signal ability will write for years in papers and perish unknown—and in so far their lot is a hard one: and the chances of life are against them. It is hard upon a man, with whose work the whole town is ringing, that not a soul should know or care who is the author who so delights the public.

But, on the other hand, if your article is excellent, would you have had any great renown from it, supposing the paper had not published it? Would you have had a chance at all but for that

paper? Suppose you had brought out that article on a broad-sheet, who would have bought it? Did you ever hear of an unknown man making a fortune by a pamphlet?

Again, it may so happen to a literary man that the stipend which he receives from one publication is not sufficient to boil his family pot, and that he must write in some other quarter. If BROWN writes articles in the daily papers, and articles in the weekl and monthly periodicals too, and signs the same, he surely weaker his force by extending his line. It would be better for him to writ incognito, than to placard his name in so many quarters—as actoı understand, who do not perform in too many pieces on the sam night; and painters, who know that it is not worth their while to exhibit more than a certain number of pictures.

Besides, if to some men the want of publicity is an evil: to many others the privacy is most welcome. Many a young barrister is a public writer, for instance, to whose future prospects his fame as a literary man would give no possible aid, and whose intention it is to put away the pen, when the attorneys begin to find out his juridical merits. To such a man it would only be a misfortune to be known as a writer of leading articles. *His* battle for fame and fortune is to be made with other weapons than the pen. Then again, a man without ambition—and there are very many such sensible persons, or whose ambition does not go beyond his *pot de feu*, is happy to have the opportunity of quietly and honourably adding to his income: of occupying himself: of improving himself: of paying for TOM at College, or for Mamma's carriage—and what not. Take away this modest mask—force every man upon the public stage to appear with his name placarded—and we lose some of the best books, some of the best articles, some of the pleasantest wit that we have ever had.

On the whole, then, in this controversy I am against HITCHINGS; and although he insists upon it that he is a persecuted being, I do not believe it; and although he declares that I ought to consider myself trampled on by the world, I decline to admit that I am persecuted, and protest that it treats me and my brethren kindly in the main.

SOLOMON PACIFICO.

[redacted]

PAPERS BY THE FAT CONTRIBUTOR.

[redacted]

MEDITATIONS ON SOLITUDE.[1]

By Our Stout Commissioner.

OUR drawing-room at the Regent is a desert. You can't get a rubber of whist in the evening, for the card-players are all gone. Puffins is the only man left in the smoking-room, and he is such a bore, that solitude is pleasant compared to his frightful conversation. All the house-carpets are up, and the place infested with abominable scourers, gilders, and white-washers. The house-steward is out of town: the French cook has got leave of absence, and I believe the hall porter is gone to the Moors. It is September in a word, and I am alone and deserted.

All the familiar places where you get dinner during the season are shut up. They are painting Hobanob's house. Carver's shutters are closed in Portland Place, and the parlour-blinds are pinned up with newspapers. I wonder whether the Bogles like frying at Naples as well as their cool pleasant house in Hyde Park Terrace? What capital, 34 Claret that was of Bogle's; that last batch from Carbonel's, I mean. Dear Emily Bogle! I thought there was a tear in her eye as I led her down to the carriage at Lady Kicksey's, and said farewell. I wish to Heaven Bogle would come back. Not so much about Emily; but his cook makes the best white-soup in England.

Why the deuce did not Sir John Kicksey ask me down to Kicksey Acres. I gave him hints enough. I told him I could not go abroad this autumn—that I thought of going to shoot in his neighbourhood at old Hawcock's. I told the old brute as much three times, and he always turned the conversation. Does he fancy there is anything serious between me and Eliza? Psha!

[1] [September 13, 1845.]

I can't marry twelve thousand pound. The girl *was* rather sweet on me, I confess. But her mother is bent upon marrying her to a title; and the way in which she is manœuvring poor little TUFTO makes all London laugh.

Out of the six red-jacketed villains who used to hold your horse opposite the palace in St. James's Street (the claret at the guards' mess has been remarkably good this year, and I warrant you there's no stint), only two are left. I asked where the head of the gang was—the squinting one? He is gone abroad, upon my conscience! To Baden-Baden, or the Pyrenees, no doubt.

The number of men growing moustachios during the last two weeks of August was quite facetious. Snuffy upper lips met you everywhere. I met SWINNEY, the artist—snuffy upper lip, his hair is of a light hue, and the incipient whisker looked like a smear of Welsh High-dried. He was going up the Rhine, he told me, and blushed as I sneeringly pointed to the ornament beginning to decorate his jolly face I met QUACKLE, the barrister —snuffy upper lip. He has made nine or ten thousand in the committees this year, and is off for three weeks' pleasuring. I warrant *he* didn't blush when I alluded to the black stubble sprouting under his beak of a nose. QUACKLE blush, indeed! I went into BULTER and VOGEL'S, my tailors, in Clifford Street—snuffy upper lip again; not BULTER'S, who is a family man, and has his villa at Roehampton; but VOGEL'S moustache bids fair to be as long as that of TIMOUR THE TARTAR. He has a right to the whiskers, however, being a tailor, and a Count of the empire.

But the best of the moustachios that I have heard of is that of old WAPSHOT, our tutor at Oxford, who was detected in Belgium, whiskered, in a green-frogged coat, and calling himself COLONEL WALDEMAR.

If our people are invading the Continent in great force, on the other hand, the influx of Frenchmen hitherwards is prodigious. I never saw so many of the little smug, self-satisfied, high-heeled, narrow-ribbed, be-stayed, be-whiskered, be-curling-ironed, under-sized generation. They are jabbering about every corner of Leicester Square and Regent Street; and you see the little rickety creatures peering in at the empty club-house doors, or chaffering with cabmen for their fares.

I saw two of them standing on Richmond Hill the other day, and *patronizing* it. *C'est joli*, says one; *c'est pas mal*, says the other; as if, now they had given their opinion, the view might pass muster. And then one of the little dwarfs curled his waxed moustache, and leered at MRS. BLOBBY'S handsome nursery-maid, who was passing with about eleven of B.'s youngest children.

It can't be helped. Do what you will, you *can't* respect Frenchmen. It's well of us to talk of equality and amity. But we can't keep up the farce of equality with them at all. And my opinion is, that the reason why they hate us, and will hate us, and ought to hate us for ever, is the consciousness of this truth on one side or the other. It is not only in history and in battles, but we are domineering over them in every *table d'hôte* in Europe at this moment. We go into their own houses, and bully them there. We can't be brought to believe that a Frenchman is equal to an Englishman. Is there any man in England who thinks so in his heart? If so, let him send his name to the publishers.

This huge desert of a London is abominable. Everybody is gone! Everybody. It's heart-breaking to pass from house to house, and think glasses are covered, the carpets are up, the jolly Turkey-rug gone from under the hospitable mahogany, 'neath which your legs have reposed so often, and the only inhabitant of the mansion a snuffy charwoman. How to pass your evenings? In theatres—to see clumsy translations from the French—to see vulgarised multiplications of MRS. CAUDLE. The passion for the Stage is like the love of gooseberry-fool—strongest in youth. The only thing in the dramatic art which has survived early youth in my love, is WIDDICOMBE, and he is *always* new. But you can not do WIDDICOMBE, more than six times in a season.

. . . . .

I could not leave town or its neighbourhood, being (between ourselves) chairman of the Diddlesex Junction; and *exceedingly anxious* about the Great Pedlington line (with a branch to Muffborough and Stagg's End). And the above observations were written in the deepest despondency, as I sate at dessert, alone, in the enormous coffee-room of the Regent Club: when suddenly, the bright idea rose to my mind,—if London is empty, why not go to the watering-places? Have you ever been at Bagnigge Wells, you who know Baden so well? Have you who have beheld the pyramids (*ille ego qui quondam*, etc.,) ever glanced at Rosherville Gardens? Tivoli is a very nice place; but what do you say, my lad, to Tunbridge? You who have seen the caverns of Posilipo, say, have you beheld the Swiss Cottage and Grotto, Shoreham, near Brighton? Go out, and be a Commissioner for *Punch* at the watering-places of this great kingdom. And my soul was refreshed at the thought, and I knew the first moment of happiness I have enjoyed (for the Diddlesex Junctions are somehow low in the market) since the end of the term.

BEULAH SPA.[1]

By *Punch's* Commissioner.

The nearest Wells, except those of Sadler or Bagnigge (which are too near to Pentonville and Islington to require description for Londoners), are, I believe, those comparatively modern Spas of Beulah, situated among the pleasant hills of Norwood, and to be reached by a person inhabiting the western end of the metropolis with not too much exertion.

Determined to examine these Wells, and averse to solitary travel, I put myself in communication with my young friend, Lieutenant Rawbold, of the 75th Lancers—selecting that young fellow, not on account of his conversational powers, which are small; but rather because he possesses an exceedingly well-regulated cab and horse, or, as he says (in his clever facetious way), 'the most hactionest hoss and the most himpidintest tiger in the village of Lunding.' In this vehicle we made our way to the Spa in question.

The purlieus of London are not to be described. The mind sickens in recalling the odious particulars of the immediate neighbourhood of the bridges. The hucksters and Jew furniture-shops, the enormous tawdry gin-palaces, and those awful little by-lanes, of two-storied tenements, where patent mangles are to let—where Miss Miffin, milliner, lives on the first-floor (her trade being symbolised by a staring pasteboard dummy in a cap of fly-blown silver paper)—where the street is encumbered by oyster-shells and black puddles, and little children playing in them. All these we passed; likewise grim-looking Methodist chapels, and schools, churches, and asylums innumerable. But the road has possibly been travelled by my indulgent readers.

I perceived that the persons at the turnpikes were facetiously inclined. A species of jokes passed between them and Augustus Frederic, Rawbold's groom, who was clinging on behind like a spread-eagle.

You emerge from the horrid road at length on a greenish spot, which I am led to believe is called Kennington Common; and

[1] [September 27, 1845.]

henceforward the route becomes far more agreeable. Placid villas of cockneys adorn each side of the road — stockbrokers, sugar-bakers — that sort of people. We saw cruelty-vans (I mean those odious double-barrelled gigs, so injurious to horse-flesh) lined with stout females with ringlets, bustles, and variegated parasols. The leading stout female of the party drove the carriage (jerking and bumping the reins most ludicrously, and giving the fat horse the queerest little cuts with the whip); a fat boy, resplendent in buttons, commonly occupied the rumble, with many children; in some cases I remarked that disguised footboys, habited in a half-coachman's dress, drove the vehicle. I presume that AUGUSTUS FREDERIC, our Spread-Eagle, must have made signals of various kinds to these persons from behind; for I perceived various expressions of indignation or wonder in the persons' countenances as we passed their singular equipages.

In this cockney villa district I observed that the country was almost tenanted by women. All the people walking were women, except young stockbrokers in the arms of nursery-maids; or occasional pages following young ladies; or the doctor's boy ringing at some villa gate; or the blue-clad butcherling arriving with the fillet of veal. The men are absent in enormous, smoking London — 'tis only with sunset that they come back to their families and the fillet of veal.

The villas give each other the hand all the way up Camden Hill, Denmark Hill, etc.; one acacia leans over to another in his neighbour's wall; DOBBS's bell-pull runs cheek by jowl with HOBBS's; one villa is just like another; and there is no intermission in the comfortable chain. But by the time you reach Norwood, an actual country is to be viewed by glimpses — a country so beautiful that I have seen nothing more charming — no, not in France, nor in Spain, nor in Italy, nor in the novels of MR. JAMES.

I had pictured to myself a watering-place like Ems or Wiesbaden, frequented by a number of agreeable ladies and gentlemen; woods, waterfalls, pic-nics, donkey excursions, and waltzing on the grass with lovely young ladies; a little enlivenment of *roulette* in the evenings; a *battue*, perhaps, in the covers when the pheasant-shooting came; and about a thousand people meeting every morning at the Spa — the majority of them, of course, handsome women. In fact, I had stated such to be the case to my young friend RAWBOLD, as we drove down.

We entered a lodge in the Swiss style; and here a gentleman demanded a shilling from us before we were free of the Spa. 'Is there a great deal of company staying at the Spa?' says I. 'Tol lol,' says he, and motioned us into the gardens.

They are beautiful. The prettiest lawns, the prettiest flowers, rocks, grottoes, bridges, shrubberies, hermitages, kiosks, and what not; and charming bowers, wherein a man might repose by the lady of his heart, and, methinks, be supremely happy. But the company we saw were—

Three trumpeters dressed in green, blowing *Suoni la tromba* out of a canvas arbour—a most melancholy obligato;

A snuffy little old gentleman, with two grandsons—one a Blue-coat boy. His yellow stockings glittered like buttercups on the sunshiny grass;

A professional gipsy in a dark walk;

And two pretty servant-maids carrying a small basket, and on the look-out for their Masters and Missusses, who were straying in some part of this Elysium.

When the trumpeters had done, a poor old wizened, grinning, good-natured Italian, dressed up with a hat and peacock's feathers

very like the monkey that accompanies the barrel-organ—came up and began warbling, in rather a sweet, feeble voice, the most *seedy* old songs.

There was something ludicrously sad in that honest creature's face. He didn't mind being laughed at, but joined himself quite good-humouredly in the jocularity. At night, he says, he takes off those gimcracks, and walks the streets like another Christian. To have seen Harlequin in the daylight is something. RAWBOLD, and even AUGUSTUS FREDERIC, who had put up the cab by this time and joined us, gave him moneys—not for singing, but for looking so unutterably and pathetically comical. Do likewise, O

benevolent reader, if thou recognisest the Troubadour of Beulah. Then we strayed through shrubberies and rose-gardens until we came to an archery-ground. Targets were set up, just, for all the world, as in *Ivanhoe*—and a fellow in Lincoln-green came forward and invited us to the Butts. I challenged RAWBOLD to a contest, and shot—with what success you here behold. RAWBOLD hit no better: and the odious fellow in Lincoln-green sneered all the while. 'It isn't the *harrows* that's bad,' said he sardonically, laughing at our complaints—'*they're* good enough to shoot with.'

'Can you shoot with them,' says RAWBOLD, piqued.

'I should think I could,' replied LINCOLN GREEN—and, rather to his discomfiture, we called upon him to do so. He

levelled his arrow; he bent and twiddled with his bow previous to stringing it; he lifted up to the sight-mark and brought it down; he put himself into an attitude so prodigiously correct, that we thought the bull's-eye might as well shut up at once, for he was sure to hit it. We looked at one another, as much as to say, 'What a tremendous Sagittarius of a fellow this Lincoln Green one is!' At last, whizz! the arrow went.

It *missed*. The old humbug could no more shoot than *we* could. He took twelve shots at the target, and didn't hit once. 'There are many Lincoln Green ones in the world,' I said, (apostrophising young AUGUSTUS FREDERIC); 'fellows who pretend to do everything, and whom everybody believes, because they brag so. Take warning by yon *pseudo*-toxophilite, and be modest in all your dealings my little man.'

And so we left the archery-ground, with the most undisguised contempt. No new company had arrived at the Spa during our brief absence. The little old man was still sunning and snuffing himself on his bench. The Blue-coat boy and his companion were still clambering over rustic archways. The two servant-maids had found Master and Missus, and were spreading out a cloth in an arbour.

We thought they might be going to dine—but not so. They produced from the basket a loaf, hot—though, no doubt, stale: some butter in an almost melting state; some perspiring shrimps—and a screw of tea. I suppose they took the Spa water for tea. The band began to blow when this banquet was served—the poor minstrel came up, leering and grinning with his guitar, ready to perform for them—they and we were the only guests of the place—the solitude was intense. We left them there, of a gorgeous summer afternoon, drinking tea and eating shrimps in the sunshine. . . .

BRIGHTON.[1]

BY *PUNCH'S* COMMISSIONER.

As there are many consumptive travellers, who, by dodging about to Italy, to Malta, to Madeira, manage to cheat the winter, and for whose lungs a perpetual warmth is necessary, so there are

[1] [October 11, 1845.]

people to whom, in like manner, London is a necessity of existence, and who follow it all the year round. Such individuals, when London goes out of town, follow it to Brighton, which is, at this season, London *plus* prawns for breakfast and the sea-air. Blessings on the sea-air, which gives you an appetite to eat them!

You may get a decent bedroom and sitting-room here for a guinea a day. Our friends the BOTIBOLS have three rooms, and a bedstead disguised like a chest of drawers in the drawing-room, for which they pay something less than a hundred pounds a month. I could not understand last night why the old gentleman, who usually goes to bed early, kept yawning and fidgeting in the drawing-room after tea; until, with some hesitation, he made the confession that the apartment in question was his bedroom, and

revealed the mystery of the artful chest of drawers. BOTIBOL's house in Bedford Square is as spacious as an Italian palace: the second-floor front, in which the worthy man sleeps, would accommodate a regiment, and here they squeeze him into a *chiffonnière!* How MRS. B. and the four delightful girls can be stowed away in the back room, I tremble to think: what bachelor has a right to ask? But the air of the sea makes up for the closeness of the lodgings. I have just seen them on the Cliff—mother and daughters were all blooming like crimson double dahlias!

You meet everybody on that Cliff. For a small charge you may hire the very fly here represented; with the very horse, and the very postilion, in a pink striped chintz jacket—which may have been the cover of an arm-chair once—and straight whitey-brown hair, and little wash-leather inexpressibles, the cheapest little caricature of a post-boy eyes have ever lighted on. I seldom used to select his carriage, for the horse and vehicle looked feeble,

and unequal to bearing a person of weight; but last Sunday I saw an Israelitish family of distinction ensconced in the poor little carriage—the ladies with the most flaming polkas, and flounces all the way up; the gent in velvet waistcoat, with pins in his breast big enough once to have surmounted the door of his native pawnbroker's shop, and a complement of hook-nosed children, magnificent in attire. Their number and magnificence did not break the carriage down; the little postilion bumped up and down as usual, as the old horse went his usual pace. How they spread out, and basked, and shone, and were happy in the sun there—these honest people! The Mosaic Arabs abound here; and they rejoice and are idle with a grave and solemn pleasure as becomes their Eastern origin.

If you don't mind the expense, hire a ground-floor window on

the Cliff, and examine the stream of human nature which passes by. That stream is a league in length; it pours from Brunswick Terrace to Kemp Town, and then tumbles back again; and so rolls, and as it rolls perpetually, keeps rolling on from three o'clock till dinner-time.

Ha! what a crowd of well-known London faces you behold here—only the sallow countenances look pink now, and devoid of care. I have seen this very day, at least—

Forty-nine Railroad directors, who would have been at Baden-Baden but for the lines in progress; and who, though breathing the fresh air, are within an hour and a half of the City.

Thirteen barristers, of more or less repute, including the SOLICITOR-GENERAL himself, whose open and jovial countenance beamed with benevolence upon the cheerful scene.

A Hebrew dentist driving a curricle.

At least twelve well-known actors or actresses. It went to my heart to see the most fashionable of them, driving about in a little four-wheeled pony-chaise, the like of which might be hired for five shillings.

Then you have tight-laced dragoons, trotting up and down with solemn, handsome, stupid faces, and huge yellow moustachios. Myriads of flies, laden with happy cockneys; pathetic invalid chairs trail along, looking too much like coffins already, in which

poor people are brought out to catch a glimpse of the sun. Grand equipages are scarce: I saw LADY WILHELMINA WIGGINS'S lovely nose and auburn ringlets peeping out of a cab, hired at half-a-crown an hour, between her ladyship and her sister, the PRINCESS OYSTEROWSKI.

. . . . .

The old gentleman who began to take lessons when we were here these three years ago, at the Tepid Swimming Bath, with the conical top, I am given to understand is still there, and may be seen in the water, from nine till five.

A BRIGHTON NIGHT ENTERTAINMENT.[1]

By *Punch's* Commissioner.

I HAVE always had a taste for the second-rate in life. Second-rate poetry, for instance, is an uncommon deal pleasanter to my fancy than your great thundering first-rate epic poems. Your Miltons and Dantes are magnificent,—but a bore: whereas an ode of Horace, or a song of Tommy Moore, is always fresh, sparkling, and welcome. Second-rate claret, again, is notoriously better than first-rate wine: you get the former genuine, whereas the latter is a loaded and artificial composition that cloys the palate and bothers the reason.

Second-rate beauty in women is likewise, I maintain, more agreeable than first-rate charms. Your first-rate Beauty is grand, severe, awful—a faultless, frigid angel of five feet nine—superb to behold at church, or in the park, or at a drawing-room—but ah! how inferior to a sweet little second-rate creature, with smiling eyes, and a little second-rate *nez retroussé*, with which you fall in love in a minute.

Second-rate novels I also assert to be superior to the best works of fiction. They give you no trouble to read, excite no painful emotions—you go through them with a gentle, languid, agreeable interest. Mr. James's romances are perfect in this way. The *ne plus ultra* of indolence may be enjoyed during their perusal.

For the same reason I like second-rate theatrical entertainments—a good little company in a provincial town, acting good old stupid stock comedies and farces; where nobody comes to the theatre, and you may lie at ease in the pit, and get a sort of intimacy with each actor and actress, and know every bar of the music that the three or four fiddlers of the little orchestra play throughout the season.

The Brighton Theatre would be admirable but for one thing—Mr. Hooper, the Manager, will persist in having Stars down from London—blazing Macreadys, resplendent Miss Cushmans, fiery Wallacks, and the like. On these occasions it is very possible that the house may be filled and the Manager's purpose answered;

[1] [October 18, 1845.]

but where does all your comfort go then? You can't loll over four benches in the pit—you are squeezed and hustled in an inconvenient crowd there—you are fatigued by the perpetual struggles of the apple-and-ginger-beer boy, who *will* pass down your row—and for what do you undergo this labour? To see *Hamlet* and *Lady Macbeth*, forsooth! as if everybody had not seen them a thousand times. No, on such star nights 'The Commissioner' prefers a walk on the Cliff to the charms of the Brighton Theatre. I can have first-rate tragedy in London: in the country give me good old country fare—the good old comedies and farces—the dear good old melodramas.

We had one the other day in perfection. We were, I think, about four of us in the pit; the ginger-beer boy might wander about quite at his ease. There was a respectable family in a private box, and some pleasant fellows in the gallery; and we saw, with leisure and delectation, that famous old melodrama, '*The Warlock of the Glen.*'

In a pasteboard cottage, on the banks of the Atlantic Ocean, there lived once a fisherman, who had a little canvas boat, in which it is a wonder he was never swamped, for the boat was not above three feet long; and I was astonished at his dwelling in the cottage, too; for, though a two-storied one, it was not above five feet high; and I am sure the fisherman was six feet without his shoes.

As he was standing at the door of his cot, looking at some young persons of the neighbourhood who were dancing a reel, a scream was heard, as issuing from the neighbouring forest, and a lady with dishevelled hair, and a beautiful infant in her hand, rushed in. What meant that scream? We were longing to know, but the gallery insisted on the reel over again, and the poor injured lady had to wait until the dance was done before she could explain her unfortunate case.

It was briefly this: she was no other than *Adela, Countess of Glencairn*; the boy in her hand was *Glencairn's* only child: three years since her gallant husband had fallen in fight, or, worse still, by the hand of the assassin.

He had left a brother, *Clanronald*. What was the conduct of that surviving relative? Was it fraternal towards the widowed *Adela*? Was it avuncular to the orphan boy? Ah, no! For three years he had locked her up in his castle, under pretence that she was mad, pursuing her all the while with his odious addresses. But she loathed his suit; and, refusing to become *Mrs.* (or *Lady*) *Clanronald*, took this opportunity to escape and fling herself on the protection of the loyal vassals of her lord.

She had hardly told her pathetic tale when voices were heard without. Cries of 'Follow! follow!' resounded through the wildwood; the gentlemen and ladies engaged in the reel fled, and the Countess and her child, stepping into the skiff, disappeared down a slote, to the rage and disappointment of *Clanronald*, who now arrived—a savage-looking nobleman indeed! and followed by two ruffians, of most ferocious aspect, and having in their girdles a pair of those little notched dumpy swords, with round iron hilts to guard the knuckles, by which I knew that a combat would probably take place ere long. And the result proved that I was right.

Flying along the wild margent of the sea, in the next act, the poor *Adela* was pursued by *Clanronald;* but though she jumped into the waves to avoid him, the unhappy lady was rescued from the briny element, and carried back to her prison; *Clanronald* swearing a dreadful oath that she should marry him that very day.

He meanwhile gave orders to his two ruffians, *Murdoch* and *Hamish*, to pursue the little boy into the wood, and there—there *murder* him.

But there is always a power in melodramas that watches over innocence; and these two wretched ones were protected by THE WARLOCK OF THE GLEN.

All through their misfortunes, this mysterious being watched them with a tender interest. When the two ruffians were about

to murder the child, he and the fisherman rescued him—their battle-swords (after a brief combat of four) sank powerless before his wizard staff, and they fled in terror.

Haste we to the Castle of Glencairn. What ceremony is about to take place? What has assembled those two noblemen, and those three ladies in calico trains? A marriage! But what a union! The lady *Adela* is dragged to the chapel-door by the truculent *Clanronald*. 'Lady,' he says, 'you are mine. Resistance is unavailing. Submit with good grace. Henceforth, what power on earth can separate you from me?'

'MINE CAN,' cries the *Warlock of the Glen*, rushing in. 'Tyrant

and assassin of thy brother! know that Glencairn—Glencairn, thy brother and lord, whom thy bravos were commissioned to slay know that, for three years, a solemn vow (sworn to the villain that spared his life, and expired yesterday) bound him never to reveal his existence know that he is near at hand; and repent, while yet there is time.'

The lady *Adela's* emotion may be guessed when she heard this news; but *Clanronald* received it with contemptuous scepticism. 'And where *is* this dead man come alive?' laughed he.

'He is HERE,' shouted the *Warlock of the Glen*: and to fling away his staff—to dash off his sham beard and black gown to appear in a red dress, with tights and yellow boots, as became Glencairn's earl—was the work of a moment. The Countess recognised him with a scream of joy. *Clanronald* retired, led off

by two soldiers; and the joy of the Earl and Countess was completed by the arrival of their only son (a clever little girl of the Hebrew persuasion), in the arms of the fisherman.

The curtain fell on this happy scene. The fiddlers had ere this

disappeared. The ginger-beer boy went home to a virtuous family, that was probably looking out for him. The respectable family in the boxes went off in a fly. The little audience spread abroad, and were lost in the labyrinths of the city. The lamps of the Theatre Royal were extinguished: and all—all was still.

MEDITATIONS OVER BRIGHTON.[1]

By *Punch's* Commissioner.

(*From the Devil's Dyke.*)

When the exultant and long-eared animal described in the fable revelled madly in the frog-pond, dashing about his tail and hoof among the unfortunate inhabitants of that piece of water, it is stated that the frogs remonstrated, exclaiming, 'Why, O donkey, do you come kicking about in our habitation? It may be good fun to you to lash out, and plunge, and kick in this absurd

[1] [October 25, 1845.]

manner, but it is death to us:' on which the good-natured quadruped agreed to discontinue his gambols, and left the frogs to bury their dead and rest henceforth undisturbed in their pool.

The inhabitants of Brighton are the frogs—and I daresay they will agree as to the applicability of the rest of the simile. It might be good fun to *me* to 'mark their manners, and their ways survey;' but could it be altogether agreeable to them? I am sorry to confess it has not proved so, having received at least three hundred letters of pathetic remonstrance, furious complaint, angry swagger, and threatening omens, entreating me to leave the Brightonians alone. The lodging-house keepers are up in arms. MRS. SCREW says she never let her lodgings at a guinea a day, and invites me to occupy her drawing and bedroom for five guineas a week. MR. SQUEEZER swears that a guinea a day is an atrocious calumny; he would turn his wife, his children, and his bedridden mother-in-law out of doors if he could get such a sum for the rooms they occupy—(but this, I suspect, is a pretext of SQUEEZER's to get rid of his mother-in-law, in which project I wish him luck). MRS. SLOP hopes she may never again cut a slice out of a lodger's joint (the cannibal!) if she won't be ready at the most crowdidest of seasons to let her first-floor for six pounds; and, finally, MR. SKIVER writes:—'Sir—Your ill-advised publication has passed like a whirlwind over the lodging-houses of Brighton. You have rendered our families desolate, and prematurely closed our season. As you have destroyed the lodging-houses, couldn't you, now, walk into the boarding-houses, and say a kind word to ruin the hotels?'

And is it so? Is the power of the Commissioner's eye so fatal that it withers the object on which it falls? Is the condition of his life so dreadful that he destroys all whom he comes near? Have I made a post-boy wretched—five thousand lodging-house-keepers furious—twenty thousand Jews unhappy? If so, and I really possess a power so terrible, I had best come out in the tragic line.

I went, pursuant to orders, to the Swiss Cottage, at Shoreham, where the first object that struck my eye was the following scene, in the green lake there, which I am credibly informed is made of pea-soup: two honest girls were rowing about their friend on this enchanting water. There was a cloudless sky overhead - rich treats were advertised for the six frequenters of the gardens; a variety of entertainments was announced in the Hall of Amusement. MR. and MRS. AMINADAB (here, too, the Hebrews have penetrated) were advertised as about to sing some of their most favourite comic songs and . . .

But no, I will *not* describe the place. What should my fatal glance bring a curse upon it? The pea-soup lake would dry up—leaving its bed a vacant tureen—the leaves would drop from the scorched trees—the pretty flowers would wither and fade—the rockets would not rise at night, nor the rebel wheels go round—the money-taker at the door would grow mouldy and die in his moss-grown and deserted cell. AMINADAB would lose his engagement. Why should these things be, and this ruin occur? James! pack the portmanteau and tell the landlord to bring the bill; order horses immediately—this day I will quit Brighton.

Other appalling facts have come to notice: all showing more or less the excitement created by my publication.

The officers of the 150th Hussars, accused of looking handsome, solemn, and stupid, have had a meeting in the mess-room, where the two final epithets have been rescinded in a string of resolutions.

But it is the poor yellow-breeched postilion who has most suffered. When the picture of him came out, crowds flocked to see him. He was mobbed all the way down the Cliff; wherever he drove his little phaeton, people laughed, and pointed with the finger and said, 'That is he.' The poor child was thus made the subject of public laughter by my interference—and what has been

the consequence? In order to disguise him as much as possible, *his Master has bought him a hat.*

The children of Israel are in a fury, too. They do not like to ride in flys, since my masterly representation of them a fortnight since. They are giving up their houses daily. You read in the Brighton papers, among the departures,—'NEBUZARADAN, Esq., and family for London;' or, 'SOLOMON RAMOTHGILEAD, Esq., has quitted his mansion in Narine Crescent; circumstances having induced him to shorten his stay among us;' and so on. The people emigrate by hundreds; they can't bear to be made the object of remark in the public walks and drives—and they are flying from a city of which they might have made a new Jerusalem.

BRIGHTON IN 1847.[1]

BY THE F. C.

I.

HAVE the kindness, my dear PUGSBY, to dispatch me a line when they have done painting the smoking-room at the Megatherium, that I may come back to town. After suffering as we have all the year, not so much from the bad ventilation of the room, as from the suffocating dullness of WHEEZER, SNOOZER, and WHIFFLER, who frequent it, I had hoped for quiet by the sea-shore here, and that our three abominable acquaintances had quitted England.

I had scarcely been ten minutes in the place, my ever dear PUGSBY, when I met old SNOOZER walking with young DE BOSKY, of the Tatters-and-Starvation Club, on the opposite side of our square, and ogling the girls on the Cliff, the old wretch, as if he had not a wife and half-a-dozen daughters of his own in Pocklington Square. He hooked on to my arm as if he had been the Old Man of the Sea, and I found myself

[1] [October 23, 30, 1847.]

introduced to young DE BOSKY, a man whom I have carefully avoided as an odious and disreputable tiger, the tuft on whose chin has been always particularly disagreeable to me, and who is besides a Captain, or Commodore, or some such thing, in the Bundelcund Cavalry. The clink and glitter of his spurs is perfectly abominable: he is screwed so tight in his waistband that I wish it could render him speechless (for when he *does* speak he is so stupid that he sends you to sleep while actually walking with him); and as for his chest, which he bulges out against the shoulders of all the passers-by, I am sure that he carries a part of his wardrobe in it, and that he is wadded with stockings and linen as if he were a walking carpet-bag.

This fellow saluted two-thirds of the carriages which passed, with a knowing nod, and a military swagger so arrogant, that I feel continually the greatest desire to throttle him.

Well, sir, before we had got from the Tepid Swimming Bath to MUTTON'S the pastrycook's, whom should we meet but WHEEZER, to be sure. WHEEZER, driving up and down the Cliff at half-a-crown an hour, with his hideous family, MRS. WHEEZER, the MISS WHEEZERS in fur tippets and drawn bonnets with spring-flowers in them, a huddle and squeeze of little WHEEZERS sprawling and struggling on the back seat of the carriage, and that horrible boy whom WHEEZER brings to the Club sometimes, actually seated on the box of the fly, and ready to drive, if the coachman should be intoxicated or inclined to relinquish his duty.

WHEEZER sprang out of the vehicle with a cordiality that made me shudder. 'Hullo, my boy!' said he, seizing my trembling hand. 'What! *you* here? Hang me, if the whole Club isn't here. I'm at 56 Horse Marine Parade. Where are you lodging? We're out for a holiday, and will make a jolly time of it.'

The benighted, the conceited old wretch! He would not let go my hand until I told him where I resided — at MRS. MUGGERIDGE'S in Black Lion Street, where I have a tolerable view of the sea, if I risk the loss of my equilibrium and the breakage of my back, by stretching three-quarters of my body out of my drawing-room window.

As he stopped to speak to me, his carriage of course stopped likewise, forcing all the vehicles in front and behind him to halt or to precipitate themselves over the railings on to the shingles and the sea. The cabs, the flys, the shandrydans, the sedan-chairs with the poor old invalids inside; the old maids', the dowagers' chariots, out of which you see countenances scarcely less deathlike; the stupendous cabs, out of which the whiskered heroes of the gallant Onety-oneth look down on us people on

foot; the hacks mounted by young ladies from the equestrian schools, by whose sides the riding-masters canter confidentially—everybody stopped. There was a perfect strangury in the street; and I should have liked not only to throttle DE BOSKY, but to massacre WHEEZER, too.

The wretched though unconscious being insisted on nailing me for dinner before he would leave me; and I heard him say (that is, by the expression of his countenance, and the glances which his wife and children cast at me, I *knew* he said), 'That is the young and dashing FOLKSTONE CANTERBURY, the celebrated contributor to *Punch*.'

The crowd, sir, on the Cliff was perfectly frightful. It is my belief nobody goes abroad any more. Everybody is at Brighton. I met three hundred at least of our acquaintances in the course of a quarter of an hour, and before we could reach Brunswick Square I met dandies, City men, Members of Parliament. I met my tailor walking with his wife, with a geranium blooming in his wretched button-hole, as if money wasn't tight in the City, and everybody had paid him everything everybody owed him. I turned and sickened at the sight of that man. 'SNOOZER,' said I, 'I will go on the Pier.'

I went, and to find what?—WHIFFLER, by all that is unmerciful!—WHIFFLER, whom we see every day, in the same chair, at the Megatherium. WHIFFLER, whom not to see is to make all the good fellows at the Club happy. I have seen him every day, and many times a day since. At the moment of our first *rencontre* I was so *saisi*, so utterly overcome by rage and despair, that I would have flung myself into the azure waves sparkling calmly around me, but for the chains of the Pier.

I did not take that aqueous suicidal plunge—I resolved to live, and why, my dear PUGSBY? Who do you think approached us? Were you not at one of his parties last season? I have polked in his saloons, I have nestled under the mahogany of his dining-room, at least one hundred and twenty thousand times. It was MR. GOLDMORE, the East India Director, with MRS. G. on his arm, and—oh Heavens!—FLORENCE and VIOLET GOLDMORE, with pink parasols, walking behind their parents!

'What, *you* here?' said the good and hospitable man, holding out his hand, and giving a slap on the boards (on deck I may say) with his bamboo; 'hang it, every one's here. Come and dine at seven. Brunswick Square.'

I looked in VIOLET'S eyes. FLORENCE is rather an old bird and wears spectacles, so that looking in *her* eyes is out of the

question. I looked in VIOLET's eyes, and said I'd come with the greatest pleasure.

'As for you, DE BOSKY'—(I forget whether I mentioned that the whiskered Bundelcund buck had come with me on to the Pier, whither SNOOZER would not follow us, declining to pay the twopence)—'as for *you*, DE BOSKY, you may come, or not, as you like.'

'Won't I?' said he, grinning with a dandified Bundelcund nod, and wagging his odious head.

I could have wrenched it off and flung it to the ocean. But I restrained my propensity, and we agreed that, for the sake of economy, we would go to MR. GOLDMORE's in the same fly.

II.

THE very first spoonful of the clear soup at the Director's told me that my excellent friend PARADOL (the *chef* who came to MR. GOLDMORE, Portland Place, when Gottlebury House was shut up by the lamented levanting of the noble Earl) was established among the furnaces below. A clear, brown soup—none of your filthy, spiced, English hell-broths, but light, brisk, and delicate—always sets me off for the evening: it invigorates and enlivens me, my dear PUGSBY: I give you my honour it does—and when I am in a *good* humour, I am, I flatter myself—what shall I say?—well, *not disagreeable*.

On this day, sir, I was delightful. Although that booby DE BOSKY conducted MISS VIOLET GOLDMORE downstairs, yet the wretch, absorbed in his victuals, and naturally of an unutterable dullness, did not make a single remark during the dinner, whereas

I literally blazed with wit. Sir, I even made one of the footmen laugh—a perilous joke for the poor fellow, who, I dare say, will be turned off in consequence. I talked sentiment to FLORENCE (women in spectacles are almost always sentimental); cookery to SIR HARCOURT GULPH, who particularly asked my address, and I have no doubt intends to invite me to his dinners in town; military affairs with MAJOR BANGLES of the Onety-oneth Hussars, who was with the regiment at Aliwal and Ferozeshah, and drives about a prodigious cab at Brighton, with a captured Sikh behind, disguised as a tiger; to MRS. GOLDMORE I abused LADY TODDLE-ROWDY'S new carriages and absurd appearance (she is seventy-four, if she is a day, and she wears a white muslin frock and frilled trowsers, with a wig curling down her old back, and I do believe puts on a pinafore, and has a little knife and fork and silver mug at home, so girlish is she): I say, in a word—and I believe without fear of contradiction—that I delighted everybody.

'Delightful man!' said MRS. BANGLES to my excellent friend, MRS. GOLDMORE.

'Extraordinary creature; so odd, isn't he?' replied that admirable woman.

'What a flow of spirits he has!' cried the charming VIOLET.

'And yet sorrows repose under that smiling mask, and those outbreaks of laughter perhaps conceal the groans of smouldering passion and the shrieks of withering despair,' sighed FLORENCE. 'It is always so; the wretched *seem* to be most joyous. If I didn't think that man miserable, I couldn't be happy,' she added, and lapsed into silence. Little MRS. DIGGS told me every word of the conversation, when I came up the first of the gentlemen to tea.

'Clever fellow that,' said (as I am given to understand) SIR HARCOURT GULPH. 'I liked that notion of his about *Croquignoles à la poufferde*: I will speak to MOUFFLON to try it.'

'I really shall mention in the Bank parlour to-morrow,' the Director remarked, 'what he said about the present crisis, and his project for a cast-iron currency: that man is by no means the trifler he pretends to be.'

'Where did he serve?' asked BANGLES. 'If he can manœuvre an army as well as he talks about it, demmy, he ought to be Commander-in-Chief. Did you hear, CAPTAIN DE BOSKY, what he said about pontooning the *échelons*, and operating with our reserve upon the right bank of the river at Ferozeshah? Gad, sir, if that manœuvre had been performed, not a man of the Sikh army would have escaped;'—in which case of course MAJOR BANGLES would have lost the black tiger behind his cab; but DE

BOSKY did not make this remark. The great stupid hulking wretch remarked nothing; he gorged himself with meat and wine, and when quite replete with claret, strutted up to the drawing-room to show his chest and his white waistcoat there.

I was pouring into VIOLET'S ear (to the discomfiture of FLORENCE, who was knocking about the tea-things madly) some of those delightful nothings with which a well-bred man in society entertains a female. I spoke to her about the last balls in London—about FANNY FINCH'S elopement with TOM PARROT, who had nothing but his place in the Foreign Office—about the people who were at Brighton—about MR. MIDGE'S delightful sermon at church last Sunday—about the last fashions, and the next—*que sais-je?*—when that brute DE BOSKY swaggered up.

'Ah, hum, haw,' said he, 'were you out *raiding* to-day, MISS GOLDMAW?'

Determined to crush this odious and impertinent blunderer, who had no more wit than the horses he bestrides, I resolved to meet him on his own ground, and to beat him even on the subject of horses.

I am sorry to say, my dear PUGSBY, I did not confine myself strictly to truth; but I described how I had passed three months in the Desert with an Arab tribe: how I had a mare during that period, descended from Boorawk, the mare of the Prophet, which I afterwards sold for 50,000 piastres to MAHOMET ALI; and how, being at Trebizond, smoking with the sanguinary Pasha of that place, I had bitted, saddled, and broke to carry a lady, a grey Turkoman horse of his, which had killed fourteen of his grooms, and bit off the nose of his Kislar Aga.

'Do join us in our ride to-morrow,' cried VIOLET; 'the downs are delightful.'

'Fairest lady, to hear is to obey,' answered I, with a triumphant glance at DE BOSKY. I had done *his* business at any rate.

Well, sir, I came at two o'clock, mounted on one of JIGGOT'S hacks—an animal that I know, and that goes as easy as a sedan-chair, and found the party assembling before the Director's house, in the King's Parade. There was young GOLDMORE—the lovely VIOLET, in a habit that showed her form to admiration, and a perfectly ravishing Spanish tuft in her riding-hat, with a little gold whip and a little pair of gauntlets—*à croquer*, in a word. MAJOR BANGLES and lady were also of the party; in fact, we were 'a gallant company of cavaliers,' as JAMES says in his novels; and with my heels well down, and one of my elbows stuck out, I looked, sir, like the MARQUIS OF ANGLESEA. I

had the honour of holding VIOLET'S little foot in my hand, as she jumped into her saddle. She sprang into it like a fairy.

Last of all the stupid DE BOSKY came up. He came up moaning and groaning. 'I have had a kick in the back from a horse in the livery-stables,' says he; 'I can't hold this horse; will you ride him, CANTERBURY?' His horse was a black,

wicked-looking beast as ever I saw, with bloodshot eyes and a demoniacal expression.

What could I do, after the stories about Boorawk and the PASHA OF TREBIZOND? Sir, I was obliged to get off my sedan-chair and mount the Captain's Purgatory, as I call him—a disgusting brute, and worthy of his master.

Well, sir, off we set—Purgatory jumping from this side of the road to t'other, shying at MISS POGSON, who passed in her

carriage (as well he might at so hideous a phenomenon)—plunging at an apple-woman and stall—going so wild at a baker's cart that I thought he would have jumped into the hall-door where the man was delivering a pie for dinner—and flinging his head backwards so as to endanger my own nose every moment. It was all I could do to keep him in. I tugged at both bridles till I tore his jaws into a fury, I suppose.

Just as we were passing under the viaduct, whirr came the streaming train with a bang, and a shriek, and a whizz. The brute would hold in no longer: he ran away with me.

I stuck my feet tight down in the stirrups, and thought of my mother with inexpressible agony. I clutched hold of all the reins and a great deal of the mane of the brute. I saw trees, milestones, houses, villages, pass away from me—away, away, away—away by the corn-fields—away by the wolds—away by the eternal hills—away by the woods and precipices—the woods, the rocks, the villages flashed by me. O, PUGSBY! how I longed for the Megatherium during that ride!

It lasted, as it seemed to me, about nine hours, during which I went over, as I should think, about 540 miles of ground. I didn't come off—my hat did, a new Lincoln and Bennett, but I didn't—and at length the infuriate brute paused in his mad career, with an instinctive respect for the law, at a turnpike gate. I little knew the blessing of a turnpike until then.

In a minute BANGLES came up, bursting with laughter. 'You can't manage that horse, I think, said the Major, with his infernal good-nature. 'Shall I ride him? Mine is a quiet beast.'

I was off Purgatory's back in a minute, and as I mounted on BANGLES' hackney, felt as if I was getting into bed, so easy, so soft, so downy he seemed to me.

He said, though I never can believe it, that we had only come about a mile and a half; and at this moment the two ladies and DE BOSKY rode up.

'Is that the way you broke the PASHA OF TREBIZOND'S horse?' VIOLET said. I gave a laugh; but it was one of despair. I should have liked to plunge a dagger in DE BOSKY'S side.

I shall come to town directly, I think. This Brighton is a miserable Cockney place.

MISCELLANEOUS CONTRIBUTIONS TO PUNCH.

PAPERS ON GENERAL TOPICS.

THE HONOUR OF THE BAR.[1]

THE Correspondent of an eminent Sunday paper, which has all the latest news from Newgate, informs us that the following Circular has made considerable sensation among the company at that place of resort :—

TO THE UNFORTUNATE.

MR. OILY GAMMON, Q.C., still continues to give his valuable assistance to gentlemen and ladies in difficulties, on his usual moderate terms. MR. GAMMON undertakes to prove or disprove anything, to bully any witness, to melt the heart of any judge on the bench, or to cut jokes that shall make even the unfortunate gentleman in the dock burst out laughing.

MR. OILY engages to cry at the domestic passages of his speech, and provide his own pocket-handkerchief. According to the case (and dependent upon previous arrangements, to be settled with MR. GAMMON'S clerk), MR. G. will blow his nose and whimper, or faint and turn pale, or burst out into a regular howl, accompanied by a shower of real tears, that may be measured by the teaspoonful. The degrees of sentiment will vary with the case—say larceny, forgery, or murder.

In cases where both jokes *and* tears are to be supplied, the terms will, of course, be in proportion. MR. GAMMON need not say that both articles are prime, the jokes especially of the most decent and gentlemanlike character.

Parties requiring the latter are requested to send a short notice, as they cannot be had without previous consultation—the tears are always ready, and a fine assortment of religious appeals, which can work upon the feelings of any twelve men in England.

To ——— Esq.

At present detained in Her Majesty's prison of ——.

[1] [March 22, 1845.]

WAR BETWEEN THE PRESS AND THE BAR.[1]

Mr. Punch to the Gentlemen of the Press.

Gentlemen of the Fourth Estate,

I have not been unmindful of the quarrel which has lately broken out between yourselves and the Bar. I even prophesy from it considerable public benefit; if, as late circumstances have given me to suppose, you are beginning to be aware of the importance of your calling, to feel your own strength as a public body, to take counsel by other corporations how to make your own respected, and to submit to no further impudence or insult when you can conveniently repress it. My soul rejoices in the prospect of a war between the Bar and the Press of these kingdoms. As a member of the latter profession, I am of course, disposed impartially to stand by my friends. Yes, in this row, or in any other where your interests are menaced, there's a cudgel in Fleet Street, ready to make play for the common cause.

I have just been reading in *Fraser's Magazine* the biography of a great leader of the enemy, who has lately passed away.

'The greatest skill of Follett,' Fraser says, 'consisted in presenting his case in the most harmonious and fair-purposed aspect. If there was anything false or fraudulent, a hitch or a blot of any kind in his case, he kept it dexterously out of view, or hurried it trippingly over. But if the blot was on the other side, he had the eye of the lynx, and the scent of the hound, to detect and run down his game. He had the greatest skill in reading an affidavit, and could play the 'artful dodge' in a style looking so much like gentlemanly candour, that you could not find fault.'

Thus it is that the writer, a barrister evidently, eulogises the various qualities which raised that eminent man, and complacently enumerates his merits. He could play the '*artful dodge*' in a manner so candid as to defy suspicion. He could detect an enemy's lies in a minute, his client's falsehood or fraud he could keep out of view. There's a panegyric for a gentleman! For these precious qualities he earns fifteen thousand a year; he obtains the highest post of the law; he goes to the grave honoured and followed by the Queen's Ministers and the Bar. For artful dodging with an air of candour; for dexterously reading

[1] [August 9, 1845.]

an affidavit; for cloaking his client's lies and abetting his fraud. Bravo! let the Temple bells be muffled; let the porters wear crape; let the Bar walk after the hearse with dishevelled wigs, and the silk gowns march in tatters; let the judges howl a threnody, led by the Chancellor and the Chief Baron; and let SIR ROBERT and SIR JAMES sacrifice an under-secretary on his tomb. Let us all sit down and weep—clerks, lawyers, newspapers, prime-ministers, lord-chancellors and Temple-porters—we all feel it, we're all so deep in affliction—we're so sincere, so honest.

O omnipotent unfathomable Goddess of Humbug! Statues should be erected to you through all our city. A golden one before Buckingham Palace, a great brazen one before Westminster, a rigid marble one in the centre of ALMACK'S, and an enormous leaden one in Exeter Hall. But before the *Punch* office we would have the statue flung down, and the great Iconoclast waving his baton over the ruins.

This, however, for future consideration and other ages. Return we to the Bar Humbug, and muse, dear friends, thereupon.

Has it not often struck you, considering these things, how cruelly the Attorneys have been dealt with by public repute—how, by ourselves in novels, plays, and fictitious works,—hence by the public in daily life,—that class of men has come to be considered as a dangerous, slippery, wicked set of practitioners? When we talk of roguish lawyers, as talk we do—lawyers are supposed to mean attorneys—the Bar somehow escapes scot free; there's no stain upon *them*, they get such large fees, they become barons and earls so often; above all, they prate so magnificently and constantly about their own honour and dignity, that the public believes them; they reap the dignity, and the poor attorney comes in for all the odium.

And yet, these men are but the creatures of the Attorneys; they go where the latter bid them, they state what the Attorneys tell them. If QUIRK, GAMMON and SNAP prescribe the 'artful dodge,' SERJEANT BUZFUZ performs it in Court. If an honest man is to be bullied in a witness-box, the barrister is instructed to bully him. If a murderer is to be rescued from the gallows, the barrister blubbers over him, as in TAWELL'S case; or accuses a wrong person, as in COURVOISIER'S case. If a naughty woman is to be screened, a barrister will bring Heaven itself into Court, and call Providence to witness that she is pure and spotless, as a certain great advocate and schoolmaster abroad did for a certain lamented QUEEN CAROLINE.

There they are to be sold to the first bidder these folks of the

long robe. Other *bona robas* are sent to the spinning-house for doing no worse; and these—these mount to the peerage and the woolsack—these talk about the dignity and independence of their profession forsooth—these say that a man connected with their profession shan't report for the newspapers.

It's dishonourable to do that. They'll turn a man from their mess who reports in a paper; they'll expel a man from their spotless society for reporting in the *Times* or the *Morning Chronicle*.

They do not expel a man for disgusting hypocrisy; for bearing false witness; for the 'artful dodge'; for keeping 'fraud and falsehood' out of view — they load him with honours for it. Each of the instances above mentioned has risen high to rank and respect. This is a Law adviser to Ministers; that was a Minister of the Crown; the other went to the grave with five hundred weeping reputable gentlemen at his back — honest gentlemen who will have no connection with the Press.

Very well. Let the Press be warned, and suffer, as best it may, this separation from the Bar. Poor Peri turned out of Paradise, peep in and see how the periwigged angels there innocently disport themselves! Peep in and see them at their work; this one doing the 'artful dodge'; that one screening the frauds of his client; another howling over the fate of a murderer who gives him so many hundred guineas; another insulting a timid witness, or accusing an innocent woman. See all these things, O Press! Send your commissioners in the train of these spotless men of law—and have *your* say. There is no call for politeness, no truce or friendship henceforth between you. You are not worthy to sit at the Bar table; dangerous society for dignified and independent gentlemen. Very well; be you dignified and independent too. Bear this in mind, gentlemen of the Press, that the Bar disowns you; and in the provinces, when the flock of barristers comes squeezing into your Assize-Courts, hankering after your attorneys' fees; ready to perform the 'artful dodge' for the rogues in your gaols; or to blubber over murderers in the dock, welcome them as their dignity and independence warrants. Don't fail to point out their eminent merits. Hold up their respectability to public admiration.

So it is possible that from this war between the Bar and the Press some good may arise; so it is possible that from this falling out some honest men may come by their own; which is the fervent wish of the benevolent PUNCH.

BAR-TOUTING.[1]

The Times, some days since, jocularly compared the learned gentlemen of the Bar, at Westminster Hall, to the gentlemen of the Whip, on a cab-stand, where they wait for fares. 'Touting,' however, *The Times* said, or active exertions to get a fare, was not allowed at the Bar; and, in so far, the Bar was more dignified than the Whip.

The Times, however, has been forced to confess its error. It hasn't apologised to the cabmen as yet; but it should. The Bar touts upon occasions with wonderful activity; the gallant fellows have been at work for the last fortnight, canvassing for the vacant Judgeships of the Courts of Request, as the following different appeals will show:—

The Genteel Canvass.

'Mr. Frederic Figtree solicits your vote and interest. His connexions with Westminster are of long date. He was educated at Westminster School. His uncle was a Canon of Westminster; and his grandmother, the Honourable Mrs. Figtree, occupied for thirty-eight years a house in Great George Street.

'Mr. Figtree is a member of the Western Circuit, and in the year 1822, his first circuit, held a brief in the case of Snooks *v.* Snobby.

'He has occupied chambers on the third floor for twenty-three years, during which time he has eaten two thousand four hundred and eleven dinners in hall; has paid nine hundred and sixty pounds rent; and never been in arrears to his clerk or laundress.

'Mr. Figtree flatters himself he is a gentleman by birth and education.

'He has never had any connexion with the Press, which he heartily despises, and voted for the banishment of reporters from the Bar-mess.

'Having thus upheld the dignity of his profession during a period of nearly a quarter of a century, Mr. Figtree offers himself to notice as a person qualified to hold the office of Judge of the Westminster Court of Requests.

'He has the honour of subjoining the following testimonials:—

[1] [August 30, 1845.]

'"FROM MR. JUSTICE HUMDRUM.

'"MY DEAR FIGTREE,

'"I am delighted to give any testimony I can in your favour. To my certain knowledge you have travelled twenty thousand miles on circuit, always in a post-chaise; and during that period you have ever conducted yourself as a man of honour and a gentleman.

'"Most sincerely yours,

'"HUMPHRY HUMDRUM."'

'"FROM MR. BARON MAULEY.

'"DEAR FIG,

'"*Olim truncus eras ficulnus inutile lignum.* I am glad to think you are to be useless no longer, and that after twenty-five years your talents are to have fair play.

'"Though you have not been lucky as a Barrister, I am sure you will be great as a Judge. As a Judge of claret, for instance, I know few like you. I wish you every success in your canvass, and shall be glad to see you presiding in your Court, and all the tradesmen in Westminster sitting under their figtree.

'"Faithfully yours,

'"MOMUS MAULEY."'

THE PATHETIC CANVASS.

'*MR. PUMP, to solicit your Vote and Interest.*

'MR. PUMP has dwelt in Westminster twelve years, and is the father of thirteen children.

'They may be seen at his chambers, Pump Court, at any hour from ten till four. It is to the Christian, the family-man, the father, that MR. PUMP appeals for support.

'MRS. PUMP will wait upon the ladies of the Commissioners, and solicit their suffrages, with her last beloved baby—

'Men and fathers,

'Plump for PUMP.

'*P.S.*—No connexion with the Press.'

THE HOUNDSDITCH CANVASS.

'The friends of BARTHOLOMEW NEBUCHADNEZZAR, Esquire, Barrister-at-Law, are requested to meet at the Rose of Sharon Hotel, Holywell Street, to take measures for forwarding that gentleman's canvass for the post of Judge of the Court of Requests.

'D. DAVIDS, Esquire, Blue Lion Square; SAMUEL SLOMAX, Esquire, Fetter Lane; BENJAMIN BENONI, Esquire, Holywell Street (General Outfitting Warehouse), have established branch committees at their residences, where the friends of B. NEBUCHADNEZZAR, Esquire, are requested to attend.'

MR. SMITH'S REASONS FOR NOT SENDING HIS PICTURES TO THE EXHIBITION.[1]

KNOWING much consternation prevails in the artistical world on account of MR. SMITH'S determination to withdraw from the Academy, he has kindly permitted us to publish the reasons of his retirement, as he wrote them to an affectionate relative at his native town of Bullocksmithy:—

'*Newman Street, March* 25.

'MY DEAREST AUNT,

'You ask me why I prefer to exhibit my pictures at my native Art-Union of Bullocksmithy, rather than to send them to the Royal Academy, London, where, as you state with perfect justice, they would be sure of the very first prize.

'"Our Gracious Sovereign," you say, "is an acknowledged and enlightened patroness of the Fine Arts, and, in the course of her visit to the Royal Academy, would be sure to fix *the very first thing* upon my dear SEBASTIAN'S *charming and sublime pieces!*" And then you fall into an Alnaschar train of imagination, picturing me to yourself as hob-and-nob with all the Grandees at the Palace, making my fortune there—advanced to the honour of knighthood—captivating a maid of honour, etc. Fond dreams these of fond old women!

'That my works are of the first order, I acknowledge. Every man who frequents our club at the Thunderbolt and Snuffers, says so; I think so myself: and the Editor of the Art-Union has told me they are an honour to our age and country. That they are likely to please even Royalty I admit with loyal pride. The subjects are admirable, the drawing faultless, and the colouring—but I am too modest to speak about *that*.

'In a word, it is in order that our august Court may NOT see them that I prefer exhibiting at Bullocksmithy rather than in London.

[1] [April 5, 1845.]

'Suppose His Royal Highness takes a gracious fancy to them —I speak with the utmost respect,—but I am a done man.

'Suppose he says to me "MR. SMITH, you are a man of astonishing genius; your picture from *The Vicar of Wakefield* is quite a new subject; send it to the Palace, and begin forthwith two pictures of four hundred figures, each as large as life, to be painted in fresco round a kennel I am building."

'Suppose, I say, His Royal Highness graciously gives me the above order,—What can I do? I send my picture from *The Vicar of Wakefield*, and receive a cheque for ten pounds from His Royal Highness's respected Secretary. This is very well; but, my dear Aunt, old BOBUS, the butcher, of Bullocksmithy, would give me forty pounds for the very same picture. I yield in loyalty to no man on this earth. I adore my Queen, my Prince, and my Royal Family. When I see HER MAJESTY going to the drawing-room or to open Parliament, I hurrah so, that I am sure I wonder the horses are not frightened. When I sold my picture to an eminent publisher for 200 guineas (money, £5; new prints, £205), what did I take? Why, nineteen different portraits of my Sovereign, sixteen of PRINCE ALBERT, twelve (after LANDSEER) of the Royal dogs, and two of the Royal children. I have them all framed and glazed in my studio. I am notorious in the whole profession, and called loyal SMITH.

'Well, I say,—yielding in loyalty to no man, and adoring my Queen—I prefer selling my picture to BOBUS for forty (please tell him he may have it at that price), rather than disposing of it to my august Sovereign for a fourth part of the sum. Why should I make my Prince a present of thirty guineas? I blush at the very idea.

'Now then, take the second proposition in the paragraph beginning—"SMITH, you are a man of genius," etc., which I suppose His Royal Highness to utter, upon seeing my works at the Academy. I have sent home the picture, and begin on the great composition. I fling the whole force of my tremendous intellect upon the piece. I labour five-and-twenty hours a day. I exhaust the Life Guards in models, and my purse in paying for them. I finish my work and I get thirty pounds in a compliment.

'You are incredulous—but so it is. Four of the greatest painters in England were so treated last year; and though I yield to no man in ardent attachment to the House of Hanover, I own I prefer painting for BOBUS.

'And to crown all, my dear aunt, suppose (as you do) that I am one of the greatest painters that this country or Europe ever

saw—a veteran in art, looked up to and honoured by my scholars—one to whose genius a nation, and surely a young Prince, may pay reverence; and suppose—poor as I am, yet anxious to pay honour where it is due—I make my young Prince a present of a noble picture—and suppose, in return, my young Prince has the picture *torn down from the wall, and its place filled by an inferior hand*—I should not like to see the rage in which my beloved Aunt would be at such treatment of her SEBASTIAN, and without bating a tittle of my attachment to the Star of Brunswick, I must say that I should not be exactly pleased myself to encounter such treatment.

'I have thus made you acquainted with my reasons for preferring Bullocksmithy. I should not like my temper to be tried by any such event as that I have hinted at; and though nothing could shake my reverence for the House of Saxe-Cobourg-Gotha, yet my feelings would be wounded were I placed in the above position.

'With my ardent love for everything connected with monarchy, I prefer thus to remain apart. I am a romantic being. I love to think of the golden days of our profession, when RUBENS rode with fifty gentlemen in his train, and an Emperor stooped to pick up TITIAN'S mahl-stick: and when LEONARDO came to see FRANCIS THE FIRST, he was not treated like a flunky, and RAFFAELLE, I have heard, was considered fit company for their Eminences of Rome. Just for once, I *should* like to hear of an artist being invited to Court—it may be a wild wish—it may be disrespectful to my Sovereign—but I can't help indulging in it. Enough of this, however—it is improper perhaps, under present altered circumstances, to speak of the treatment of RAFFAELLES and TITIANS by august Sovereigns now no more; yet I can't but say (always rallying round the glorious banner of the Guelphs as I do) I grieve to think that a Prince should be found in England, who patronises art by turning *our* TITIAN out of doors.

'Ever, my dear Aunt's

'Affectionate nephew,

'SEBASTIAN SMITH.'

'*P.S.*—The basket of "still life" came safe to hand. SNYDERS never painted a finer hare in his life.'

[Thackeray dealt with this subject in the following paragraph, and also in *The Commission of Fine Arts* (see p. 228).]

ROYAL PATRONAGE OF ART.[1]

In order to secure this valuable blessing, artists have agreed to sell their pictures at ten times below their value.

GROSS INSULT TO THE COURT.[2]

A tradesman at Birmingham lately offered Mr. Turner five thousand pounds for three pictures. If tradesmen are allowed to go on in this way, all royal patronage of art must end.

Note.—We have our private opinion of the tradesman who made, and the artist who *refused*, the above offer, but that is neither here nor there.

THE COMMISSION OF FINE ARTS.[3]

At a sitting of the Committee of the Fine Arts, last week, Mr. Punch was introduced, and spoke to the following effect:—

'My Lords, Mr. Rogers, and Gentlemen,

'I was out of town for the Easter holidays when my publication appeared, containing a letter from a person signed, "Smith," and some verses from another artist probably, strongly impugning the conduct of an illustrious member of your body, who, it is averred, ordered a picture from one of our most famous painters; paid for the picture about a tenth part of the price which a publisher would have given for it; and then, on some delicate scruples, had the picture (a fresco) hacked out of the wall. As for delicacy, that, of course, is a matter of taste. I can only say that I saw the sketch of the picture last year; that it was a noble specimen of English art; that my wife, Mrs. Judy, saw it; that Mrs. Caudle[4] saw it; and that it elicited nothing but admiration from this pure and high-minded women. (*Cheers.*)

'But, gentlemen, it is with regard to the atrocious statement, that the picture was chipped out of the wall, that my indignation has been roused; and I have turned off every printer, publisher,

[1] [April 12, 1845.] [2] [April 12, 1845.] [3] [April 19, 1845.]
[4] [*Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures*, by Douglas Jerrold, were appearing at this time in *Punch*.]

sub-editor, and printer's d-v-l in my establishment, who was concerned in propagating so monstrous a fable. (*Hear, hear.*)

'I cannot believe that a great picture was sacrificed in this way, or that a noble old painter was so shamefully insulted. I believe that no monarch in any Court of Europe, absolutist or constitutional, big or beggarly, from the Tuileries or St. Petersburg down to Saxe-Meiningen, let us say—for fear of being personal—would dare to commit so gross a breach of politeness. How, then, is it possible that the first of our aristocracy (which is the first of the world)—that one who is at the head of our fashion—a model of generous good-breeding—one who must be a pattern of courtesy could so forget himself as to "bring a veteran to shame"? A great prince insulting a poor artist is like a life-guardsman bullying a little baby. There is something cruel in the mere idea. The poor thing can't resist: it was only meant for caressing and kindness, to be dandled on the giant's knee, not pommelled by his great fist. A thrust of his finger might kill the child. But what should we say of the six-foot SAMSON who did the deed!

'The idea is revolting and impossible. The story must be absurd from first to last. The first gentleman in England *can't* have done what is alleged against him. To suppose that a great Prince should ask a painter for a picture is possible—the artist would naturally be too happy to oblige such a personage, and send in his picture with pleasure. But here all supposition stops. I won't believe that the first gentleman in England begs a picture of an artist, and shows his sense of obligation by sending him a tenth part of the value of the work. Such conduct is not even decent: it is not merely deficient in common gratitude, but in common politeness. Much more, then, do I discredit the cruel charge against my betters—that a great Prince, after having got a picture for nothing, after having manifested his gratitude in the way named, should end by having the picture taken down, and its place painted over by an inferior hand.

'I say it is impossible. Between a great Prince and a poor painter there is as much social difference as there is bodily discrepancy between the guardsman and the baby. One so high placed can't stoop down to crush one so lowly. What is a royal Prince who knows his business? What is he paid for? To be a splendid ceremony—to smile and be kind to everybody an aristocratic SIMPSON as it were—a walking politeness and splendour. We place him glittering above us: his part of the job is to shine and be splendid like the sun—the sun, which shines not only on mountains, castles, elephants, and such big

things, but kindly illuminates a cock-sparrow in a gutter, and warms a worm on a dunghill.

'Now, as you Gentlemen are engaged upon a committee of the Fine Arts, and as they look to you for patronage and protection, I beg and pray that you will have this story officially contradicted, or I shall (through MR. DUNCOMBE) present a petition to Parliament for a *reform of your body*. I care for my country so much, that I am obliged to know what other nations say of her; and am often—too often, perhaps—asking myself what will be a Frenchman's opinion of such and such a thing?

'In matters of art this question occurs to me very often, and as I must confess, very awkwardly. What *can* the Frenchmen say about TITE's Exchange, or the fountains in Trafalgar Square? What *would* they say if they were to hear that one of our greatest artists has been treated in the fashion above spoken of? They would say our patrons were worthy of our Art, and have a sad notion of one and the other.

'I call upon you then to disown the allegations above brought forward—allegations which I myself totally disbelieve. I don't believe that a generous British Court asked for a picture, didn't pay for a picture, and ended by removing it from the wall. I hear there are other pictures on that wall; if HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT has a fancy to part with them, I shall be happy to take them off his hands at double the money which he paid for them.'

Here, amidst a great uproar of shrieks, yells, hisses, cries of 'treason,' 'turn him out,' &c., *Mr. Punch's* Speech was concluded by his being hustled out of the committee-room by the policeman.

DOG ANNEXATION.[1]

JOHN POLK was put to the bar charged with robbing the Mexican minister of a favourite dog, named Texas. The circumstances of the case DON BERNARDO MURPHY stated to be simply these:—

Some months since, JOHN POLK sold his EXCELLENCY the dog (a very large animal, spotted black and white) that used to run under his carriage; subsequently a fellow, by the name of HOUSTON, a countryman of POLK's, who had been in his

[1] [April 5, 1845.]

EXCELLENCY'S service, absconded with the dog, and he had that day seen it at Greenwich Fair, whither he had gone in company with CHEVALIER BUNSEN. The animal was tied to a van, belonging to the prisoner, and from which he was haranguing and psalm-singing to the company at the fair.

POLICEMAN, X. 21, said—Please your Worship, there has been more picking of pockets round that ere psalm-singing wan, than in any part of the fair.

MR. ABERDEEN. Silence, Policeman. What has that to do with the complaint?

The Mexican Minister continued, in a very agitated manner, 'I instantly recognised my dog, and gave the scoundrel yonder in charge to a policeman.'

'Scoundrel!' the prisoner cried (*a very sanctimonious-looking fellow, who held the dog in his arms*)—'Am I in a Christian land, to hear myself called by such names? Are we men? Are we brethren? Have we blessings and privileges, or have we not? I come of a country the most enlightened, the most religious, the most freest, honestest, punctuallest, on this airth, I do.'

MR. ABERDEEN (*with a profound bow*). You are an American, I suppose?

POLK. I thank a gracious mussy I am! I can appeal to everything that is holy, and laying my hand on my heart, declare I am an honest man. I scorn the accusation that I stole the complainant's dog. The dog is *my* dog—mine by the laws of heaven, airth, right, nature, and possession.

DON BERNARDO MURPHY, very much agitated, here cried out—How yours? I can swear to the animal. I bought him of you.

POLK. You did. It's as true as I'm a free-born man.

DON BERNARDO. A man who was an old servant of yours comes into my service and steals the dog.

POLK. A blesseder truth you never told.

DON BERNARDO. And I find the animal now again in your possession.

POLK. (*cuddling the dog*). Yes, my old dog—yes, my old Texas, it did like to come back to its old master, it did!

DON BERNARDO (*in a fury*). I ask your worship, isn't this too monstrous?

MR. ABERDEEN. Your excellency will permit me to observe that we have not yet heard MR. POLK'S defence. In a British court justice must be shown, and no favour.

POLK. I scorn a defence. The dog returned to me by a lor of natur—it's wicked to fly aginst a lor of natur. If I sold the

dog, and by the irresistible attraction of cohesion, and the eternal order of things, he comes back to me—am I to blame? It's monstrous, heinous, reglar blasphemy to say so.

MR. ABERDEEN appeared deeply struck by the latter observation.

POLK (*continued*). I didn't steal the animal. Steal? Is a man of my character to be called a thief? I *reannexed him*—that's all. Besides, what jurisdiction has this here court? what authority has any court on airth in a question purely American? My bargain with DON BERNARDO MURPHY took place out of this country—the dog came back to me thousands of miles away herefrom.

MR. ABERDEEN. In that case, I really must dismiss the complaint. Allow me to state my opinion, MR. POLK, that the dog is yours; I have no business to inquire into questions of annexation as you call it, or of robbery as his Excellency here (very rudely, I must think) entitles your bargain. I entreat rather that gentlemen so respectable should live together in harmony; and—and, I wish you both a very good morning.

MR. POLK then left the office whistling to his dog, and making signs of contempt at DON BERNARDO MURPHY who slunk away in a cab. He had not been gone an hour when POLICEMAN X 21 came into the office and said, 'Please your Worship, The Yankee *annexed* your Worship's Canadian walking-stick in the passage.'

MR. ABERDEEN (*sternly*). Mind your own business, fellow. MR. POLK is perfectly welcome to the stick.

Presently, another member of the force (O'REGAN by name) entered and swore the incorrigible POLK had stolen his beaver hat.

MR. ABERDEEN (*good-humouredly*). Well, well, I daresay the hat wasn't worth twopence halfpenny: and it's better to lose it than to squabble about it at law.

O'REGAN left the Court grumbling, and said it wasn't so in *Temple's time.*

NEW PORTRAIT OF H.R.H. PRINCE ALBERT.[1]

LETTER FROM THE BEADLE OF THE QUADRANT TO *PUNCH*.

'*Hopsit the Fire Hoffiz, Fust of May.*

'SIR,

'Wen I stat that I am one of those unfortnight beins womb you are always a prosecutin, you will redaly understand that I am a Biddle.

'*I*, Sir, am not *ashaymed* of my Rank and tittle, however *you* may *abews* me.

'My present bisniss is *strickly purfeshnal*. You are awhere (for you've done it in the carrygiture) that I carry a staugh or

batton of hoffis; it is made of hebbany, and surmounted by the QUEEN'S Royal Crownd in brass, in horder to drive hoff the dirty little boys, and kip them in hor of me.

'Now fancy the emazemint of me and hall the hother Biddles, when I tell you that I sor a new pictur of his RILE INESS PRINCE HALBERT (bless him!) with my *particler staff* in his &.

'His RILE EYENESS (womb Evins preserve) is a painted in his Feel-Martial Youniform, a millitary clock anging over his sholders: his Is a rollin about like hanythink; with his left harm, which is broak (no haxidint, I trussed), he olds his Cock-At, and plethars. His boots is bewtiful shiny. He has his horders on—the Garter on his breast, and the Golden Fleas round his neck. A huzza is coming up to him with his Ryal oss, and Whinzer Carcel is drawn at the Back of the Sean, with a quantity of Hamyounition and canning-balls.

[1] [May 10, 1845.]

'In his rite—and he olds my staf—so—[1]

O is the Oss. H is the Huzza. W. C. is Windsor Chastle (*where I've introjuiced somebody a looking out a winder*), and S is my own identical staugh as hever was.

'Praps now this complymint has been pade our horder, you'll seece bein quite so *abewsif* about Biddles.

'Has for the picter, all of us Biddles is so dalighted hof it: that we're a-goin to buy it and ang it hup in Biddles Hall.

'I ham Sir

'Yours atsetterer

'A HINJERD BIDDLE.'

DELIGHTFUL NOVELTY.[2]

WE are charmed to see in the shops a new portrait of PRINCE ALBERT. It was very much wanted; and makes, we think, the forty-fifth this year.

[1] [Thackeray was fond of making fun of the numerous portraits which were made of the Prince Consort, and again and again he returned to the subject.]

[2] [May 10, 1845.]

THE QUEEN'S *BAL COSTUMÉ*, OR, POWDER AND BALL.[1]

APROPOS of this elegant festival so creditable to English taste (for isn't it noble to think of the great and proud British aristocracy tricked out, like *Pantaloon*, in the ugliest, most foolish, most absurd costume that ever was invented since the world began?)—*apropos* of this grand festival, we hasten to lay before our lady-readers the following extract of a letter, with a sight of which we have been favoured from the VISCOUNTESS RUBADUB to her sister, the LADY FANNY FANTOWZLE.

'*152 Grosvener Square.*

'MY DEAREST FANTOZLE,—

'We are all in a state of the highest excitement about the *bal costumé*. LORD RUBADUB and my six girls are invited. We are all to go in powder—all to go in hoops. We calculate that we seven alone will occupy five-and-thirty feet of Her Majesty's drawing-room.

'Everybody in powder! Wasn't it a charming idea of our gracious QUEEN? So novel, elegant, and useful! Our footmen are *not* to wear it; lest between them and their masters there should be mistakes, you know.

'How I long to see dear SIR ROBERT in pomatum and powder walking a minuet in the costume of his great-grandfather! No, I won't say his great-grandfather, my dear; for, between ourselves, he is said never *to have had one*. He! he! he! LORD BROUGHAM is furbishing up his old Chancellor's wig: and I'm told the darling DUKE OF WELLINGTON (who is growing very economical in his old age) grumbles greatly, and intends to wear his coachman's.

'Then, my dear, the brunettes are in *such* a tantrum—to be obliged to cover their black ringlets with grease and flour, they say! You should see LADY RAVENSWING'S fury: LADY DUCROW'S rage that herself and her girls are to be so disfigured: and hear the abuse of those odious MISS BLACKLOCKS. They say it's a shame that they should be called upon so to disfigure themselves; that, to please our gracious QUEEN, they should be

[1] [May 17, 1845.]

obliged to go trapesing about in old hoops, patches, and furbelows. My dear, their conversation is downright *disloyal;* let me change this odious, this painful theme.

'And then, how will they get the horrid powder out when it is once in the hair? All the ladies are in a rage, and the ladies'-maids in despair. As for us, my dear FANTOWZLE, we can console ourselves. Hair has been *brilliant auburn* in the RUBADUB family ever since WILLIAM RUFUS: and powder becomes every one of us.

'What shall we do for hairdressers for the great day? What will poor people do? Some are to have their heads dressed a week before the ball. The hairdressers are giving themselves *such* airs. Our person, FLORIDOR, who used to call himself *artiste en cheveux*, scorns the title now. "*Artist*," says he, "artists are low in this country. *Je m'appelle Homme de Peigne de sa Majesté!*"

'Now, as the monster asks ten guineas *par tête* on the ball night, and you know I cannot afford such a sum with my five dear girls and dreadfully numerous family, I wish, dearest FANTOWZLE, you would do me a great favour.

'My son ROLLO, who was long at Paris (a sad boy, frequently, I fear, the worst of company there), says, "A *rococo* ball? *That* a novelty! My dear mother, nothing is more vulgar and stale. All the grisettes in Paris; all the tipsy apprentices of the Carnival; all the shop-girls, medical students, pickpockets, and worse people still, have been powdering and patching any time these ten years. What is new here is old and vulgar there, and I fancy the sneer of the Parisians when they hear this wise and tasteful court of yours has adopted the cast-off finery of the tag-rag and bob-tail of Paris."

'I must tell you that ROLLO is not invited to the ball, though, and is a little sore at the omission.

'But his advice is as fully sensible and economical. I think he says, "Send to my aunt FANTOWZLE, if the barbers here are so dear. Tell her to send you over a man who has dressed hair for the low theatres, and the low balls. You may get the fellow for a few francs a day, and he will be just the man for the fashion."

'Send over such a man, then, my dear. Get him as cheap, of course, and as old and as ugly as you can—for think of my girls, and the maternal solicitude of your affectionate

'EMILY RUBADUB.'

HER MAJESTY'S *BAL POUDRÉ*.[1]

If his Royal Highness THE PRINCE wears the dress of GEORGE THE SECOND—who despised and bullied artists as we know in HOGARTH'S case—we engage to find a painter who will be delighted to be kicked downstairs by His Royal Highness.

If PEEL will go to the *Bal Poudré* in the costume of his grandfather, we will not make a single joke at him for six weeks.

If O'CONNELL will go in the costume of LORD LOVAT, that double-tongued old Conspirator, it will suit him to a nicety.

If he will *act the part out*, LORD BROUGHAM says he is so fond of DAN that he will be happy to appear as GEORGE SELWYN.

'If BROUGHAM appeared as DOCTOR SWIFT, in the latter days of his life,' O'CONNELL said, on hearing the above remark, 'he'd act the part to admiration.'

'If we were invited,' said one of DAN'S Irish brigade to another, 'and appeared in the cawsthume of our ancesthors at Fontenoy—Bedad we'd beat them English over again at the supper-teeble!'

If every man fit for the part of a Young Pretender were to have his will, Young England might furnish a half-dozen of CHARLES STUARTS.

If THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, as the Great Captain of the Age, appears in the costume of FREDERICK THE GREAT, of course LORD LONDONDERRY, that illustrious general and coal-owner, will appear as MARSHAL SACKS.

If the age of LOUIS XV. and MARIA THERESA has been chosen because petticoat-government was the order of that day—to be sure what a number of great ladies might lay claim to the costume of the Empress-Queen!

If WILL. HOGARTH and HARRY FIELDING could wake up and witness the scene, and behold respectable old men befooling themselves in masquerade dresses, modest old matrons forced to begrime themselves with powder, and disfigure their persons with monstrous hoops and furbelows; if they could see grave statesmen and generals obliged to dress up with wigs like *Pantaloons* in the Pantomime; and high-bred English gentlewomen ordered to powder and rouge like mountebanks in a fair: Good Lord! what an opinion they would form of the taste of our court, and what a satire they could make between them!

[1] [June 7, 1845.]

PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.[1]

THE costume of 1745 has been, it is said, adopted for HER MAJESTY'S *Bal Poudré* in order to accustom HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE FIELD MARSHAL to the smell of powder.

INTERESTING RELIC AT ROSENAU.[2]

AT Rosenau, where HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT first saw light, they show affectionately, not only the cradle in which the royal infant was laid, but *the silver spoon which he had in his mouth* when he was born. The Correspondent of the *Morning Herald* fainted when he saw this admirable relic. It is as large as a soup-ladle; handsomely embossed with the arms of England; and in the custody of MADAME EYERGLÜCK, HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS'S excellent nurse.

PRINCE LEOPOLD (now KING OF THE BELGIANS) was born with a similar ornament. It is kept at Gotha, under the charge of the lady who brought up his then SERENE HIGHNESS by hand, MADAME PAPPENHEIM.

MR. PUNCH ON THE FINE ARTS.[3]

THE two following letters appeared in *The Times* last week:—

'SIR,

'Can you assist me in the following dilemma?

'Is a visit to the exhibition of the Royal Academy a rational, Christianlike, and proper amusement for the afternoon of Sunday, after attending divine service in the morning—ay or no?

'If it be, why am I and my class excluded on that day?

'If it be not, why were "THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CAMBRIDGE, PRINCE GEORGE, THE HEREDITARY GRAND DUKE AND DUCHESS OF MECKLENBURGH STRELITZ (attended by MR. EDMOND MILDMAY), and THE GRAND DUCHESS STEPHANIE OF BADEN,

[1] [May 31, 1845.] [2] [September 6, 1845.] [3] [May 24, 1845.]

accompanied by THE MARCHIONESS OF DOUGLAS and attended by THE BARONESS DE STRUMFEDER," as per *Court Circular*, admitted?

'Yours, etc.

'A CLERK,

'Who never leaves business until dusk.'

'SIR,

'In answer to "A Clerk" applying for the opening of the Royal Academy on the Sunday, I would observe that the titled personages whom he names (if they were admitted on that day) violated their duty to God and society by going, but in no way justified an act immoral and indecent in itself; and that if once this barrier should be broken, there can be no reason why every public exhibition in the country, and the theatres at night, should not equally be open also, as in Paris.

'I am, Sir, yours obediently,

'ONE OF THE PEOPLE CALLED CHRISTIANS.'

These documents were attentively read by our exalted chief, and were observed to affect the venerable *Mr. Punch* in a most extraordinary manner. The latter letter especially excited him: and he was awake all night after it had appeared, tossing about in his bed in a fury, and exclaiming, 'STIGGINS—it's STIGGINS—I know it is—the rascal! to say the Royal Family is immoral and indecent, and insult the GRAND DUCHESS STEPHANIE and the BARONESS DE STRUMFEDER.

The next morning he arose quite calm, and calling for pens and paper, addressed the following ironic letter to the clerk who wrote to *The Times*.

'MY DEAR, THOUGH UNKNOWN FRIEND,

'I have read your letter with deep feelings of sympathy. I know your condition—I know that you live in Chelsea or Camden Town, with four children and a lodger. You work in that little runt of a garden of yours for half-an-hour or so before breakfast; and having hurriedly swallowed your meal, in company with MRS. CLERK and the family, and having kissed the four pair of red cheeks, all shining with bread and butter, trudge off for a three-mile walk to business in the city, where nine o'clock finds you at your desk over the ledger. At seven or eight you are back to that little dingy cottage of yours, and must be glad to get to bed early in order to be ready for the next day's labours.

'How can you have leisure to improve your mind under these circumstances? My dear, worthy fellow, you must be in a state of lamentable ignorance—ignorance, indeed! Oh, you poor miserable sinner, not to know how ignorant you are: and to dare for to go

for to make such an audacious proposition as that about being allowed to see pictures on a Sunday!

'To look at pictures on Sunday is a "violation of your duty to Heaven and society." It is an act "immoral and indecent." "One of the people called Christians" has let you into that secret, in a neat and temperate letter, in reply to yours, which *The Times* publishes—and a very liberal and kind Christian he must be who warns you.

'It is a mistake to fancy that an examination of works of art, though they may ennoble and improve your mind on Saturday, is not an odious and wicked action on Sunday. BARONESS STRUMFEDER may do as her ladyship likes. As for the GRAND DUCHESS STEPHANIE OF BADEN, her Royal Highness is a Frenchwoman by birth, and a Princess living in a country where sad errors prevail —this dreadful one among others :—of admitting the public to recreation after the hours of devotion on the Sabbath, and flinging the galleries and museums open to the poor who can see them on no other day.

'Make up your mind, my lad, and console yourself for living in the only country in Europe where you are debarred from such godless enjoyments. Suppose that it has been the custom of all Christendom (and of England, until pious OLIVER CROMWELL came and put an end to the diabolical superstition) to recognise Art as not incompatible with Religion, and to believe that harmless happiness was intended and designed to be a part of the weekly holiday. We are right, depend upon it—and all the world for ages and ages is wrong. Wo betide the unfortunate sinners! I can't think of a company of French or German peasants (I have seen many such) dancing under an elm-tree, with *Monsieur le Cure* looking on, very likely, without a feeling of horror at their criminality—tempered, however, with pleasure in remembering that we in England are free from such crime; and that I am not involved, like these countless myriads of human beings, in the commission of deadly sin.

'Some of these unfortunate creatures believe it is wrong to eat mutton-chops on a Friday—and the wretched bigots will tell you that it is "immoral and indecent and an insult to Heaven and Society" to do such a thing. Blind and miserable superstition! You must not amuse yourself on Sunday with pictures—but as for chops on a Friday, eat as many of them, my good friend, as you can buy.

'And it is in vain for you to expostulate with that ignorant arrogance of yours, which you mistake for good sense, but which is only monstrous pride and self-conceit; it is in vain for you to

say, "if a man thinks it is a crime to eat chops on a Friday, I won't force him to eat them, but in the name of common sense let me have mine." If I think in common with HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS of CAMBRIDGE and BARONESS STRUMFEDER that there is no harm in seeing pictures on Sunday, what man of the people called Christians has a right to doom me to perdition for my opinion? Be you content that another should judge for you, and take his word for it. He has disposed of BARONESS STRUMFEDER and the other titled personages, as you see. Do you think he does not know what is good for, or what will hereafter happen to, such a poor miserable creature as you?

'No, my worthy friend—let this man lay down the law and be you contented to believe him. He must be right; he says he is "one of the people called Christians." If others of the people called Christians give you different doctrine, don't listen to them. Coals and gridirons? they are in fatal error. Be thankful for your chops on a Friday.

'Remember that the rational and beneficent law of the land is that you are NEVER TO ENJOY YOURSELF; that when the Saturday ends your hard week's labours and the day of rest comes, you have no right to interpret your ideas of rest in your own way.

'It might be rest to your weary eyes, that have been bleared all the week over the blue lines in a ledger, to look at such a picture as the *Catherine* of RAPHAEL in the National Gallery, or the *Claude* that hangs beside it. It may be that you have a heart to be touched by their beauty, and elevated by those representations of purified and ennobled Nature. I, for my part, have often walked out with *Mrs. Punch* of a Sabbath evening, and looked at the fair landscape and the happy people, and heard the clinking bell tolling to chapel too; and yet, somehow, stayed in the fields without. Who knows whether the sight of God's beautiful world might not awaken as warm feelings of reverence, of gratitude, as the talk of the REV. MR. STIGGINS indoors, who was howling perdition at me over his pulpit cushion for not being present sitting under him? It is very probable that he thinks his sermon a much finer thing than a fine landscape, and can't understand how a picture should move any mortal soul. But, stop—why are we poor worms to understand what he doesn't understand, or to inquire about anything which is beyond his Reverence's comprehension?

'Be you content, then, my poor friend, to follow that profound and humble-minded instructor. Depend on it, STIGGINS knows best what's good for you. Doesn't he say so, and isn't he an honourable man? Never mind all Europe, but stick to STIGGINS.

R

Remember your lot in life, and be resigned thereunto; no more aspiring to see pictures on Sunday, than to enjoy pine-apples and champagne on the other days of the week. And if doubts and repinings *will* cross your abominable mind, read over his letter, and after you see how he has disposed of poor STRUMFEDER, thank your stars that picture-gallery doors are shut against you on Sundays, and that you are the clerk you are.

'PUNCH.'

'*P.S.*—By the way, there is one point in STIGGINS' admirable letter which is not altogether supported by his usual logic. "There's no reason," he says, "if the Royal Academy were opened, why every public exhibition through the country and the theatres at night should not be opened too?" To this it must certainly be answered, that if the museums in Birmingham, Manchester, etc., were open on Sunday afternoons, they would no doubt occasion in the provinces the dreadful depravity against which STIGG. protests in London.

'But because an Exhibition was open on Sunday afternoon, it does not *therefore* follow that a theatre should be open on Sunday night. No, dear STIGGINS, that is not put with your usual mildness of argument. The garden of St. James's Park is open till dusk, and the ungodly walk there—but it is not therefore open all night. You might go out for a walk of an afternoon, but it does not follow that you should stay out all night. No, STIGGY, I would not allow any one to say that of you. And our admirable legislature has provided that only the gin-shops should be opened on Sundays—not the wicked theatres.'

STIGGINS IN NEW ZEALAND.[1]

IN the galleries of the Jesuit College of Rome hang a series of portraits, villanously painted for the most part, of defunct brothers of that Society. Round the foreheads of every tenth man or so, you see painted a little circle of vermilion — not by way of ornament, for it is an ugly head-dress, but to signify that the person so decorated has met with death, in the pursuit of his missionary labours among the Heathen.

At the Propaganda, where they teach, preach, and sing, in every language in the world, young men are pointed out to you, who, in addition to the black dress, have a little red cord, which

[1] [June 28, 1845.]

means that they are *doomed to death*. They go to China, take the native habit and dress, preach there until discovered, and die as hundreds of their brethren have done before them. These are the men whose abominable artifices and superstitions are constantly attacked in Exeter Hall.

This line of martyrdom is by no means the line of our missionary Fathers—Fathers, indeed, and with large families too; but though they labour more comfortably, they perform many wondrous things.

We suggest, that against next May meeting (there will be plenty of time), MR. DANDESON COATES, the Secretary of the British Propaganda, should get up a picture-gallery for the edification of the good souls who come up to subscribe to the missions, and pay and console our martyrs before they go forth to their work.

In New Zealand, for instance, let us have pictures of their sufferings, persecutions, and the miracles they have performed—yes, miracles. There was FATHER KENDAL: MR. BULLER tells us, in his speech, that he purchased *forty square miles of land with thirty-six axes*. Was not this working wonders? This martyr should be painted with an axe in the corner of the picture, as BARTHOLOMEW is with a gridiron, or CATHERINE with a wheel.

FATHER WILLIAMS, that Converter of the Heathen, should have a fine canvas dedicated to himself and his large family. 'He got 11,000 acres of land out of the natives,' MR. BULLER says and DANDESON COATES declares this is what every family missionary ought to do.

FATHER TAYLOR got 50,000 acres. FAIRBURN got 40,000 (DANDESON says they are going *to give it back again*—a subject for another picture). Another little army of twenty-three martyrs put in their claim for 186,000 acres. Let all their portraits be painted, and hung up in Lincoln's Inn Fields for the encouragement of other missionaries, and to induce the public to give more money to poor fellows who can't cultivate their land without capital.

These proud achievements belong to the Church alone. The Roman Catholics in New Zealand have not asked or taken an acre. There is only one little job among the Wesleyans; and what was the consequence? The man who executed it was disowned, and immediately excluded from that unworthy and sectarian body. Let us trust he has found refuge in DANDESON'S pale.

MR. JERNINGHAM WAKEFIELD tells us in his book that the admirable Fathers (bless them for their benevolence and Christian good-will!) have taught the natives not to put their trust in

any man of the world, or to bargain with the European traders who might cheat them, as the Fathers never do; and they call all the non-missionary colonists *Devils*. Devils, of course—and what is the duty of their reverences? Why, to cast out the devils to be sure, and to keep the natives from all danger.

IMMENSE OPPORTUNITY.[1]

MR. AINSWORTH, 'on whom the Editorship of *The New Monthly Magazine* has devolved,' parades a list of contributors to that brilliant periodical, and says he has secured the aid of several writers '*eminent not only for talent*, BUT FOR HIGH RANK.'

Are they of high rank as authors, or in the Red Book? Mr. Ainsworth can't mean that the readers of his Magazine care for an author because he happens to be a lord—a flunky might—but not a gentleman who has any more brains than a fool. A literary gentleman who respects his calling doesn't surely mean to propitiate the public by saying, 'I am going to write for you, and—and Lord Fitzdiddle is going to write too.'

Hang it, man, *let* him write—write and be—successful, or write and be—unsuccessful, according to his merits. But don't let us talk about high rank in the republic of letters—let us keep *that* place clear. Publishers have sought for lordlings, we know, and got them to put their unlucky names to works which they never wrote; but don't let men of letters demean themselves in this way.

No, WILLIAM HARRISON, trust to your own powers and genius—trust to the harrowing influence of the 'Revelations of London'—trust to the contributors 'who have shed a lustre over the Magazine,' the enterprising and erudite Whatdyecallem; Thingamy, 'whose domestic tales have found an echo in every bosom,' and the rest. But don't let us hear any more of high rank as a recommendation.

If we do—look out to hear further from

PUNCH.

LITERARY NEWS.[2]

LAST Saturday's papers contain two interesting announcements. LOUIS-PHILIPPE makes VICTOR HUGO a Peer of France, and the DUKE OF WELLINGTON calls *The Morning Post* a liar.

[1] [July 5, 1845.] [2] [April 26, 1845.]

In France the Journalists think that the King has bestowed a deserved honour on one of their profession. In England *The Morning Post* feels much obliged because the Duke accuses it of falsehood. In return for this compliment, the brave Briton cringes down to the testy old nobleman's feet, and prays that His Grace may be *immortal*.

In France, then, a literary man is made a Duke; in England he is happy to be kicked by one.

What English writer won't be proud of his profession after that? and of his station in the country? and thank *The Morning Post* for representing him?

WHERE ARE THE HACKNEY COACHES GONE TO?[1]

To the Editor of *Punch*.

'Dear *Punch*,

'My wife, Mrs. Charles Ralledge, generally goes out of town about this time for a week, to give the children the benefit of a dip in the ocean at Gravesend.

'As we have four—I may say, as fine children as you ever saw—their clothes must be attended to, and their baggage is pretty considerable.

'Mrs. R. travels with four large camel's-hair trunks, three portmanteaus, four carpet-bags, her bonnet-boxes, twenty-three articles in all, besides the basket for baby—no mother and lady can travel with *less*. Cloaks and umbrellas of course, I don't include. That you understand!

'We generally (that is, Mrs. R. and the family, for I can only go down on Saturdays a bit) go to the boat in a hackney-coach. We have done so, I may say, ever since I was in business, and I did so with the first Mrs. R.

'This morning I told my light porter, who has invariably fetched the coach for me for twenty-three years, that my wish was as usual for the vehicle.

'He brings me back word that our hackney-coach died last April; that there was no hackney-coach within three miles of us in this dense, populous, commercial city!

'He says *there are only three Hackney Coaches in all London!* One on Tower Hill (with funeral horses); one in Piccadilly; one

[1] [July 5, 1845.]

which has been seen occasionally in Oxford Street, but only at three o'clock in the morning.

'Is this, I ask, tolerable? Are we Britons, or are we not? Are we or are we not in the first city in the world? If so, I ask, why are there *not* more hackney-coaches, and why was my family prevented from leaving home this morning? Cabs are out of the question. Mrs. R. is a large figure, and will not let one of the children out of her sight.

'I subjoin my name (in confidence), and am

'Your constant reader, and a regular subscriber,
Which the former my family certainly is;

C. F. M'Q. R."

Monday.

MOST NOBLE FESTIVITIES.[1]

WHEN the first part of LADY LONDONDERRY'S Tour was printed in *The New Monthly Magazine*, there appeared, *Mr. Punch*, in your columns a wicked attack upon the work, which especially fell foul of her Ladyship's grammar. I can't say it was in consequence of your remarks, *but somehow there was no bad grammar in No. 2.*

'Have the goodness to keep your eye upon the man who writes the paragraphs about the *fêtes* at Holderness House: and correct that slave as you have admonished his noble mistress.

'I just read in the *Herald* (that is, in the *Standard*, which is the same thing) that "THE MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY will have a *thé dansante* at Holderness House: nearly 300 cards of invitation have been circulated among the leading aristocracy. *The line* is fixed at from 3 to 8 in the afternoon."

'What the deuce does this mean? How do you fix a line to a *thé dansante*, and how do you go on fixing it for five hours in an afternoon? What is a *thé dansante*, and when was *thé* of the feminine gender? It is neuter in this country, but has always been masculine in France—as stronger than most of the drinks imbibed there.

'About the noble Marquis, the same journal contains a paragraph, not conspicuous for eccentricity of grammar, certainly, but noble in its own way—in fact there never *was* a puff about

[1] [July 5, 1845.]

Holderness House that had not some fun in it. The paragraph in question runs as follows :—

'"On Monday evening a grand banquet was given by *General the Most Noble Marquis of Londonderry*, to the officers of the Second Life Guards, of which distinguished military corps the Noble Marquis is Colonel. Several *other eminent military commanders*, connected with other regiments, both cavalry and infantry, had also the honour of receiving an invitation.

'"Every preparation suitable to so *important an event* was made by the *noble and gallant Lord of Holderness*."

'I think it is only at Holderness House that you get this most noble style of writing. Commoners can't come near it. What a noble figure of speech that is in which the Marquis, because he lives at Holderness House, Park Lane, is called the Lord of Holderness — in the same way, my Lord Lansdowne might be called the Marquis of Piccadilly, or your humble servant the gallant Lord of St. Alban—from St. Alban's Place, Haymarket, where I and many other "eminent commanders" have cheap and airy lodgings.

'That touch about the "other eminent commanders" can't be passed over without admiration. There were other military eminences, "both cavalry and infantry"; therefore the Marquis is an eminent military commander, and greater than the others whom he "honours with an invitation." That is the way to make a dinner pleasant—call it "an important occasion"; tell your guests that they are honoured by being invited, and so make them comfortable.

'Well, every man to his taste; for my part, I prefer dining with some "military commanders" (at *3s. 6d.* a day), off a shilling's worth of beef and cabbage in Rupert Street, where we are not obliged to swallow "honour" along with our modest victuals, and where we were just discussing the above paragraphs in the newspaper.

'Your obedient servant,

'ANDREA FERRARA.'

'*Half-Pay Club, June 25.*'

REASONS

WHY I SHALL NOT SEND MY SON, GUSTAVUS FREDERIC, TO TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.[1]

By Mr. *Punch*.

The young men of Trinity College, Cambridge, assume greater rank than the members of other colleges in that University. They wear blue gowns while other youths wear black: they number more noblemen and fellow-commoners than all the University put together: they call all the rest of the world 'small college-men.' Old Lickspittle, from Baker Street, sends Young Lickspittle to Trinity that he may form 'connections' there, and become acquainted with sucking lords, with whom he may walk down Pall Mall in after life.

And yet, from accounts that reach me, I won't send my son Gustavus Frederic Forrester Chesterfield D'Orsay Punch to Trinity; I wish Gustavus Frederic to see good society, certainly, but not at such a price as he must pay under Dr. Whewell's Mastership.

Suppose Dr. Whewell were to take a fancy to that dear child, as I have no doubt he would; he would invite him to the lodge to tea, which is a very wholesome drink for my darling boy. But he would not be allowed to *sit down and drink it*. No; the Master of Trinity does not allow Undergraduates to sit down before him. If a raw lad dares to take a chair, there's a kind sub-tutor in the way, who whispers to the young gentleman this wish of the master.

I wouldn't have my Gustavus Frederic go into any company where he is considered unworthy to sit down. His legs are strong, but I won't have them tried in *that* way.

Even when I see ladies and gentlemen standing behind Prince Albert and Her Majesty, I blush. To be a flunky after all is *not* an honourable position—to be a flunky and stand behind even a Queen. I pity the poor devils of White Rods and Aides-de-camp when I see them at the Opera, and the Prince in his chair. I feel ashamed somehow.

And if ashamed of a gentleman standing before a prince, how

[1] [July 19, 1845.]

much more of a gentleman standing before a DR. WHEWELL! The Doctor has written a Bridgewater treatise, and I'm sure only acts from humility; it is for his office' sake, and not for his own, that he degrades young gentlemen so; and I've no doubt when HER MAJESTY was at Trinity Lodge, he gave the QUEEN his arm, or walked before her, as DOCTOR BUSBY did before KING CHARLES. But my beloved boy's proud spirit would burst over the lodge muffins and tea, if obliged to swallow them standing. He has not been accustomed to take his victuals in that way; no, nor to stand before any person--not even his own father.

And suppose I were to go down to see him. His tutor would ask me to dine in the hall, no doubt, as MR. S - - - asked MR. JERDAN and a party the other day. DOCTOR WHEWELL sees a party of *distingué*-looking fellows dining with MR. S——, and invites him and his friends to the lodge. But he hears that in the party is a literary gentleman by the name of *Punch*, on which the Master writes a letter, to say—'Dear S., I expect all your party except *Mr. Punch*.' DR. WHEWELL did this the other day to the editor of another eminent literary periodical.

Suppose such a thing were to happen to me, what would GUSTAVUS FREDERIC do? What would I do? I might be angry. I might use strong language. I shudder to think what I might say or do.

Neither of us can afford to mix with good society at that price; and, therefore, as long as the Master of Trinity maintains his present opinions, GUSTAVUS FREDERIC shall be a SMALL COLLEGEMAN.

OYSTERS IN YOUR OWN BASINS.[1]

PROSPECTUS,

ADDRESSED TO EVERY OYSTER'S FRIEND.

THE *Sun* announces a letter from M. CARBONEL to the Academy of Sciences, stating that he has discovered the means of producing Oysters in fresh-water ponds and basins; and some publicans in the City, friends to the Englishman and the Native, have entered into a correspondence with that eminent man of science, determined on establishing the great

[1] [September 6, 1845.]

OYSTER-BED-IN-YOUR-OWN-BASIN COMPANY.

Sec. pro temp., GEORGE DANDO, Esq., Basinall Street.

The advantages of this Company will be manifest. THE FEAST OF SHELLS is now within the reach of the poor. Every man who uses a basin may draw from it, not only cleanliness, but a delicious *feast of molluscous enjoyment*. Very young persons of both sexes have hitherto objected to enter the tub of Saturday nights; but how eagerly will they now fly to their weekly toilet, when it places at the same time within their reach a splendid and nutritious supper!

The great benefit derived from pearls in oysters is well known. Parties may hope to realise a vast income from this delightful source.

Science and ingenuity are busy in contriving a thousand ways of *facilitating* THE COMMUNICATION BETWEEN THE OYSTER AND MANKIND. The former being sowed in a tin dish and fed with bran, will, by warming, instantly produce the most admirable scolloped oysters. Ready-made oyster patties will be constructed in smaller vessels. A tureen prepared with the spawn over-night will yield a savoury oyster soup, so much appreciated by epicures. A butter-boat, arranged in a similar manner, will be found to contain a satisfactory portion of that sauce (so often a mere fabulous compound) without which it is sufficient to say no cod's-head-and-shoulders can be complete.

A large supply of the oysters have arrived, and are for sale and on view at the Temporary Offices of the Company, in the City. And to convince the squeamish, the sceptical, or the prejudiced, MR. GUSTAVUS DANDO engages (the cost price being discharged) to eat any quantity of the article BEFORE THE PUBLIC.

SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF OYSTERS.—In connexion with this Company, we hear of a branch Company, for THE PROPAGATION OF WELSH RABBITS, which can't fail to meet with public sympathy.

A SEASONABLE WORD ON RAILWAYS.[1]

By Mr. *Punch*.

At a dinner given by the Directors of the Diddlesex Junction Railway to one another out of the funds of the Company—Fitz-James de la Pluche, Esq., Chairman,—Punch, Esq., Vice-Chairman—the latter gentleman delivered the following speech in reply to a complimentary oration from the distinguished president:—

'Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen,

'The manner in which you have drunk my health is most gratifying to me. I won't say that "tears choke my utterance," as O'Connell did, upon a solemn occasion, the other day. Humbug and hypocrisy will not pass for honest emotion in England: and never can be welcome to honest men. Gentlemen, I drink all your good healths in return. (*Cheers.*)

'There was a talk last week of an Order in Council to prohibit the further issue of railroad prospectuses, on the plea that there were too many now on hand, and that it was impossible for Parliament to discuss those schemes already extant in the course of next session.

'*Mr. Punch* is inclined to be of the opinion of the Order in Council, for various cogent reasons.

'In the first place—do we wish to be the death of the House of Commons? If we work them with bills as we did last session, every one, except a few of the tough ones, will expire. Fancy a house composed of Hume and Peel, for instance, whom nothing can kill—old Joe with his stupid figures of arithmetic, and Bob with his incomparably stupider figures of speech. (*Sensation dans l'auditoire.*)

'Secondly,—and this is even a more important reason than the former,—although some of you, my dear brethren, don't care a jot whether the House of Commons is dead or alive, yet your own interests will probably affect you sincerely. Men and Shareholders, you have already signed your deeds, pocketed your premiums, and (the scheme being agreed to by Parliament) committed yourselves to the finishing of your respective undertakings within a certain space of, say, three years.

[1] [October 4, 1845.]
[The railway craze was at its height when this was written.]

'Look, my dears, at the number of schemes now on the list! I can't stop to count them—I can't tell the number of deeds I myself have signed—(hear, hear,)—the number of applications I myself have made—(*great applause*)—but O, my dear brother-shareholders, which among you will not agree with me, that there is as much money to pay as this great country can conveniently fork out: that there is as much to do as our labourers possibly can do: and that it will be well to get that done before we engage ourselves farther?

'Parliament binds you to execute your contracts in a certain short period of years, or months almost. You must have the iron in that time, and do you think the ironmasters will spare you? You must have the labour performed, and where are the hands to do it? Workmen will be in such request for the next three years, that the best profession for younger sons will be the pickaxe and shovel. Navvies may dictate their own terms—at least, until the Companies are bankrupt, when there will be no labour, nor wages, nor railroads at all. It will be a sad day when capitalists, and ironmasters, and workmen, sit looking at each other after the general smash that our haste for speculation has occasioned. (*Profound attention.*)

'Therefore, dearly beloved, I shall in my place in Parliament, or if called to attend the council-board of my Sovereign, approve of a mild check upon railroad speculation. We have enough on hand at present for any prudent man to perform. Next year, my dear brother-capitalists, we shall be having our calls to pay, which I am sure you will all discharge with cheerful punctuality. (*Hear, hear! Cries of Oh yes! Of course! Wish you may get it.*) I am not a croaker by nature, and only prophesy on rare occasions; but, upon my honour and conscience, it seems to me to be touch-and-go with the prosperity of this great country at this very moment when I am drinking your healths. (*Cheers.*) You have the start of all Europe, as you have always had; and the railroad system successfully carried out will make such vast changes, and work such prodigious benefits, as I believe a man has scarcely an idea of now. (*Sneers.*) But (without rebuking the sneer of my worthy friend, MR. COLDSHOULDER, for I must speak a volume to set him right, and then he wouldn't understand me) it depends on you now, whether the pre-eminence which you have earned shall remain with you, or the ruin which all the world is longing to see accomplished, shall fall upon you. (*Thrilling sensation.*)

'If I were an enemy of my country—If I were an aristocrat bent upon the maintenance of my Order, and dimly seeing that,

with the triumph of the Railroad system, my coronets, and my lordships, and my stars and garters, must infallibly disappear into Hades—I would, far from discouraging the present Railroad mania, exaggerate it in every way. I would rejoice to see the capital of the country engaging itself beyond its means—plunging into speculations which must end hopelessly—and then the ruined land would come under my sway again, and the old system be paramount once more. But let us hope better things of the national prudence, and that our own greediness and lust of gain is not to be the cause of our ruin. If we are but prudent, Gentlemen, there is no end to the anniversaries which we may be called upon to celebrate here; to the dividends which we may announce to happy shareholders in our line; to the branch lines which may spring from it; and to the premiums which we, as directors, may pocket. (*Immense cheering.*) I will conclude, Gentlemen, by giving you—*The Railroad-market, and may we know when we have got enough.*'

After this and other eloquent speeches, *Mr. Punch* went home; but, in spite of his own injunctions to caution, and gloomy predictions regarding over-speculation, the infatuated gentleman wrote two-and-twenty fresh applications for shares before he went to bed that night.

JOHN JONES'S REMONSTRANCE ABOUT THE BUCKINGHAM BUSINESS.[1]

'My dear *Punch*,

'Although it is not probable that in the present juncture the Punch-Buckingham dispute will be an object of *very* great interest with the nation, yet as you ask Mrs. Jones's opinion, and my own, with regard to the business, I shall frankly state that I think you are wrong and Buckingham right.

'Far from complaining of Buckingham for establishing the Institute, I like him for his success. I would not go to a party. It would be a bore, and dear. But there is only so much the more merit in this gentleman, who has got a great number of worthy persons to believe that it is cheap, and that they really like it: who has got their money out of their pockets: who has

[1] [December 20, 1845.]

[Most of the papers in *Punch* concerning the 'Buckingham Business' were written by Douglas Jerrold. This was Thackeray's sole contribution to the discussion.]

got Earls and Lords to patronize him: who has got that good-natured DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE to come and dine, and honest country folks to rally round him; who has got a famous comfortable house for himself and family, a comfortable maintenance for life, as he hopes; a reputable SIMPSON-status:—and all this is to be knocked over by *Punch*, the ruthless batoneer! Ah, my dear Sir, you were too hard in this. Even supposing for a moment, which of course I do not, that the Destitute is a humbug—is it not a kindly and harmless one? The people who pay can afford their money. What call had you to disturb them, or poor BUCKINGHAM? I do not think, to judge from his writings, that Nature has endowed that gentleman with a sense of humour; but even supposing he possessed it, and could see as well as yourself, dear *Mr. Punch*, the admirable ridiculousness of the whole Institute scheme, he would hardly sympathise with any jokes made at the expense of it—at the expense of his bed and board—at the expense of his lodging—at the expense of his future chances of comfortable maintenance, and of that delightful position which he holds as a Centre of Civilization. "There's a fascination about that man, Sir," I once heard an East India Colonel say of MR. BUCKINGHAM, "which is perfectly irresistible." His eloquence is the most winning: his knowledge the most prodigious: he has been everywhere and knows everything! Hundreds of respectable people, I trust, have this opinion. You may not hold it—you might be bored by that flux of words which he can pour out *in omne aevum volubilis* to the astonishment of rustics—you may think him a Brummagem ULYSSES—but respect the men who differ from you. Have you not met people in society who admired MR. J. GRANT as a writer, BUNN as a poet, etc.? At an evening party at our parson's there was a young lady crying at "other lips and other hearts" only three days since. Surely, any one of these gentlemen will naturally be angry if found out and pronounced to be an impostor.

'BUCKINGHAM is so angered. He speaks after his fashion. He bawls out rogue, forger, impostor. He says you are a malignant attack—a disgusting exhibition, that nobody will be safe from you without buying a dishonourable silence, etc.—and at this you become virtuously indignant! At page 241 you are absolutely serious. That page of *Punch* is a take-in. *Punch* ought never to be virtuously indignant or absolutely serious. His two great, blundering, roaring, stupid enemies, in the show, the Policeman and the Beadle, are always calling him thief, rascal, and knave. *Punch's* good humour is never interrupted. Let us have a fair division of labour; you do the laughing part,

and BUCKINGHAM the angry part. He does not know how to laugh, so leave him his old, only weapon.

'He says you have a design on the Throne; that the Altar is not sacred from you; that the Brightest Pattern of Domestic Purity is assailed by you, etc. etc. In the same way a kindred genius (*The Standard*) fell foul of a caricature of yours the other day, that was construed into an assault on the throne, which was only meant as a satire upon flunkeydom; and the old *Standard* has been bawling high-treason ever since.

'Ought this clumsy rage and stupid obloquy to disturb my hunch-backed martyr? Ought you to be angry because Dullness can't take a joke? Regard the long-eared animal to which he has been compared. He prefers a thistle to a peach. To express his griefs or joys, his loves or anger, he has but his heehaw, and brays softly or loudly as nature prompts him. When he lifts up his voice, other far-off donkeys catch up the strain, and echo the peal.

'So I see some "admirers of *The Standard* at Stoke Pogis," or some friends at Hookem Snivy are beginning to join the concert, and write abusive notices, poems, and so forth, about *Punch*. It is a compliment to my dear *Punch*, that emotion amongst the long-eared choristers.

'Recurring to MR. BUCKINGHAM and his second edition. Let me trust that you are not going for one minute to be betrayed into an unnatural seriousness by this second or by any future editions. I see it is published for the benefit of the Society of Foreigners. I wish they may get it—that benefit. Only a great and wise philanthropist could have conceived such a plan for relieving them this cold Christmas weather. I, for my part, have read the pamphlet with unfeigned wonder and pleasure. It contains many astonishing statements and ingenious reasonings. I was not aware of the services of this eminent man until he himself stated them. Among his "projects" for the good of others, which have involved BUCKINGHAM himself in severe pecuniary loss, I see marked—

7.	Free Trade for Englishmen in China . . .	Accomplished.
8.	Opening of the Overland Route to India . .	Accomplished.
9.	Immediate Emancipation of British Slaves . .	Accomplished.
11.	Providing Public Baths for the People . . .	Accomplished.
12.	Opening Public Walks and Gardens for the same .	Accomplished.
16.	Abolition of Impressment for the Navy . . .	Accomplished.
20.	Voyage of Civilization and Discovery . . .	Not begun.

'With the latter scheme alone I was acquainted. I did not

know that the former projects were owing to this great man. I should as soon have expected to behold written—

21. Magna Charta and the Fire of London . . .	Accomplished.
22. Circulation of the Blood and the Use of the Long Bow	Accomplished.
23. Inoculation for the Small-Pox and Passage of the Pons Asinorum	Accomplished.
24. The Art of Printing by Moveable Types and the Conflagration of the Thames River . . .	Accomplished.
25. The Battle of Waterloo and the Invention of Steam-carriages on Iron-roads	Accomplished.
26. The new Process of Oval Suction (with the aid of the spirited conductors of *The Morning Herald*).	Accomplished.

'I should as soon have believed BUCKINGHAM to be the author of these as of the other events above, but that we have here the positive statement of this Prodigious Benefactor of Mankind recorded. Ought not the Foreigners in Distress to be thankful that such a fellow has taken them up? The rogues will be in their coaches before long, and you, my dear, dear *Punch*, cease laughing at so good, eminent, venerable, and truth-telling a man. Subjects there are too serious to joke about. Respect the Altar, the Throne, and BUCKINGHAM—or a man who can do so much may rise in his might and be the death of you; and some edition of this great pamphlet may come out with an extra list of services, such as—

21. Abolition of *Punch*, and End of the World . .	Accomplished.
22. Voyage of Civilization, etc.	Accomplished.

'Mind, I say, dear *Punch*, how you treat him, and let the British Benefactor of the Foreign Destitute alone.

'With MRS. JONES'S compliments,

'Believe me, dear Sir, yours,

'JOHN JONES.'

'*P.S.*—With regard to the charge of extortion brought against you, I confess I don't think it *is* quite "accomplished," as B. says. You told him, he says, he might have the whole reply inserted in your columns if he would PAY FOR IT as an advertisement at YOUR USUAL CHARGE. "And if this is not extortion," he says, "it is difficult to say what is." He has you as he fancies. You are supposed to be done for.

'This logic may do with the Foreign Destitute, but not in Fleet Street. The atrocious act of extortion took place after he had made the charge—and is it not a very cruel one? MOSES

has to pay, though you have laughed at that venerable person. I presume WARREN would have to pay, though you had cut jokes upon his blacking: in a word, that any quack who wished to advertise his ware would be no better off in this respect than BUCKINGHAM. If this is the only charge the Destitute's friend can bring against you, you are not very much hurt I think. Giant as he is, and inflamed by tremendous wrath, if this is the only blow he can hit, I think you can manage to survive it.

'And, finally, with respect to Edition Three, in which BUCKINGHAM states that he offered to go as far as five guineas to get his Pamphlet-Manifesto inserted in the body of your paper —and not in the advertisements, I think it was a delightful and ingenious proposal, which was made to tell against you either way. Had you accepted, you would certainly have been guilty of accepting a gross bribe: as you refused, out comes BUCKINGHAM with Edition Three, and a little supplemental reviling. I have no doubt he wished you to accept; but BUCKINGHAM must know pretty well by this time that PUNCH is not base, nor sordid, nor a fool.'

TITMARSH *v.* TAIT.[1]

MY DEAR MR. *PUNCH*,

You are acknowledged to be the censor of the age, and the father and protector of the press; in which character allow one of your warmest admirers to appeal to you for redress and protection. One of those good-natured friends, of whom every literary man can boast, has been criticising a late work of mine in *Tait's Magazine*.[2] What his opinion may be is neither here nor there. Every man has a right to his own; and whether the critic complains of want of purpose, or says (with great acuteness and ingenuity) that the book might have been much better, is not at all to the point. Against criticism of this nature no writer can cavil. It is cheerfully accepted by your subscriber.

But there is a passage in the TAIT criticism which, although it may be actuated by the profoundest benevolence, a gentleman may be pardoned for protesting against politely. It is as follows:—

[1] [March 14, 1846.

[2] [*Notes of a Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo.*]

'In the circumstance of a steamer being launched on a first voyage to Margate, or were it but to Greenwich, there is always an invited party, a band of music, a couple of *Times* and *Chronicle* reporters, also champagne and bottled porter, with cakes and jellies for the ladies. *Even* on the Firth of Forth or Clyde' (this 'even' is very *naif* and fine), 'or the rivers Severn or Shannon, the same auspicious event is celebrated by the presence of a piper or blind fiddler, carried cost free, and permitted, on coming home, to send round his hat. On something like the same principle, the Peninsular and Oriental Company were so fortunate as to crimp

MR. TITMARSH. . . . We hope they have voted him a yachting service of plate, of at least five hundred ounces.'

This latter suggestion I complain of as being *too* friendly. Why should the critic insist on a collection? Who asked the gentleman for plack or bawbee? However, this again is a private matter.

It is that comparison of the blind fiddler who '*sends round his hat*,' that ought to be devoted to the indignation of the press of these kingdoms. Your constant reader has never played on the English—or on the Scotch fiddle.

He leaves the sending round of hats to professors of the Caledonian Cremona. He was not 'crimped' by the Peninsular and Oriental Company, nor called upon to fiddle for their amuse-

ment, nor rewarded with silver spoons by that excellent Company. A gentleman who takes a vacant seat in a friend's carriage is not supposed to receive a degrading obligation, or called upon to pay for his ride by extra joking, facetiousness, etc.; nor surely is the person who so gives you the use of his carriage required to present you also with a guinea or to pay your tavern bill. The critic, in fact, has shown uncommon keenness in observing the manners of his national violinist: but must know more of them than of the customs of English gentlemen.

If the critic himself is a man of letters and fiddles professionally, why should he abuse his Stradivarius? If he is some disguised nobleman of lofty birth, superb breeding, and vast wealth, who only fiddles for pleasure, he should spare those gentlefolks in whose company he condescends to perform. But I don't believe he's a noble amateur—I think he must be a professional man of letters. It is only literary men nowadays who commit this suicidal sort of impertinence; who sneak through the world ashamed of their calling, and show their independence by befouling the trade by which they live.

That you will rebuke, amend, or (if need be) utterly smash all such is, my dear Mr. Punch, the humble prayer of

Your constant reader and fellow-labourer,

MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH.

Blue Posts, March 10, 1846.

ROYAL ACADEMY.[1]

Newman Street, Thursday.

DEAR *PUNCH*,

Me and another chap who was at the Academy yesterday, agreed that there was *nothink in the whole Exhibition* that was worthy of the least notice—as our picture wasn't admitted.

So we followed about some of the gents, and thought we'd *Exhibit the Exhibitors;* among whom we remarked as follows.

We remarked MR. SNEAKER, R.A., particularly kind to MR. SMITH, a prize-holder of the Art-Union. *N.B.*—SNEAKER always puts on a white choaker on opening day, and has his boots *French pollisht.*

Presently we examined MR. HOKEY, a-watching the effect of his picture upon a party who *looks* like a prizeholder of the

[1] [May 9, 1846.]

Art-Union. Remark the agitation in HOKEY'S eye, and the tremulous nervousness of his high-lows. The old gent looks like

a flat: but not such a flat as to buy HOKEY'S picture at no price. Oh no!

Our eyes then turned upon that *seedy gent*, ORLANDO FIGGS, who drew in our Academy for ten years. Fancy FIGGS'S delight

at finding his picture on the line! Shall I tell you how it got there? *His aunt washes for an Academician.*

The next chap we came to was SEBASTIAN WINKLES, whose

profound disgust at finding his portrait on the floor, you may

imadgin. I don't think that queer fellow PEOMBO RODGERS was

much happier; for his picture was hung on the ceiling.

But the most riled of all was HANNIBAL FITCH, who found

his picture wasn't received at all. Show 'em all up, dear *Mr. Punch*, and oblige your constant reader,

MODEST MERIT.

A NEW NAVAL DRAMA.[1]

THEATRE ROYAL, WHITECHAPEL ROTUNDA.

'*Smoking has been forbidden in Britain's Navy.*
Tars and Englishmen! up and rally round
FITZ-BRICK'S *new Drama*,'

THE SEAMAN'S PIPE!

OR, THE BATTLE AND THE BREEZE.'

ACT I.

A SEAMAN'S LOYALTY.

The scene represents the village green, the village church in the midst; on the left, DAME ROSEMARY'S *cottage.*

Enter SUSAN, TOM CLEWLINE, *and* VILLAGERS *from the Church.* SCREW *from opposite side.*

Tom. Yes, lads, old TOM CLEWLINE'S spliced at last; hauled up high and dry, hey, SUKY, my lass? Come into dock like an

[1] [July 4, 1846.]

old sea-dog, after twenty-years' battling with the ocean and the enemy; and laid up in ordinary in SUSAN's arms.

Screw. Fiends! Perdition! A thousand furies and demons! married! but I know of a revenge! [*Exit.*

Tom. And now, lads, what next, before the supper's ready?

All. The hornpipe; TOM's hornpipe?

Tom. Well, then, here goes.

[*Tom dances the well-known truly British figure. While dancing the hornpipe, re-enter* SCREW, *with a press-gang, consisting of a young Midshipman* (MISS TIBBITS) *and four sailors, with battle-swords in their girdles.*

Screw (*after the encore of the hornpipe*). There's your man! [*Press-gang draw cutlasses and advance.*

Tom. What! on my wedding day? After twenty years' sar-

vice,—after saving the lives of nine Admirals, and scuttling four-and-twenty men-of-war? Dash! it is hard! isn't it, SUSAN? And for that snivelling traitor there—(*turning fiercely upon* SCREW)—but never mind; a British tar doesn't trample upon worms; a British seaman knows his duty to his king. What ship, Sir?

Mids. The Blazes, CAPTAIN CHAINSHOT, with ADMIRAL CHAINSHOT's flag to the fore.

Tom. I know his honour well. I cut him out of a shark at Jamaiky. Bless you, bless you, SUSAN, lass!

Susan. Farewell, dearest; here is your bundle. Here is the bacco-bag I worked for you, and here is your pipe.

Screw. Ha, ha! put it in your mouth and smoke it.

[*General Tableau.—National Air.—Press-gang wave their cutlasses—Peasantry in groups—*TOM *tears himself from* SUSAN—SUSAN *faints.*

ACT II.

THE BREEZE.

SCENE I.—*The Quarter-deck of the 'Blazes,' off Tobago. The American ship 'Gouger' lies N.N.E. by S.W. in the offing.*

1st American Officer. A tarnation neat frigate this!

2nd American Officer. And a pretty crew; and yet I calculate the old *Gouger* would chaw her up in twenty minutes if she were placed alongside of her.

Captain Bowie. Silence, gents! we are hurting the feelings of yonder honest seaman at the wheel.

Tom. Belay, belay there, noble Captain; jaw away and never mind *me.* Chaw up the *Blazes,* indeed!

[*He hitches up his pantaloons.*

Captain (*to* TOM, *mysteriously, having given a signal to his officers, who retire up the mizen mast*). You seem a gallant fellow, and, by the cut of your foretop, an old sea-dog.

Tom. Twenty-five years man and boy. Twenty-nine general hactions, fourteen shipwrecks, ninety-six wounds in the sarvice of my country—that's all, your honour.

Captain. Ha! Try this cigar, my gallant fellow. (*They smoke on the quarter-deck; the American Captain expectorates a great deal.*) So much bravery, and a seaman still! Some few faults, I suppose? A little fond of the can, hey? There's a power of rum on board the *Gouger.*

Tom. No, no, Captain, I don't care for rum, and the bos'n's cat and my shoulders was never acquainted. 'Tis the fortune of war, look you.

Captain. Look at me! THOMAS CLEWLINE. I'm a Commodore of the United States Navy; I've a swab on each shoulder, a seat in the Senate, and twenty thousand dollars a-year. I'm an Englishman like you, and twenty years ago was a common seaman like you. Hark ye—but ho! the British Admiral! [*Walks away.*

Admiral Chainshot. CAPTAIN CHAINSHOT, you must read out the order about smoking, to the ship's crew.

Captain Chainshot. Ay, ay, Sir.

Adm. To begin with TOM CLEWLINE, at the helm there. TOM! you saved my life fourteen times, and have received ninety-four wounds in the service of——

Tom. Ninety-six, your honour. Does your honour remember my cutting you out of the shark, in Jamaiky harbour?

Adm. I was swimming——

Tom. Up comes a great shark——

Adm. Open go his jaws, with ninety-nine rows of double teeth——

Tom. My gallant Captain sucked in like a horange——

Adm. But TOM CLEWLINE, seeing him from the main-top gallant——

Tom. Jumps into the sea, cutlass in hand——

Adm. Cuts open the shark's jaws, just as they were closing——

Tom. And lets out his Captain.

Adm. My friend!

Tom. My Admiral! [*They dance the hornpipe, Sailors gather round, smoking; the American Officers look on with envious countenances.*

Adm. But, TOM, I've bad news for you, my boy. The Admiralty has forbidden smoking on board—all smoking, except in the galley.

Tom. What! Tell that to the Marines, your honour,—forbid a sailor his pipe. Why, my pipe was given me by my SYOUSAN. When I'm smoking that pipe, on the lonely watch, I think of my SYOUSAN; and her blessed blue eyes shine out from the backy. . . .

(The British Seaman may be accommodated to any length in this style.)

Only smoke in the galley! Why, your honour, the black cook's so fat that there's scarce room for more than two seamen at a time—and that the only place for a whole ship's crew!

Crew. Hum! hum! wo-wo-wo-wo.

[*They make the usual strange noise indicative of dissent.*

Capt. A mutiny! a mutiny!

Adm. Silence, men! Respect your Queen and country. Each man fling down his pipe!

[*They dash them down to a man.—National Anthem.—Grand Tableau.*

Adm. My heart bleeds for my brave fellows! Now, Captain Bowie, your gig's alongside, and I wish you a good-day. You will tell your government that a British seaman knows his duty.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Sunset—Moonlight—Six bells—Midnight*—TOM *still at the wheel.*

Tom. No—no, but I wouldn't, I *couldn't* break SYOUSAN'S pipe—my pretty little pipe—my pretty SYOUSAN'S last gift! part with *you!* No, not if I were to die for it (*he puts it in his mouth*).

Captain (*coming unperceived out of the binnacle*). Ha!

smoking!—You shall have five hundred lashes, as sure as my name's CHAINSHOT. Ho, bos'n! pipe all hands for punishment.

[*Exit* CAPTAIN.

Tom. What! flog *me!* flog TOM CLEWLINE? No, dash it, never. Farewell, admiral. Farewell, my country! SYOUSAN, SYOUSAN! (*Jumps overboard.*)

[*Cries of 'A man overboard! He's swimming to the American Frigate; she's standing out to Sea!' etc.*

This is a beautiful scene. The 'Gouger' with all her canvas set, her boulines gaffed, and her maintop halyards reefed N.S. by S.N., stands out of the harbour, and passes under the bows of the 'Blazes.' Distant music of 'Yankee Doodle.' TOM *is seen coming up the side of the ship.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The main-deck, U.S. line-of-battle ship 'Virginia,'* COMMODORE ——. *In the offing, the 'Blazes' is seen in full chase, with her dead-eyes reefed, her caboose set, and her trysail scuppers clewed fore and aft.*

Susan. But, my love, would you fight against your country?

Commodore. SYOUSAN! go below to the gunroom. The deck is no place for women, at an hour like this. (*Exit* SUSAN.) How's the wind, Master?

Master. North-South by East.

Commodore. Ease her head a little, MR. BRACE; and cluff her gib a point or so. How's the enemy, MR. BRACE?

Master. Gaining on us, sir; gaining on us, at ten knots an hour. I make her out to be the old *Blazes*, sir, in which we sailed.

Commodore. Hush! The *Blazes*, ha! And I must meet my countrymen face to face, sword in hand, stern to stern, and poop to poop! Who would ever have thought that I—I should fight against my country?

Master. *My* country's where I can get backy.

Commodore. You are right, BRACE; you are right. Why did they cut off our backy, and make mutineers of our men? We'll do our duty by the stars and stripes; eh, gentlemen? and will show Britons how Britons can fight. Are the men at their guns, LIEUTENANT BANG?

Lieut. Ay, ay, sir; but I think there's something would give 'em courage.

Commodore. What! Grog, is it?

Lieut. No, sir; the national hornpipe. (COMMODORE *dances the hornpipe.*) And now, all things being ready, let the action begin, and strike up 'Yankee Doodle.'

[*The 'Blazes' luffs up with her head and across the bows of the 'Virginia.'* BOARDERS *follow* CHAINSHOT. *Terrific rush of the British, headed by the* CAPTAIN, *who clears the main-deck and lee-scuppers of the enemy. Yankee Rally. Combat between the* COMMODORE *and the* CAPTAIN. CHAINSHOT *falls: the British crew fling down their arms.*

Adm. My son! My son! Ah, this would not have happened if TOM CLEWLINE had been by my side.

Commodore. He is here! (*Opening his cloak and showing the American star and epaulettes.*) TOM CLEWLINE, whom your savage laws made a deserter—TOM CLEWLINE, to whom his native country grudged even his backy—is now COMMODORE CLEWLINE, of the American Navy (*takes off his hat*).

Adm. Commodore—I am your prisoner. Take the old man's sword.

Commodore. Wear it, sir, but remember this: Drive not loyal souls to desperation. GIVE THE SEAMAN BACK HIS BACKY, or, if you refuse, you will have thousands deserting from your navy, like TOM CLEWLINE.

Susan. And if our kyind friends will give us their approval we will endeavour to show, that as long as the British Navy endures, and the boatswain has *his* pipe, 'tis cryouel, 'tis unjust, unkyind to deny *his* to the seaman!

(*Curtain drops.*)

THE MEETING BETWEEN THE SULTAN AND MEHEMET ALI.[1]

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

CONFORMABLY with previous arrangements, at mid-day precisely, by the great clock of Saint Sophia, as the bells of all the minarets in the city rang a triple bob-major, and amid the roaring of the guns on the Propontis and the Thracian Chersonese, the Pasha quitted his steamer, which lay off the romantic little village of Trebizond, and entered the great state barge, rowed by forty-eight Janissaries, and steered by the grand Imaum. All the ships in the harbour had their flags half-mast high, in honour of the

[1] [August 15, 1846.]

auspicious event; the yards were manned by the gallant Muftis, and in several instances the ships were hung with festoons of variegated kibobs; while, on the respective poops of the vessels of war, the bands of the various regiments were playing the 'National Anthem.'

His HIGHNESS THE VICEROY OF EGYPT was dressed in a simple bulbul, with little ornament, save his venerable white beard, and a few tulips and polyanthuses (sent from the Gardens of the Sweet-waters, and a present from the SULTANA VALIDE) arranged tastefully in his cocked hat. A papoosh (or pink diamond) of tremendous brilliancy glittered in the hilt of his yatabal. HOKY BEY and BOSH PASHA attended the Egyptian Sovereign. The eight-and-forty rowers lay to their oars; and the narghile cut rapidly through the waters of the blue Bosphorus amidst the shouting of the people from the twenty thousand caciques that followed in the wake of the gilded barge of state.

The Russian squadron, stationed off Karamania, manned yards as the vessel passed, and gave a royal salute; and the French and English ships-of-war saluting similarly, and striking up simultaneously 'Rule Britannia' and the 'Marseillaise,' caused a delightful harmony that was heard all over Stamboul.

The ladies of the Harem lined the walls of the Seraskier's tower, and waved their shulwars in the air to welcome the illustrious vassal of the Porte. One of them lifting up her veil incautiously, to look at the *cortège*, was seen by the chief of the Eunuchs and instantly sewn into a sack and flung into the Bosphorus. Her struggles and ludicrous contortions caused a great deal of laughter, and served to *egayer* the crowd, who had been waiting for many hours in order to see the procession.

At the stairs at Seraglio Point the Dromedary Aga was in waiting, with the two brilliant regiments he commands; and a very large and double-humped animal, cream-coloured, with his mane and tail tied up with pink ribbons—the sacred colour (indeed, this animal is descended from the Prophet's own camel), was in waiting to receive the renowned MEHEMET ALI. As soon as he mounted, a catherine-wheel fixed at the crupper of the animal was lighted, and thus he rode into the great gate of the Seraglio in a perfect blaze of glory. The roaring and clanging of the gongs of the Etmeidans on guard—the frantic yells of the Yakmaks—the howling, in chorus, of the ten million dogs which infest Stamboul—the jangling of the mosque-bells and the roaring of artillery,—created a festive uproar which may be imagined, but never, never can be described. A line of dancing Dervishes on either side of the street performed the most graceful, yet most

fantastic evolutions as the magnificent procession passed; and the Armenian Patriarch performing on an acolyte, and the Greek Episkopotatos (the venerable SPIRIDION PAPAPOKIDIKES) beating on a drum, headed their respective sects, and vied with each other in demonstrations of loyalty.

The Synagogues were one and all illuminated, and the Chief Rabbi stood at the porch, dressed in yellow, and blowing on a ram's horn.

The DIPLOMATIC BODY appeared in full uniform, the Chief Secretary of each legation bearing a superb banner, with the national arms, such as the British Lion, the Cock of France, that interesting and extremely rare bird, the double-headed Eagle of Austria, the Ducks of Russia, etc. The American Minister flung about showers of Illinois and Pennsylvanian Bonds; which, however, were received with utter disregard by the Turks—for the most part unable to read, and ignorant of their value.

The CORRESPONDENTS OF THE LONDON PRESS appeared in their very best Sunday attire, several of them sporting new fronts for that auspicious day. A terrific row took place between the Correspondent of the *Chronicle* and the gentleman who represents the *Daily News*, in a scramble for twenty kopek pieces, which the Pasha's dragoman was flinging out of his saddle-bags among the crowd; but this unseemly squabble was put a stop to by SIR STRATFORD CANNING, who ordered the worthy fellows a pot of porter at the 'Timour the Tartar' public-house—the canteen for the troops close by the Seraglio gate.

Within that famous edifice His Highness the SULTAN ABDUL MADJID was in waiting to receive his mighty vassal. The Grand Vizier came out to hold MEHEMET ALI'S foot as he dismounted from his dromedary; but the Pasha slipping as he descended, the illustrious pair rolled over and over, to the no small amusement of His Highness, who was seated on his peacock's throne, dressed in the blazing salamalek and pilaff, which he wears on state occasions.

As soon as IBRAHIM had got off the dromedary, it was carried off to be cut up and roasted for the day's banquet; this is invariably the custom when any man has crossed a camel of the breed of the Prophet. Its meat is delicious. Its hump is pronounced by epicures to be of the richest flavour; its tail resembles the favourite ox-tail so much used in the soups of the English aristocracy.

The Pasha, advancing backwards, according to etiquette, towards the royal divan, was affectionately received by his youthful Sovereign, who gave him a place by his side. Pipes were instantly brought, both Dutch and Turkish.

'Bring coffee—*black coffee*,' said His Highness the Sultan to the Cafidge Bashi.

'BLACK COFFEE!' cried MEHEMET, looking wildly round; 'it—it don't agree with me.'

A ghastly smile played upon the lips of the Sultan, as with a demoniac look he . . .

. . . . .

Here the letter is torn off, but our readers may rely upon it as the best and only genuine description of this remarkable interview.

THE SPEAKING MACHINE.[1]

WE have been greatly edified by examining the Euphonia, or Speaking Machine, recently brought to this country by its inventor, PROFESSOR FABER.

By intense patience, and an ingenious union of wind and India-rubber, the Professor has succeeded in inventing an instrument,

[1] [August 22, 1846.]

[At the time when this was written a kind of 'Speaking Machine' was being exhibited at the Egyptian Hall.]

not, as yet, certainly, complete, but in all respects remarkable; and which, combined with other well-known mechanical inventions, may produce very wonderful results, and a great saving of labour.

There is, for instance, the Verse-grinding Machine, exhibited last year. Combined with the Euphonia it might be made to produce an extemporaneous poet who would throw MR. SLOWMAN, the English Improvisatore, into the shade; and might be taught to recite with advantage in the houses of the nobility and gentry.

Combined with MR. BABBAGE'S Calculating Machine, the Euphonia might replace, with perfect propriety, a Chancellor of the Exchequer, or a Mathematical Lecturer at the Universities.

Or let us suppose it united with some such instrument as the machine shown at the Society of Arts, which composes and sets up types for the press; and instead of composing a column of type, it were to decompose or spell the same;—as one part of the compound instrument perused each syllable, the phonic part would give it utterance; and thus, by the aid of a simple grinder at the bellows, long speeches might be uttered with all the best benefits of emphasis and oratory, without a Scotch accent like LORD BROUGHAM'S, or a high key like MR. SHIEL'S, or a conventicle twang like SIR ROBERT'S.

A parson might set up the Compound Machine in his pulpit, and a clerk or curate work it from the reading-desk, whilst his Reverence was smoking his pipe in the vestry; or an under-secretary might set the bellows going with a speech of LORD JOHN'S, whilst his Lordship was taking his usual glass of brandy-and-water at BELLAMY'S; or a lawyer in full practice might set a score of them to work, and so actually attend twenty committees at a time; or it might be placed upon THE THRONE, with the august insignia laid upon the top of the machine, and the LORD CHANCELLOR (after kneeling profoundly) might pop the royal speech into the proper receptacle and blow it out again to both Houses in the best style.

A clear saving of ten thousand a year might be effected by setting up a machine *en permanence* in the Speaker's chair of the House of Commons. Place the mace before it. Have a large snuff-box on the side, with rappee and Irish for the convenience of Members, and a simple apparatus for crying out 'Order, order,' at intervals, of ten minutes, and you have a speaker at the most trifling cost, whom SIR WILLIAM GOSSETT might keep going all night.

The elocution of the Euphonia is not at present very distinct – say about as clear as that of HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF

WELLINGTON. When people are not kindly warned beforehand of the words that the instrument is about to enunciate, they are generally so stupid as not to understand what it says. In our presence the Euphonia gave vent to a sentence which nobody understood but ourselves, and our hearts perhaps divined the cry. It was, 'HOURRAH FOR FIGDORIA.' So the machine (a German instrument) pronounced the venerated name of Her MAJESTY.

It sang, 'God preserve the Emperor,' and 'God save the Queen' with such clearness and eloquence, that we really felt we ought to stand up and take off our hats.

The Machine laughs — but we are bound to say, not in a hearty and jovial manner. It is a hard, dry, artificial laugh; such as that of young Misses on the stage, when they give the genteel comedy-giggle; or of SIR ROBERT PEEL, when he is amused by some of MR. DISRAELI'S good-natured jokes against him.

By the way, why should not LORD GEORGE BENTINCK have one of these machines constructed, with a BENJAMIN DISRAELI figurehead, and play upon it himself at once, and spare the honourable Member for Shrewsbury the bother of being his Lordship's Euphonia?

By far the best part of the Euphonia is its *hiss;* this is perfect. And perhaps the fact suggests to the benevolent mind the moral that hissing is the very easiest occupation of life,— which truth is, however, beside the present question.

WHAT'S COME TO THE CLUBS?[1]

SIR,

You have been making some observations about the stoppage of Fleet Street, which, I dare say, are remarkably interesting to persons engaged in that part of the town. It seems to me you might just as well object because the road up Mont Blanc was difficult, or there was a stoppage in the streets of Timbuctoo. Dem Fleet Street, sir; in a word, who the deuce cares about Fleet Street? What I complain of is the shameful state of dilapidation in the Christian end of the town.

The stoppage in Piccadilly renders one of my clubs impossible to me, and crams Mayfair with thousands of the most unwholesome vehicles, which, I think, will positively *empester* the neighbourhood. A horrible omnibus nearly *écrasé* my brougham, in Chapel Street, yesterday; and when I remonstrated from the interior, the wretched driver and *conducteur* of the public vehicle *riposté* with a vulgarity of insolence which shook my nerves dangerously. And the state of the clubs: what is that? What resource has a man-about-town but his clubs, and what, I ask, are the clubs at present!

Yesterday I drove to the Polyanthus, to see if I could get a

[1] [September 19, 1816.]

rubber before dinner; instead of getting in I find a rude fellow on a ladder with a pail barricading the door, and the club shut for September. 'Drive me to Snooks's, in St. James's Street,' I say to my *gens*. I arrive and find the door barricaded, two rude fellows with two pails, and a quantity of painting-brushes and plaster—and Snooks's shut up, as the Polyanthus.

The Horse Marine Club is also closed. 'Drive me to the Megatherium,' I say, in desperation; and that, at last, is open. I enter and find—what do I find? that infernal bore, old SIR JOHN ROARER, who coughs, who snores, who expectorates, who

has the asthma, and reads the papers out loud—the most insufferable nuisance in London, and the only man left here.

Have the goodness, sir, on receipt of this, to use what influence you have (1) to get the clubs open, (2) the barricades of Piccadilly removed, and (3) to order SIR JOHN ROARER to leave town, with something in your clever way—and if you call any day at the hotel for CAPTAIN DE MOGYNS'S servant, my man will give you something handsome for your trouble.

Your obedient servant,

ALURED MOGYNS DE MOGYNS.

I need not say that business of importance obliges me to be in London: but a DE MOGYNS need not excuse himself for being in any place at any time.

THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE.[1]

OF course, dear Mr. Punch, I don't pry into *other people's affairs*, and am above peeping at my neighbours. Such conduct is unbecoming a *gentlewoman*, and I flatter myself I am of *that order*.

'But, quite promiscuously last Sunday, as I happened to be looking out after church, what was my astonishment at seeing BETSY and MARIA, MISS PHILLICODDY'S two maids, laughing and giggling out of the three pair front, wherein one actually kissed her hand in the *most unblushing manner!*

[1] [October 24, 1846.]

'Surprised at this *phenommena*, I looked across the street, and there I saw two horrid *whiskered* guardsmen making signals with their odious fingers.

'Ought I to tell MISS PHILLICODDY? My brother says I had best leave it alone; but this I know, that our village is pestered

by these horrid men, and that I can't walk the street but in *daily terror*.

'Your obedient Servant,

'AMANDA GORGON.'

A DISPUTED GENEALOGY.[1]

'*Tugglesham Rectory, May 5th*, 1847.

'SIR,

'My family's means are limited, and we cannot buy a Peerage every year; but our own name is to be found in that volume (see Knightage, page 976.—TUGGLES, SIR T.), and we are interested of course in every other member of the aristocracy of the greatest country in the world.

'Not being in a position to purchase every new edition of our favourite work as it appears, I have caused an interleaved peerage to be constructed, in which it is the custom of my wife and daughters to enter, in manuscript, those changes which death or marriage may cause—are daily causing—in the ranks of the patricians of the realm.

'Yesterday MRS. TUGGLES brought me the following extract from our paper, which I confess has puzzled our family circle:—

'"On the 21st inst., at Bathwick Church, Bath (by the Rev. HENRY ROGERS, Rector of All Saints, Bristol), LIEUTENANT-COLONEL SIR ROBERT GYLL, late of the 15th King's Hussars, and Guard Yeoman of the Guards to his Majesty William IV., youngest son of Lady HARRIET FLEMYNG, only daughter of HAMMILTON FLEMYNG ninth EARL OF WIGTON, and CAPTAIN WILLIAM GYLL, of the 2nd Life Guards, First Equerry to HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF SUSSEX, only son of ALDERMAN GYLL, of the City of London, Yeovenny House, Middlesex, and Wraysbury House, Bucks; to JANE PRICE THOMASON, widow of HENRY BYFIELD THOMASON, Esq., of Peachfield, County of Worcester, only son of SIR EDWARD and LADY THOMASON, of Great Pulteney Street, Bath, and youngest daughter of SIR JOHN and LADY PINHORN, of Vingswood Park, Isle of Wight. After the ceremony the bride and bridegroom returned to LADY THOMASON'S to a select breakfast, prepared for the occasion, when the happy pair left for Gloucestershire."

'That the respected bride and bridegroom should return to a select breakfast prepared for the occasion when they left Gloucestershire, I can understand. At my own union with MRS. TUGGLES, her mother-in-law, MRS. CAPTAIN RAM, gave a morning banquet, for which she sent me in the bill, so that I well understand the cost and nature of those entertainments.

[1] [May 15, 1847.]

'But it is to the genealogical part of this hymeneal announcement to which I would at present refer. Are we, sir, to conclude—

'1st. That his late Majesty, WILLIAM IV., was the only son of Lady HARRIET FLEMYNG;

'2nd. That LADY HARRIET was only daughter of HAMMILTON FLEMYNG and CAPTAIN WILLIAM GYLL of the 2nd Life Guards;

'3rd. That CAPTAIN GYLL was first equerry to the DUKE OF SUSSEX, who was the only son of ALDERMAN GYLL of London; and

'4th. That H. B. THOMASON, Esq., was at once the only son of SIR E. and LADY THOMASON, and the youngest daughter of SIR JOHN and LADY PINHORN?

'What, sir, I ask, are we to conclude from these astonishing statements? If true, they strike at the roots of every genealogical tree in the kingdom; if incorrect, they are likely woefully to mislead many a family of that aristocracy which I educate, and of which I am proud to write myself a member.

'I have the honour to be, Sir,

'BRIAN TUGGLES TUGGLES.

'*To the Editor of* THE PATRICIAN, *London.*'

PROFESSOR BYLES'S OPINION OF THE WESTMINSTER HALL EXHIBITION.[1]

SIR,

MY three pictures, from *Gil Blas*, from *The Vicar of Wakefield*, and from *English History* (KING JOHN signing that palladium of our liberties, Magna Charta), not having been sent to Westminster, in consequence of the dastardly refusal of BLADDERS, my colour merchant, to supply me with more paint—I have lost £1500 as a painter, but gained a right to speak as a *critic* of the Exhibition. A more indifferent collection of works it has seldom been my lot to see.

I do not quarrel much with the decision of the Committee; indifferent judges called upon to decide as to the merits of indifferent pictures, they have performed their office fairly. I

[1] [July 10, 1847.]

congratulate the three prizeholders on their *success*. I congratulate them that three pictures, *which shall be nameless*, were kept, by *conspiracy*, from the Exhibition.

MR. PICKERSGILL is marked first; and I have nothing to say,—his picture is very respectable, very nicely painted, and so forth. It represents the burial of KING HAROLD,—there are monks, men-at-arms, a livid body, a lady kissing it, and that sort of thing. Nothing can be more obvious; nor is the picture

without merit. And I congratulate the public that KING HAROLD *is buried at last;* and hope that British artists will leave off *finding his body any more*, which they have been doing, in every Exhibition, for these fifty years.

By the way, as the Saxon king is here represented in the blue stage of decomposition, I think MR. P. might as well step up to my studio and look at a certain Icenian chief in my great piece of 'Boadicea,' who is tattooed all over an elegant light blue, and won't lose by comparison with the *Norman victim*.

MR. WATTS, too, appears to have a hankering for the Anglo-Saxons. I must say I was very much surprised to find that this figure was supposed to represent KING ALFRED standing on a plank, and inciting his subjects to go to sea and meet the Danes, whose fleet you will perceive in the distant ocean—or *ultra marine*, as I call it. This is another of your five hundred pounders; and I must say that this king of the Angles has had a narrow escape that the 'Queen of the Iceni' was not present.

They talk about air in pictures; there is, I must say, more *wind* in this than in any work of art I ever beheld. It is blowing everywhere, and from every quarter. It is blowing the sail one way, the royal petticoat another, the cloak another, and it is almost blowing the royal hair off his Majesty's head. No wonder the poor English wanted a deal of encouraging before they could be brought to face such a tempest as that.

By the way, there is an anecdote, which I met with in a scarce work, regarding this monarch, and which might afford an advantageous theme for a painter's skill. It is this:—Flying from his enemies, those very Danes, the king sought refuge in the house of a neatherd, whose wife set the royal fugitive a-toasting muffins. But, being occupied with his *misfortunes*, he permitted the muffins to burn; whereupon, it is said, his hostess boxed the royal ears. I have commenced a picture on this subject, and beg artists to *leave it to the discoverer*. The reader may fancy the muffins boldly grouped, and in flames, the *incensed harridan*, the rude hut,—and the disguised monarch. With these materials I hope to effect a great, lofty, national, and original work, when my 'Boadicea' is off the easel.

With respect to the third prize—a 'Battle of Meeanee'—in this extraordinary piece they are stabbing, kicking, cutting, slashing, and poking each other about all over the picture. A horrid sight! I like to see the British Lion mild and good-humoured, as SIGNOR GAMBARDELLA has depicted him (my initial is copied from that artist); not fierce, as MR. ARMITAGE has shown him.

How, I ask, is any delicate female to look without a shudder upon such a piece? A large British soldier, with a horrid bayonet poking into a howling Scindian. Is the monster putting the horrid weapon into the poor benighted heathen's chest, or is the ruffian pulling the weapon out, or wriggling it round and round to hurt his victim so much the more? Horrid, horrid! '*He's giving him his gruel*,' I heard some fiend remark, little knowing by whom he stood. To give £500 for a work so immoral, and so odious a picture, is encouraging murder, and the worst of murders —that of a black man. If the government grants premiums for

massacre, of course I can have no objection: but if MR. ARMITAGE will walk to my studio, and look at my 'Battle of Bosworth's Field,' he will see how the subject *may* be treated, *without* hurting the feelings, with a *combination* of the beautiful and the ideal—not like MR. COOPER'S 'Waterloo,' where the French cuirassiers are riding about, run through the body, or with their heads cut off, and smiling as if they liked it; but with the severe *moral grandeur* that befits the *Historic Muse*.

So much for the three first prizes. I congratulate the winners

of the secondary prizes (and very secondary their talents are indeed) that some of my smaller pictures were not sent in, owing to my mind being absorbed with greater efforts. What does MR. COPE mean by his picture of 'Prince Henry trying his Father's Crown'? The subject is mine, discovered by me in my studies in recondite works; and any man who borrows it is therefore guilty of a plagiarism. 'Bertrand de Gourdon pardoned by Richard,' is a work of some merit—but why kings, MR. CROSS? Why kings, Messieurs artists? Have men no hearts, save under the purple? Does Sorrow only sit upon thrones? For instance, we have

QUEEN EMMA walking over hot ploughshares in her night-clothes —her pocket handkerchief round her eyes. Have no other women burnt their limbs or their fingers with shares? My aunt MRS.

GROWLEY, I know, did two years ago. But she was a mere English lady; it is only kings and queens that our courtiers of painters *condescend to feel for*.

Their slavishness is quite sickening. There is the 'Birth of

the first Prince of Wales' (my subject, again); there is the 'White Ship going down with King Henry's Son aboard'; there is 'King Henry being informed of the Death of his Son by a Little Boy'; 'King Charles' (that odious profligate) 'up in the Oak'

(again my subject). Somebody will be painting 'Queen Boadicea' next, and saying I did not invent *that*.

Then there are Allegories—Oh! allegories, of course! Every painter must do his 'Genius of Britannia' forsooth, after mine; and subjects in all costumes, from the Ancient Britons in trews (whom MR. MOORE has represented as talking to SIR ROBERT PEEL'S friend, and the founder of the Trent Valley Railroad, MR. JULIUS AGRICOLA) down to the Duke of MARLBOROUGH in jack-boots, and his present Grace in those of his own invention. So there are some pictures in which I regret to say there is very little costume indeed.

There are 'Adam and Eve driven out of Paradise,' with the

Birds of Paradise flying out too. There are 'Peace, Commerce, and Agriculture,' none of them with any clothes to their backs. There is 'Shakespeare being educated by Water Nymphs' (which I never knew kept a school), with a Dolphin coming up to give him a lesson—out of the *Delphin Classics*, I suppose. Did the painter ever see my sketch of 'Shakespeare'? Is the gentleman who has stripped 'Commerce' and 'Agriculture' of their gowns aware that I have treated a similar allegory in, I flatter myself, a different style? I invite them all to my studio to see? North Paradise Row, Upper Anna Maria Street, Somers Town East. And wishing, *Mr. Punch*, that you would exchange your ribaldry for the seriousness befitting men of honesty,

I remain, your obedient servant,

GROWLEY BYLES.

X.Y.Z.[1]

FOR a long time past, a gentleman, under the mask of an X.Y.Z., has been announcing that he could secure fame in letters to any party who would apply to him under the seal of inviolable secrecy, and over a bootmaker's in the Haymarket.

Mrs. and *Mr. Punch*, as they read this advertisement daily in the *Times*, at breakfast, often wondered within themselves who this individual could be, who possessed such a superabundance of genius and glory, that he could afford to make a reputation for any individual who chose to apply at the bootmaker's, and envied the lucky dispenser of fame.

'Why doesn't JONES go to him,' we exclaimed, 'and get himself a little furbished up? his last volume of poems was abominably dull: or why doesn't BRIGGS apply to X.Y.Z.? the last two or three of his novels have been atrociously stupid'—in fact we went through the whole range of our literary acquaintance and agreed, that, except *Punch*, there was scarcely a single man to whom the three last letters of the alphabet couldn't do good.

'Who is X.Y.Z.?' then we thought—and counted over the great authors of our time. 'Perhaps it is SNOOKS,' we at one time thought; 'he has published nothing since his *Journey to Boulogne*, three years ago. It can't be TIMMS, certainly, who brings out a book a month—or it may be BROWN, who, since he broke down in that terrific romance of *Crunchley the Jawbreaker, or the Dentist's Bride* (at the moment when *Crunchley* has got *Molaretta* in the chair, and the instrument into her mouth), has left all Europe in expectation, and *must* be doing or plotting something tremendous in private.'

In the midst of these doubts, which nobody could solve (for though I bought a pair of straps at the bootmaker's, the rogue was as close as wax), what does *Mrs. Punch* do—unbeknownst to her lord and master—but write off a letter to X.Y.Z., *care of the bootmaker, Haymarket*, to the following effect:—

'MISS BUNYAN presents her compliments to X.Y.Z. and is anxious to have farther particulars regarding the *literary reputation* which X.Y.Z. is good enough to promise to *secure* to parties *confiding* in him.

[1] [October 16, 1847.]

'Miss B. is herself a *votaress* of the Muse. Her first volume of "Passion Flowers" was favourably received by a *kind* British Public, and noticed in the periodicals of a *now*, alas! rather *distant* day. Her second work, "Lyrics of the Soul," though spoken of with *enthusiasm* in the chief reviews (including the *Islington Mercury*, the *Paddington Quarterly Review*, and the *John o' Groat's Memento*), did not meet the publisher's expenses; and she has now completed a volume of poesy, "Moans of the Nightwind," for which she has in vain attempted to find a *Maecenas*.

'Under these circumstances, as X.Y.Z. kindly offers to enhance or create a literary reputation, will he have the kindness to despatch one per post to his hapless and obliged servant,

'Adelaide Bunyan.

'*Direct to*—

'W. M'Toddy, Esq.,

'*Farentosh Square, Edinburgh, N.B.*'

Great minds are incapable of stratagem; and this simple though atrocious forgery instantly deceived the guileless X.Y.Z. He replied to *Mrs. Punch's* communication in his own name; sending a scale of charges, and a number of testimonials as to his prodigious genius.

We found that X.Y.Z. was the famous Smithers; in a word, the author of *Rumbuski*.

Considering the vastness of X.Y.Z.'s talents, his prices are indeed moderate. Sterling Poetry is charged £5 : 5s. per hundred lines; First-rate Prose, £8 : 8s. per octavo sheet of 16 closely-printed pages; the revisal of a small volume of poetry, £10 : 10s.; of a ditto of Prose, £5 : 5s.; of a pamphlet of 100 pages, from 2 to 3 guineas.

And as for his genius, if that is not proved by the following extracts from the Press, what fact in this world is there capable of proof?

RUMBUSKI A DRAMATIC POEM.

'The mantle of the *Elizabethan poets* has fallen on Mr. Smithers.'—*Cambridge Journal.*

'Will be talked of hereafter as the *Bard of Avon* is talked of now.' *Glenny's Court Gazette.*

'The play reminds us of *Schiller*. George Smithers is a man of great genius, and a tragic dramatist of decided ability.' *Monthly Magazine.*

'His nervous language, fine imagery, and apt delineation of the human heart, remind us of *Shakspeare*. On MR. SMITHERS has fallen the mighty Master's mantle of genius.'—*Court Magazine*.

'This beautiful and sublime production was never excelled but by the master mind of *Shakspeare*.'—*Post Magazine*.

'Equal to *Goethe*. All is impassioned and effective.'—*Monthly Magazine*.

'The spirit of *Milton* was hovering above the writer.'—*Weekly Magazine*.

No wonder that a writer with all this talent should have some to spare. A gentleman who is equal to SCHILLER, GOETHE, BYRON, SHAKSPEARE, ÆSCHYLUS, and the Elizabethan Poets, may well be able to 'enhance or create' any other gentleman's reputation.

But has he any right so to do?—that is the point. No young author has a right to go and purchase a hundred lines of sterling verse, written by a *Rumbuski*, and buy a claim to immortality for five pounds five. The tickets to that shop are not transferable, so to speak. It may be very well for a SMITHERS to throw off a few thousand sterling lines or reams of first-rate prose, and secure his own seat; but he can't keep places for ever so many friends beside. It is not fair upon us who are struggling at the door.

No, I say; for the interest of the public this scheme must be stopped. Let us concede that *Rumbuski is* the greatest work of the age; that the author of that prodigy may, out of the benevolence of his disposition, and at a reasonable charge, edit the works of geniuses less accomplished; cut down a book of travels; put a little point here and there to the vague moral of a pamphlet; or help a literary dowager to grammar. These jobs are often taken in hand (for the benefit of the public, too) by men of the literary profession.

But here he must stop. There must be no making first-rate verses for other parties at £5 : 5s. per hundred lines; at which rate, any man with a £50 note (for SMITHERS would, no doubt, take off the discount) might be a first-rate poet, and get a claim on the Government for a pension. No, no. You may touch up a man's drawing, SMITHERS; but you must not do every line of it. You may put a few feathers into a jackdaw's tail, but do not send him out into the world as an accomplished peacock. It is not fair upon the other jackdaws.

That is why we utter the above amiable remonstrance. As the guardian of the public morals, *Punch* has had an eye on X.Y.Z.

No 'creating of literary reputations,' X.Y.Z., my boy; otherwise, he who now tells you to move on will be painfully compelled to use the weapon of the law. What? the poet of other ages—the author of the great *Rumbuski* a literary smasher, and vendor of illicit coin? O fie!

OXFORD PUBLIC ORATORY.[1]

You perhaps did not remark, my dear *Mr. Punch*, an extract which appeared in the newspapers one day last week, from a Sermon by the Public Orator of Oxford: in which University I am greatly interested, as I have been thinking of sending my son, Augustus Frederic, to complete his education there.

That a Cambridge Public Orator such as Crickens (upon whose style you commented on a former joyous occasion) should not be a model of eloquence, I can understand; but, ah! *Mr. P.*, who would ever go for to suppose that a prize Oxford divine should fail in his logic? O, Sir, is there a penny-a-liner in this metropolis who would not be cashiered for such a sentence as the following?—

> The extension of Empire which has been gradually forced, we may almost say, on the Government of this country, till those who guide our councils are themselves most inadequately aware of the vast extent of the authority, of the intricate ramification of the measures which they are called to administer, is *so* mixed a boon, involving *as it* does *such* manifold and awful responsibilities, that the most sanguine might well hesitate about reckoning *this* among our grounds for self-gratulation and thankfulness, if *it* were not for promising symptoms, *which* have recently shown themselves, *of* great improvement *in* the whole system *of* our Colonial Administration.

What a treat the Public Orator's compositions must be, if they are all equal to the above sample! The sentence resolves itself into the following remarkable propositions:—

We may almost say the extension of empire has *gradually been forced* on the Government of this country.

Those who guide our Councils are *most inadequately* aware of the extent of their business;

The extension of empire is a mixed boon.

In fact, the most sanguine might not consider the mixed

[1] [October 30, 1847.]

boon a boon at all, had not symptoms of improvement recently arisen in our colonial system.

To arrive at these tremendous truths, see what you have to do. Let us dodge round parenthesis after parenthesis, and we come to the main proposition, the extension of etc., is a 'mixed boon.' What is a mixed boon? you then have to consider. Suppose a kind friend were to offer you a glass of brandy and water, that would be a mixed boon, and the liquor might be so compounded that you should not know which prevailed in quantity, the brandy or the water. So with the extension of empire: the P.O. is awfully puzzled to know whether it is a good or an evil.

Is it a good or an evil? The most sanguine might *well* hesitate to pronounce it a good—that is, they are welcome to think it an evil, but for promising symptoms of improvement—that is, it may be a good after all. Come now, what is the P.O.'s opinion—it is not of much consequence, but what is it? I call upon the Oxford P.O. to speak up.

Again I want to know what the P.O. means by '*We may almost say* that the extension of Empire has been forced on this country.' How do you almost say a thing? Suppose I say a man is a donk— or a goo—, or that such and such an opinion is a humb—, I almost say a thing, to which the laws of politeness forbid me to give full utterance. But I can't say a sentence, and say at the same time that I only almost say it, any more than I could say of a mixed boon, if I turned the glass containing it down to the ground (an absurd proposition), that I had almost spilt the liquor. Once out of the goblet's mouth, down goes the boon somewhere; and it is with words as with spirit-and-water.

In like manner I can no more *almost* say a thing, than I can be *most inadequately aware* of a circumstance. I either know it or I don't—and the P.O. is exactly in the same case.

Finally, is this the kind of champion, *Mr. Punch*, whom the Old University puts forward? If so, I will send my son AUGUSTUS FREDERIC to the New. And I would rather that he should hear such noble words as fell from MR. NEWMAN [1] last Wednesday, in Gower Street, than listen to any P.O. that ever wore a Master's gown.

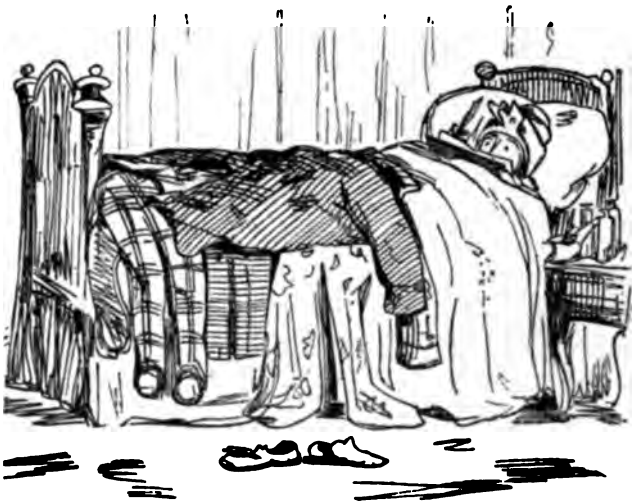
Believe me, Sir, to be your obedient servant,

ADOLPHUS LITTLEGO.

[1] [Afterwards Cardinal Newman.]

PUNCH AND THE INFLUENZA.[1]

At the beginning of the week, when the Influenza panic seemed at the highest—when the Prime Minister and his household—when the public offices and all the chiefs and subordinates—when the public schools and all the masters and little boys—when the very doctors and apethecaries of the town were themselves in bed—it was not a little gratifying to *Mr. Punch* to find that his contributors, though sick, were at their duty; and though prostrate, were prostrate still round their post. At the



first moment when *Mr. Punch* himself could stir, after his own attack, he rushed to the couches of his young men; and he found them in the following positions and circumstances of life. First:—

That favourite writer, and amusing man, Mr. J-nes (author of some of the most popular pages in this or any other miscellany) appeared in the above attitude. Tortured by pain, and worn down by water gruel, covered over by his pea-jacket, his dressing-gown, his best and inferior clothes, and all the blankets with which his lodging-house supplies him, with six phials of medicine and an ink-bottle by his side, J-nes was still at work, on the

[1] [December 18, 1847.]

bed of sickness—still making jokes under calamity. The three most admirable articles in the present number are written, let it suffice to say, by J-NES.

J-NES's manuscript secured, it became *Mr. Punch's* duty to hurry to SM-TH for his designs. SM-TH, too, was at his duty. Though MRS. SM-TH, the artist's wife, told *Mr. Punch* that her husband's death was certain, if he should be called upon to exert himself at such a moment, *Mr. Punch*, regardless of the fond wife's fears, rushed into the young artist's bed-chamber. And what did he see there?

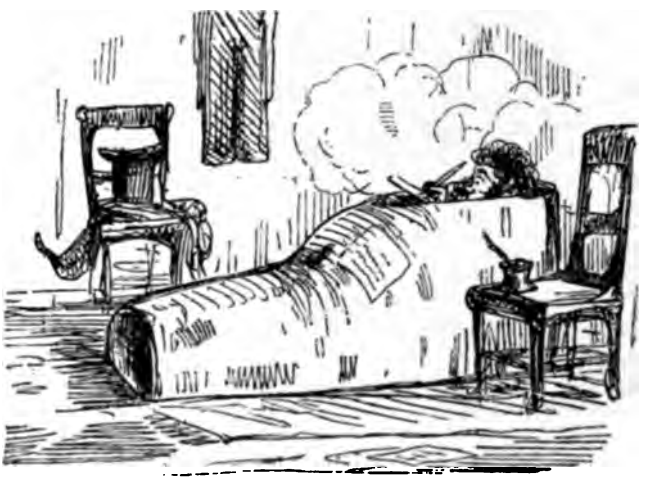
SM-TH at work, drawing the very cleverest caricature which his admirable pencil had as yet produced; drawing cheerfully, though torn by cough, sore-throat, headache, and pains in the limbs, and though the printer's boy (who never leaves him) was asleep by the bedside in a chair.

Taking out a Bank-note of immense value, *Mr. Punch* laid it down on MR. SM-TH'S pillow, and pushed on to another of his esteemed correspondents—the celebrated BR-WN, in a word—who was found as follows:—

Yes, he was in a warm bath, composing those fine sentiments which the reader will recognise in his noble and heart-stirring articles of this week, and as resigned and hearty as if he had been SENECA.

He was very ill, and seemingly on the point of dissolution; but his gaiety never deserted him.

'You see I am trying to get the steam up still!' he exclaimed, with a sickly smile, and a look of resignation so touching, that *Mr. Punch*, unable to bear the sight, had only leisure to lay an order for a very large amount of £ *s. d.* upon the good-natured martyr's clothes-horse, and to quit the room.



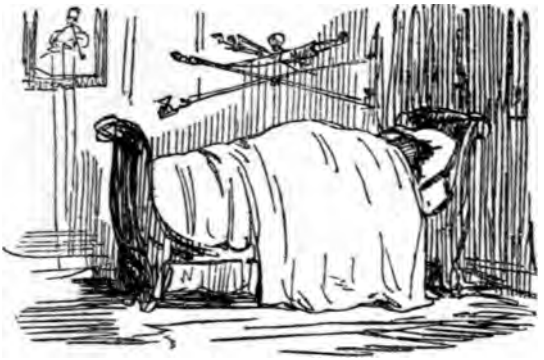
The last of his Contributors whom *Mr. Punch* visited on that day, was the Fat One. 'Nothing will ever *ail him*,' *Mr. P.* mentally remarked. 'He has (according to his own showing) had the Yellow Fever in Jamaica and New Orleans; the Plague twice, and in the most propitious spots for that disease; the Jungle Fever, the Pontine Ague, etc. etc.; every disease in fact, in every quarter of this miserable globe. A little Influenza won't make any difference to such a tough old traveller as that; and we shall find him more jocose and brilliant than ever.'

Mr. Punch called at the F.C.'s chambers in Jermyn Street, and saw, what?

An immense huddle of cloaks and blankets piled over an immovable mass. All *Mr. P.* could see of the Contributor was a

part of his red Turkish cap (or tarboosh) peeping from under the coverlids. A wheezy groan was the tarboosh's reply to *Mr. Punch's* interrogatories.

'Come F.C., my boy,' said *Mr. P.* encouragingly, 'everybody else is doing his duty. You must be up and stirring. We want



your notes upon ARCHDEACON LAFFAN, this week; and your Latin version of MR. CHISHOLM ANSTEY'S speech.'

There was no reply, and *Mr. Punch* reiterated his remark.

'ARCHDEACLE ALSTEY—ald PULCH—ald everyol bay, go to blazes,' moaned out the man under the counterpanes, and would say no more. He was the only man who failed *Punch* in the sad days of the Influenza.

YESTERDAY: A TALE OF THE POLISH BALL.[1]

By a Lady of Fashion.

The absence of the Life Guards, being on duty against the Mob, occasioned some disappointment to many of the fair fashionables at Willis's, on *Monday* night.—*Morning Paper.*

LIONEL DE BOOTS was the son of Lord and Lady de Booterstown, and one of the most elegant young men of this or any age or country. His figure was tall and slim: his features beauteous; although not more than eighteen years of age, he could spell with surprising correctness, and had a sweet yellow tuft growing on his chin *already!*

A pattern of every excellence, and brought up under a fond mother's eye, Lionel had all the budding virtues, and none of the odious vices contracted by youth. He was not accustomed to take more than three glasses of wine; and though a perfect Nimrod in the chase, as I have heard his dear mamma remark, he never smoked those horrid cigars while going to hunt.

He received his commission in the Royal Horse Guards Pink (Colonel Gizzard), and was presented, on his appointment, on the birthday of his Sovereign. His fond mamma clasped her *mailed warrior* to her bosom, and wept tears of maternal love upon his brilliant cuirass, which reflected her own lovely image.

But besides that of her Ladyship, there was another female heart which beat with affection's purest throb for the youthful Lionel. The lovely Frederica de Toffy (whose appearance at Court this year created so thrilling a sensation) had long been designed by her eminent parents, the Earl and Countess of Hardybake, to wed one day with the brilliant heir of the house of De Boots.

[1] [June 10, 1848.]

FREDERICA nearly fainted with pleasure when her LIONEL presented himself at Alcampayne House in his charming new uniform. 'My military duties now call me,' said the gallant youth, with a manly sigh. 'But 'twill not be long ere next we meet. Remember thou art my partner in LADY SMIGSMAG'S quadrille at the Polish Ball. *Au revoir*—adieu!' Emotion choked further utterance, and, staggering from the presence of *Love*, LIONEL hastened to join his regiment at Kn-ghtsbr-dge.

That night, as the Cavaliers of the Horse Guards Pink sate in their tents, carousing to the health of their ladye-loves, news came from the Commander-in-Chief that England had need of her warriors. The Chartists had risen! They were in arms in Clerkenwell and Pentonville. 'Up, Cavaliers!' said the noble DE GIZZARD, quaffing a bumper of Ypocras. 'Gentlemen of the Horse Guards Pink, to arms!' Calling his battle-cry, LIONEL laced on his morion; his trusted *valet-de-chambre* placed it on the golden curls of his young master. To draw his sword, to recommend himself to Heaven and sweet ST. WILLIBALD, and to mount his plunging charger, was the work of a moment. The next—and the plumes of the Horse Guards Pink might be seen waving in the midnight down the avenues of the Park, while the clarions and violins of the band pealed forth the national anthem of Britons.

LIONEL'S mother had taken heed that the chamber which he was to occupy at the barracks was comfortably arranged for *her young soldier*. Every elegant simplicity of the toilet had been provided. 'Take care that there be bran in his foot-bath,' she said to his old servitor (pointing at the same time to a richly-chased silver-gilt *bain de pieds*, emblazoned with the crest of the DE BOOTSES). And she had netted with her own hand a crimson silk nightcap with a gold tassel, which she entreated—nay, commanded him to wear. She imaged him asleep in his war-chamber. 'May my soldier sleep well,' she exclaimed mentally, 'till the ringing trump of morn wake up my gallant boy!'

FREDERICA, too, as far as modest maiden may, thought of her LIONEL. '*Ah*, CRINOLINETTE,' she said to her maid, in the French language, of which she was a mistress, '*ah, que ma galant Garde-de-vie puisse bien dormir ce nuit!*'

LIONEL slept not on that night—not one wink had the young soldier. In the moon, under the stars, in the cold, cold midnight, in the icy dawn, he and his gallant comrades patrolled the lanes of Clerkenwell. Now charging a pulk of Chartists—now coming to the aid of a squadron of beleaguered policemen—now interposing between the infuriate mob and the astonished Specials

—everywhere LIONEL's sword gleamed in the thick of the *mêlée;* his voice was heard encouraging the troops and filling the Chartists with terror. 'Oh,' thought he, 'that I could measure steel with FUSSELL, or could stand for five minutes point to point with CUFFEY! But no actual collision took place, and the Life Guards Pink returned to their barracks at dawn, when COLONEL GIZZARD sent off a most favourable report to the Commander-in-Chief of the gallantry of young DE BOOTS.

The warriors cared not for rest that day. A night in the saddle is no hardship to the soldier; though LIONEL, feeling the approaches of a cold and sore throat, only took a little water gruel, and lay down for half-an-hour to recruit himself. But he could not sleep—he thought of FREDERICA! 'To-night I shall see her,' he said. 'Twas the night of the Polish Ball, and he bade his valet procure from Hammersmith the loveliest bouquet for FREDERICA, consisting of the rosy magnolia, the delicate polyanthus, and the drooping and modest sunflower.

The banquet of the Horse Guards Pink was served at eight o'clock, and LIONEL, to be ready for the ball, dressed himself in pumps and pantaloons, with an embroidered gauze chemise, and a mere riband of lace round his neck. He looked a young APOLLO as he sat down to dine!

But scarce had he put the first spoonful of *potage à la reine* to his ruby lips, when the clarion again sounded to arms. 'Confusion!' said the gallant GIZZARD, 'the Chartists are again in arms, and we must forth.' The banquet was left untasted, and the warriors mounted their steeds.

So great was the hurry that LIONEL only put on his helmet and cuirass, and rode forth in his evening dress. 'Twas a pitiless night; the rain descended; the winds blew icy cold; the young soldier was wet to the skin ere the Guards debouched on Clerkenwell Green.

And at that hour FREDERICA was looking out of the left window at ALMACK'S, waiting for LIONEL.

Hours and hours he sat on his war-steed through that long night—the rain descended, the wind was more chilly, the dastard Chartists would not face the steel of the Loyal Cavaliers of the Horse Guards Pink, but fled at the sight of our warriors. Ah! 'twas a piteous night!

FREDERICA was carried at daybreak to Alcampayne House from the ball. She had not danced all that night: she refused the most eligible partners, for she could only think of *her* Cavalier! her LIONEL, who never came! Her mamma marked her child's frenzied eye and hectic cheek, and shuddered as

she put her daughter to bed, and wrote a hurried note to Dr. L–c–ck.

At that hour, too, the Horse Guards Pink returned to their barracks. The veterans were unmoved; but, ah me! for the recruits! LIONEL was in a high fever—two nights' exposure had struck down the gallant boy—he was delirious two hours after he was placed in bed! 'Mamma! FREDERICA!' he shouted.

. . . . . .

Last Saturday two hearses—the one bearing the helm and arms of a young warrior, and the escutcheon of the DE BOOTSES, the other the lozenge of the Alcampaynes, wound their way slowly to Highgate Cemetery. LIONEL and FREDERICA were laid in the same grave! But how much of this agony might have been spared if the odious Chartists would but have stayed at home, or if that young couple had taken from twelve to fourteen of MORISON'S UNIVERSAL PILLS, instead of the vile medicine with which 'the Faculty' killed them!

A DREAM OF THE FUTURE.[1]

YESTERDAY *Mr. Punch* had a dream, which was not all a dream. *Mr. P.* was reading *The Morning Herald* at the Club, and he fell asleep thereover, and he dreamed that a great revolution had been accomplished, and an ancient monarchy topsy-turvyfied, and that *The Morning Herald* was the Government paper, and contained as follows:—

This day the Citizen President of the Republic and Minister of Foreign Affairs, took possession of the palace of the nation.

His Excellency's Ministry is composed as follows:—

[1] [March 18, 1848.]
[The second French Revolution began on February 22, 1848.]

Minister of Foreign Affairs, President of the Council, and Poet Laureate	CITIZEN MONCKTON MILNES.
Minister of the Interior	CITIZEN BENJAMIN DISRAELI.
High Chancellor	CITIZEN SAMUEL WARREN, with 'Ten Thousand a Year' for Salary.
Chancellor of the Exchequer	CITIZEN FEARGUS O'CONNOR.
Minister of Education	CITIZEN HARRISON AINSWORTH.
Minister of the Colonies	CITIZEN BULWER LYTTON.
Minister at War	CITIZEN COBDEN.
Minister of Ireland	CITIZEN STAFFORD, who resumed with pride the name of O'BRIEN.
Master of the Mint	CITIZEN DUNCOMBE.
Paymaster-General	CITIZEN BORTHWICK.
Archbishop of Canterbury	CITIZEN BRIGHT.
Commander-in-Chief	CITIZEN MACHALE.
Master of the Horse	CITIZEN WIDDICOMBE

CITIZEN PUNCH was sent Ambassador to Paris, where the arrival of H.E. was greeted with frantic applause.

CITIZEN URQUHART has been appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Mare's Nest Islands, and has sailed in quest of his Government.

CITIZEN ANSTEY took leave, as Consul-General of Jericho. He addressed a parting allocution to the President of the Republic, which he performed, for about three days, in a private room.

CITIZEN JOHN RUSSELL is quieter to-day. Since the glorious events of Fructidor, in which he behaved with so much mistaken gallantry, the Citizen's head has wandered considerably, and, it is supposed, has not recovered from the blow inflicted on it at the storming of Downing Street, when engaged in single combat with the intrepid CITIZEN KEELEY. He still imagines that there are Whigs left in the country.

CITIZEN LANDSEER goes Ambassador to Vienna. CITIZENESS GEORGE SAND, Ambassadress from the French Republic, had an audience, yesterday, of his Excellency the Minister of Foreign Affairs. The wife of his Excellency was present during the interview.

The Citizeness, wife of the President of the Republic, took an airing yesterday in her pony-chaise, accompanied by her children on donkeys, and attended by the CITIZENS PLANTAGENET and SOMERSET.

The CITIZENESS MONTPENSIER gave her Excellency's children

lessons on the Spanish guitar. There is no foundation for the report that the CITIZEN NEMOURS is to replace CITIZEN NATHAN as dancing-master to the family of the first magistrate, it being the intention of the Government to support native talent as far as possible.

CITIZEN PEEL, whose services at the head of his regiment on the great day of the Revolution were so brilliant, has been appointed Major-General.

A large amount of specie arrived yesterday at Liverpool, on board the Irish Imperial steamer *Tareanouns*, in payment of the debt of ten millions contracted during the time of the famine. The Council of the Kings of that country assembled at Dublin last week, and were magnificently entertained by the Emperor at his palace of Stoneybatter. Her Imperial Majesty is progressing very favourably, and rumour says, that a marriage is in contemplation between their Majesties' nineteenth daughter GAVANINA and a prince of the Royal house of MULLIGAN.

MR. SNOB'S REMONSTRANCE WITH MR. SMITH.[1]

MY DEAR SMITH,

When we last met at the Polyanthus Club, you showed me so remarkably cold a shoulder, that I was hurt by your change of behaviour, and inquired the cause of the alteration. You are a kind and excellent friend, and used to tip me when I was a boy at school; and I was glad to find that you had public and not private causes for your diminished cordiality. JONES imparted to me your opinion that a previous letter of mine in this periodical was of so dangerous and disloyal a character that honest men should avoid the author. He takes leave to exculpate himself through the same medium.

All our difference, my dear Sir, is as to the method of displaying loyalty. Without fulsome professions for the virtuous and excellent young matron and lady who fills the throne nowadays, one may feel that those private virtues and excellences are amongst her noblest titles of honour, and, without in the least implicating the royal personage seated in it, quarrel with the

[1] [May 27, 1848.]

taste of some of the ornaments of the Throne. I do believe that some of these are barbarous, that they often put the occupant of that august seat in a false and ridiculous position, and that it would be greatly to the advantage of her dignity if they were away.

You recollect our talk at the Polyanthus relative to the private letters which passed between LOUIS-PHILIPPE and the Sovereign of this country, which the present French Government has thought fit to republish. 'Why,' said you, 'did they condescend to make public these private letters? What could it matter to Europe to know whether in the voyage from Dover to Calais, "my poor MONTPENSIER" was dreadfully sick, and the king did not suffer at all?' Royal families must have their talk and gossip, like any other domestic circles. Why placard the town with this harmless private gossip, and drag innocent people into publicity? And indeed, with the exception of that pretty letter to the Princess-Royal (in which her 'old cousin' LOUIS-PHILIPPE announces to her his present of a doll with six-and-twenty suits of clothes, and exhibits himself very amiably and artlessly for once as a kind-hearted old grandfather and gentleman), it is a pity that the whole correspondence were not consigned to the bottom of that ocean which made 'my poor MONTPENSIER' so unwell.

But if the privacy of Royalty is not to be intruded upon, why is it perpetually thrust in our faces? Why is that Court Newsman not stifled? I say that individual is one of the barbarous adjuncts of the Crown, whom we ought to abolish, and whom it is an honest man's duty to hoot off the stage. I say it is monstrous, immodest, unseemly, that in our time such details should occupy great columns of the newspapers, as that of a Royal Christening, for instance, which appeared the other day, in which you read as follows:—

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES was dressed in sky-blue velvet, embroidered with gold. The dress of PRINCE ALFRED was of white and silver, and the three Princesses were all dressed alike in frocks of British lace, in imitation of Mechlin lace, with flounces of the same over white satin.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT and the DUKE OF WELLINGTON were habited in the uniform of Field-Marshals; the Prince wore the collars of the Garter and the Bath, and the ensigns of the Golden Fleece.

The Royal infant was dressed in a robe of Honiton lace over white satin, and was attended by the DOWAGER LADY LYTTELTON. Her Royal Highness was carried by the head nurse.

Gracious Goodness! is it bringing ridicule on the Throne to say that such details as these are ridiculous? Does it add to the dignity of the greatest persons in this country that other citizens should be told that PRINCE ALFRED wore white and silver, and the little Princesses were all dressed alike in frocks of British lace, in imitation of Mechlin, with flounces of the same over white satin? Suppose their Royal Highnesses wore their frocks inside out, what the deuce does it matter to us? These details may interest MR. MANTALINI, but not men in England. They should not be put before us. Why do we still laugh at people for kissing the Pope's toe, or applaud MACARTNEY'S British spirit, in the last age, for refusing kotoo to the EMPEROR OF CHINA? This is just as bad as kotoo. Those people degrade the Throne who do not remove from it these degrading Middle-Age ceremonials —as barbarous, as absurd, as unreasonable as QUEEN QUASHY-MABOO'S cocked hat and epaulets, or KING MUMBOJUMBO'S glass beads and tinsel.

When the procession of the sponsors and HER MAJESTY'S procession had passed, and the QUEEN and the other Royal personages were conducted to their seats, the following *chorale* was performed—such a *chorale* as was seldom presented to an infant before:—

> In life's gay morn, ere *sprightly* youth
> By sin and folly is enslaved,
> O, may the Maker's glorious name
> Be on thy infant mind engraved!
> So shall no shade of sorrow cloud
> The sunshine of thy early days,
> But happiness, in endless round,
> Shall still encompass all thy ways.

Now, MR. SMITH, on your honour and conscience, does the publication of stuff like this add to or diminish the splendour of the Throne? Is it true that if, in 'the morning of youth,' the Princess is brought up piously, she is sure of endless happiness to 'encompass all her ways.' Who says so? Who believes it? Does it add to your respect for the Head of the State, to represent HER MAJESTY to your imagination surrounded by Bishops, Marshals, and Knights in their collars, Gold Sticks, Sponsor-proxies, and what not, seated in the place of Divine Worship listening to such inane verses? No; the disrespect is not on our side who protest. No; the disloyalty is with those who acquiesce in ceremonies so monstrous and so vain. O Archbishop, is this the way people should renounce the pomps and vanities of this wicked world? It is these ceremonies which set more people

against you and your like than all your sermons can convince, or your good example keep faithful.

And I say that we are, *Mr. Punch* and all, a loyal and affectionate people, and that we exult when we see the great personages of the Crown worthily occupied. Take the meeting of last Thursday, for instance, for the Improvement of the Labouring Classes, at which His Royal Highness the Prince attended and spoke.

Depend upon it that the interests of often contrasted classes are identical, and it is only ignorance which prevents their uniting to the advantage of each other. (*Cheers.*) To dispel that ignorance, and to show how man can help man, notwithstanding the complicated state of civilised society, ought to be the aim of every philanthropic person. (*Loud cheers.*) This is more peculiarly the duty of those who, under the blessing of Divine Providence, enjoy station, wealth, and education. (*Cheers.*)

Every man who heard that, I say, cheered with all his heart. 'These are imperial words and worthy kings.' There is no Gold Stick in this Empire, no Vice-Chamberlain, Groom of the Stole, Hereditary Grand Dancing Master or Quarterly Waiter in Waiting that will yield to *Mr. Punch* and your humble servant in loyalty when words such as these are spoken, and in such a spirit: and it is in tasks like these that Princes must busy themselves if in our times they ask for loyalty from others or security for themselves. The hold of the great upon us now is by beneficence, not by claptraps and ceremonies. The people is and knows itself to be the stronger. Wisdom, simplicity, affection, must be the guardians of the English Throne; and, may God keep those Gentlemen-ushers about the Court of Queen Victoria!

MILITARY CORRESPONDENCE.[1]

THE British Army is in an uproar. From the tallest grenadier to the minutest drummer-boy; from the feather-weightiest of light-bobs, to the heaviest of field-officers, we are overwhelmed with remonstrance, repudiation, protestation, desperation, indignation, and insubordination, excited by the regulations of Infantry costume, just issued.

CAPTAIN HEAVYSIDES, *of the Queen's Yellows (for example), writes in these pathetic terms:—*

'MR. PUNCH,

'Sir,

'As an old military man who has grown grey and corpulent in the service of his country, I am induced (though all communication through the public Press is unbecoming either Service on ordinary occasions) to rush into your columns with a charge which, if justice be equivalent to tripling any given force, as asserted by SHAKESPEARE, must be irresistible. Our pay might have been cut down, and I should not have complained — though, with Mess expenses and Kit, I find it hard to keep out of debt, as it is. Our allowances might have been docked; our feathers snipped; six inches might have been taken off our bear-skin shakos; the adjutant's spurs might have been shortened; a few fathoms less gold lace on our full-fig uniforms I would have tolerated. Parades might have been cut down; marches abbreviated; the term of West Indian service diminished; barracks, if possible, made more uncomfortable; all these loppings and toppings we could have borne—I speak for myself and my brother officers—but we cannot

[1] [August 5, 1848.]

submit, in silence, to the cur-tailing of our coat-tails. A sedentary life, which that of the officers of a marching regiment must be admitted to be, the absence of occupation, and the calming influence of routine, and country quarters, necessarily tend to the increase of flesh. We are, as a body, stout:—so much so, indeed, that the description of us as 'the stout defenders of our native land' must be familiar to all readers of newspapers. Yet our skirts are to be cut off, by an insidious movement of a certain distinguished personage upon our rear. The decent undress blue frock, which lent a grace to portliness, and a concealment to

obesity, is to be discontinued, and we are henceforth, when not in full fig, to appear in *shell-jackets*.' Do your readers know what a *shell-jacket* is? It is a scanty garment, barely reaching the waist! The humiliation it is calculated to produce among officers like myself, weighing fifteen stone, or upwards, is indescribable. As to marching at the head of one's company, from which position a full view of the officer's back is necessarily commanded, I apprehend *that* will, from the date of the execution of this order, be absolutely out of the question. It would be alike impossible to preserve self respect among the officers and subordination among the men.

'Under these circumstances, I call on you, sir, as the friend of the soldier, to raise your powerful voice in defence of our tails —for it is in them, as in that of the rattlesnake, that our offensive power at present resides—and to explode this abominable shell-jacket.

'I am, Sir,

'Your apprehensive and afflicted reader,

'LAMBERT HEAVYSIDES,

'*Capt. Her Majesty's Yellows.*

'*July* 14*th*, 1848.'

THE SHELL-JACKET AND THE ARMY.

From LIEUTENANT TWENTYSTONE *to* MR. PUNCH.

'*Canterbury*, 25*th July*.

'LIEUTENANT AND ADJUTANT TWENTYSTONE (Fighting Onety-oneth) presents compliments to Editor of *Punch*, and I

wish you would say something *spicy* about the new reg about those *infernal shell-jackets* which are to be worn

whole of the British Army; and I am *much obliged* to CAPTAIN BERNAL OSBORNE for showing them *up*. Please, *Mr. Punch*, to do likewise, for we regular take a coppy at our *Mess*.

'They say it is to prevent us from being picked off in action by *the Hottentots* that the frock-coat is to be abolished; now I should like to know what reason is there that a black fellow should not pick me off in a shell-jacket as well as the frock, which becomes my *figger* pretty well.

'Whereas, in them shells, I really am so *corpulent* that I don't like to enter, at any rate to *go out of*, a room. At mess I sit with my napkin well covering me, and am always the last at table, so that I'm not seen much: but to order me *about the streets* in that dress, I say is monstrous, and a swindle, and I shall sell out if persisted in.

'In the frock-coat I'm still very well.

'And MISS BUSTLEBURY, the Prebend's daughter at Canterbury, thinks my figger is fine; but how am I to enter her mamma's drawing-room in a shell-jacket, situated as I am? It's all very well for the Duke and His Royal Highness, who are light-weights by nature; and I don't mind exposing myself *before the enemy*, as I showed at Meanee and Maharajpore; but to be called upon to expose myself in this way is too much for

'Your constant reader,

'FREDERICK TWENTYSTONE.'

'*P.S.*—Suppose the late GEORGE IV. had been alive—Would he have allowed us to be dressed in this painful manner?'

From LIEUTENANT CAMPBELL LEPPARD *to* MR. PUNCH.

'*Canterbury Barracks, 25th July.*

'DEAR P.,

'I belong to the Onety-oneth (or Queen's own Slashers), and I want you to exercise your powerful influence against the shell jacket system with which we are threatened. Those shell-jackets, sir, will burst like bomb-shells on the British Army.

'You may have seen us occasionally in the costume; the most hideous, tight, narrow, mean, uncomfortable dress that ever was devised for a soldier. If you could see TWENTYSTONE of ours in his, you would own how monstrous the dress was, and that it was a shame to pack an English gentleman into such a shrunken rag. But if it is scarcely decent for the fat fellows, I know it is very ridiculous for us thin ones.

'Between ourselves, *Punch*, I am paying my addresses here to MISS BUSTLEBURY, MR. PREBEND BUSTLEBURY'S daughter, and the charming girl has shown no little regard for me, and says that I become the frock-coat very well.

'Having it made rather fuller in the skirts than perhaps the regulation warrants, and padding the chest a trifle, I pass muster

well enough with the girls—with the lovely BELLA BUSTLEBURY above all.

'But, by Jove, sir, what am I to do when my coat-tails are razeed by the Horse Guards, and I have to go about in the shell-jacket—dare I present myself before Miss B?

'The very boys in the streets will laugh at me; and as for the girls, I fear there is one who would never recover the shock. Try and put a stop to the nuisance, and believe me, dear P.,

'Yours,

'CAMPBELL LEPPARD.'

'*P.S.*—I just send a sketch of LIEUTENANT TWENTYSTONE of ours, as *he* appears in his shell-jacket. I just wish you'd put him into *Punch*, so that MISS BUSTLEBURY might see him. And if you do, I will order *six* copies of your periodical.'

LATEST FROM THE CONTINENT.[1]

SOME days ago the following letter was sent to us by MR. ALDERMAN SWILBY, whose son, MR. S. GUTTLER SWILBY, is travelling on the Continent with his tutor, the REV. J. CORKER, chaplain to the Alderman when Lord Mayor. It contains the latest continental news, and does credit to a young gentleman who is only eighteen years of age, as a fond parent says, and already weighs eighteen stone.

'*Frankfort, Aug.* 9, 1848.

'MY DEAR PAPA,

'Agreeable to the wishes of yourself and dear Mamma, I take up my pen to give you some idear of my travels on the Continent, as far as I have yet been.

'The little baskit of Ham-sangwidges and Sherry was a great comfut to me on the journey to Dover. They served to console me after taking leave of my dear Mar, and kep my sperrits up very well. We arrived without accident at the Shipp Inn in time for supper.

'MR. BIRMINGHAM has some of the best Maderia ever drank in my life; if you come this way for the ollidays, ask for it, and thank your dear Sam for pointing you out *a good thing*. MR. CORKER liked it too very much, and we wiled away the hours till bedd-time drinking it, and to the health of my *dearest parents*.

'The packit sett of so dewsid erly there was no time to ave anythink comfortable for breakfast; we therefore only ad some coffy and biskits, and went on board the Ostend boat.

'It blew very fresh, and Mr. C. was quite overcome. But the sea hair gives me always an appatite, and I had a good foring breakfast of ham and eggs, and a glass of Coniac, which kep me

[1] [August 26, 1848.]

all right; and I didn't wake until we were in Ostend Arbour, by which time MR. C. began too to look up.

'This town is very ugly to look at, but strongly fortafied, and has oysters all the year round. Aving to wait for the train, I thought our best amusement would be to try a few dozen of their *famous natives*, which *we did so*. But law bless you! Pa, there no such great things after all. Many and many time after the play have we ad bushels of as good fish, as well as to lunch, in my dear native city of London. Porter they charge 1s. 8d. per bottle, which you must allow is rather *heavy*.

'The country all the way to Brussells is as flat and green as our billiard-table at Camberwell—the towns quite old and ugly. They sell fruit along the road; we ad some—plumbs sower, cherries ditto, aypricots so so, cost one frank. At all the Stations they were drinking beer, which I had some, but, o lor! Pa, such sower stuff! Why, they wouldn't drink it in our servants' hall.

'Brussells is a clean town. We got in just in time for dinner at the Hotel de Suede—as handsome, comfortable, *well kep an Inn as ever you saw*. Dinner not like us, but famous, all except the soup, which is very shy, and made me think of my dearest Ma and the Shipp and Turtle with tears in my eyes.

'Fish is served *after* roast meat in this Popish country; and Puddn comes in the middle of dinner, about the fourteenth dish; which surprised and disappointed me a good deal, for I wished twice of it, and was obliged to go on agin quite fresh at the remaining things. I had twenty nine different things; MR. C. was obliged to cry pickayvy at the twenty-third or so—and he did look *so* red! We went and took something warm at a caffy near the Opera, where we went afterwards, and fell asleep with the fateagues of the day. I never much cared about that singing.

'Next day we set off for a watering-place called Spa, pronounced *Spore* here—a little bit of a quiet place, where there's what they call *mineral* springs. But the best thing I found here was some little cray-fish, that ain't much bigger than a *good* Brighton prawn, but they are full of flaviour, and you can eat no end of 'em. I wish I could see dear Ma with a plateful before her. They certainly are both crisp and juicy.

'We were at a most comfortable Inn, the Hotel de Payhaw,[1] as it is pronounced. I remarked the ladies at the *table d'hôte* used their knives to their vedgetables and things, and I like the practice *very much*.

'Ax-la-Chapelle is another bath or bang where the dinners are

[1] [Hôtel des Pays Bas.]

by no means bad. Game is here in plenty: and if you go to the Grand Monarch Inn you will get there a kind of Sallat, which, upon my conscience, is the best thing I ever ate in that way. We went to a ball at the Rooms, but there was no supper, and I didn't care for staying dawdling about and seeing the stupid dancing.

'I had a shy at the famous gambling tables: and neither lost nor won. As my dear Par gives me as much money as ever I want, what do I care about winning anybody else's? It was much better surely to come home to a quiet supper than to bother yourself at that stupid dancing or gambling.

'What I have particularly remarked on the Continent is there capital way of doing potatoes—sometimes brown—sometimes in white sauce—sometimes in sallid which is capitle. I'll dress one when I come home for my dear sisters and Ma.

'The railroads has tunnels just like ours: and in every train there's a carriage express for smoaking—with little tin-boxes to put your cigar-ashes into, and everythink convenient. There is plenty of what they call restorations at the stations, by which they mean places where you may lunch and have refreshment. I will say for eating and drinking these Germans are people after my own heart.

'As there was a steamer to Coblence setting off just after the rail, we only drove through the town of Cologne, and that was quite enough, for it is an ugly old-fashioned place: and got on board for the three o'clock boat.

'Would you believe they had all dined already on board the boat? which disappointed both me and MR. C. very much, for there is no place where you can see the manners and customs of a people so well as where they are dining, and we were forced to put up with just a beefsteak (it's not a reglar beefsteak on the Continent such as you git at dear JOE'S—only the undercut of the sirloin), and made out a wretched, disappointing dinner as best we could. It was rather showary, and so we played at chess, and had a nap in the cabin, and reached Coblence at ten at night—time for supper though, trust your SAM for that. Wild bore very good. Trouts ditto; call them Forellens here. Rudesheimer rather *sower*, must take something to *correct it* afterwards.

'Up in the morning at five, and off per boat to Mayence, where the famous Ham comes from. Couldn't sleep all night though; beds small; people walking about. When we got on board took coffy, and went and had a good snooze in the cabbin again. Didn't wake till ten, when, as I heard, we had passed all the pretty part of the Rhine, and it couldn't be helped (and as

for me, give me *a good sleep before all your landskips*). We had a meat and egg breakfast, and got to Mayence at one o'clock.

'They kep us waiting at the train two hours, and then we came on to Frankfort to our Correspondent, MR. SCHILDKROT, who had a handsome dinner ready to receive

'Your affectionate Son,

'SAMUEL GUTTLER SWILBY.'

THE BALMORAL GAZETTE.[1]

are very glad to see that a Highland *Littérateur* of celebrity is going to set up the *Balmoral Gazette*, for the purpose of chronicling the actions of HER MAJESTY and her Royal Consort and Court while enjoying retirement after the Session. If the Highland *Littérateur* will swap his paper against *Mr. Punch's*, *Mr. Punch* will be happy to enter into an arrangement for exchange.

In fact, we have been for all our lives so accustomed to read a Court Circular every morning for breakfast, that we can't do without it now: and it is absolutely as necessary to us to know what PRINCE ALFRED did yesterday, and whether the PRINCESS ALICE rode out in a pony chaise, as it is to know the price of the Funds, or who spoke in Parliament, and what was the division.

Nobody has a right to take away all our sources of pleasurable excitement at once. Here is Parliament over—but the Court is still the Court. Where the Sovereign is, at Windsor Castle, at Pimlico, at the Isle of Wight, on a Scotch mountain, or where you will loyal subjects rally in spirit. If the Court were up a tree, as in CHARLES II.'s time, everybody would like to be informed of its sylvan retreat, and a Court Newsman should be perched on a bough somewhere, to scribble down the occupation of the Sovereign and the other branches of the Royal Family.

Now *The Globe* newspaper is an excellent print, and always remarkable for its loyalty; whereas a very contrary charge has

[1] [September 16, 1848.]

been whispered (by calumniators) against this present journal, which they have accused of turning august things into ridicule, and speaking disrespectfully of regal institutions, beef-eaters, gold-sticks, and what not: and yet it pains us to see a venerable contemporary speaking in what we must call a flippant vulgarity of tone, which is highly reprehensible, of the above-named loyal Highland Newspaper.

'We really had imagined,' says *The Globe*, 'that nothing remained to be adventured in penny-a-lining; that the capacities of outrage on illustrious privacy had been already strained to the utmost; that immorality or *Balmorality* (mark the wag's wicked play upon the words) had been carried to the utmost. But we were mistaken.' Yes: for once *The Globe* was mistaken; and it owns to the appearance of an advertisement which states that, 'In order to afford DAILY details to the public of HER MAJESTY'S movements and the festivities at Balmoral, it is intended to publish a DIURNAL print, entirely devoted to those subjects. The *Balmoral Gazette* will be edited by a distinguished Highland LITTÉRATEUR, conversant with the country, and all that renders it so attractive to the tourist; and, besides containing unusually copious details of what news respecting the Royal movements can interest the loyal public, it will contain accounts, historical, descriptive, topographical, and antiquarian, of HER MAJESTY'S HIGHLAND HOUSE, and of the wild, romantic, and magnificent scenery with which it is everywhere enlivened.'

For this announcement—which is a perfectly loyal, honest, decent, intelligible placard—what does *The Globe* propose for to go for to do? Why, to TAR AND FEATHER the poor Balmoralist, the worthy, good-natured Highland *Littérateur* against whom our Cockney-brother has some prejudice, and utters some dark hints, because our Celtic contemporary wears no breeches. But, in the name of common decency and brotherhood, why this pother? It is not the custom to wear that portion of dress in the Highlands. When his late Majesty GEORGE IV. went to Scotland—even to Edinburgh—he royally came forth without the garments in question. SIR WILLIAM CURTIS wore no breeches on some occasions in Scotland: we have his late R.H. the DUKE OF SUSSEX painted in a philibeg, kilt, and snuff-mull, with nothing on but the ordinary costume of the Scottish Highlanders. If Princes and Aldermen turned out in kilts, who the deuce is to quarrel with a Highland *Littérateur* for wearing his national raiment? We say no to the Tar-brush. The *Littérateur* has no right to be tarred and decorated with *non usitatis pennis*, any more than any other inhabitant of his mountainous district.

Again, to hold him up to ridicule because he intrudes upon 'illustrious privacy' at Balmoral is a monstrous instance of envious persecution. Why are we not to know what HER MAJESTY and PRINCE ALBERT do at Balmoral as well as at Windsor? We are told by the Court eaves-dropper how his Royal Highness wore a blue frock-coat and white hat, and looked remarkably well as he crossed from Ryde to Portsmouth; why are we to be prevented from knowing that the Prince took an airing in a philibeg at Balmoral, and looked remarkably well too? This is all nonsense, persecution, and stupid jealousy—the *Littérateur* has as good a right to his Gazette as *The Globe* to his own.

We want to know, for our parts, what our Princes and our Sovereigns do. We are not like other people in Europe (who, very likely from having no *Court Circular*, have been taking sad liberties with their monarchs); we are accustomed to know the Royal where and whatabouts. Why, we spend eighteen thousand a-year in mere salutes and gunpowder for the Royal Family; and what is a salvo of twenty-one guns from all round a fleet, but an immense roaring *Court Circular?* We read all HER MAJESTY does; all the PRINCE does; when His Royal Highness rides, who rides with him, and when he comes back to luncheon; who takes out the children on the ponies; who 'attends' and who 'accompanies' them, etc. We get these news from HER MAJESTY'S own people—chamberlains, pink-sticks in waiting, or other flunkeys. If it was not good for us, it would not be told to us. If the Sovereign did not think fit to graciously authorise the publication of the account of the royal venerated movements, we should never know them at all. JONES has lived next to us for twenty years, for instance, and we have not the slightest notion when he goes out or comes in; what he has for dinner; who dines with him; whether he has children or no, and so forth. But about Royalty it is different. It is beneficial for us to know, therefore we know; and hence it is clear that Scotland or Pimlico both equally administer to our benefit, and increase our store of knowledge.

We say to the Highland *Littérateur*, 'Go on and prosper, my boy. Never mind *The Globe* jeering at you because you have no breeches; or threatening you with a tarring and feathering. You are doing your duty to us and the Sovereign, and a little abuse need not deter you.' What? Squeamish about disturbing illustrious privacy at Balmoral? Highty-tighty! *Mr. Globe*—are you to have it all your own way in the Strand? You take your fill of it. *You* are loyal enough. So are we all—all loyal hearts—gallant, freeborn souls; we like to read of christening of

infants; the progress of babies in donkey-carts; the movements of Princes. When we read about them, our hearts boom out a salute, as it were, and man yards as they do at Spithead; and, while we have a *Court Circular*, shall our partially-clothed friend, the Highland *Littérateur*, be denied one? For shame, *Globy!* for shame!

SANITARIANISM AND INSANITARIANISM.[1]

A GENTLEMAN with a wild air, wearing a white hat, and holding a copy of *The Times* newspaper in his hand, paid a halfpenny by way of toll at Hungerford Bridge last Friday, and saying he was 'pressed,' begged the toll-keeper to send the accompanying note to our office. His letter bears marks of an almost maniacal excitement, and we deeply grieve to say that the toll-keeper has *not heard of the gentleman since. Which way he passed over the bridge* it is not for us to say. But the most painful conjectures have been hazarded, and there is little doubt that if he did not cross over to the Waterloo Station or elsewhere, or take a steamer from the bridge, he must have jumped over it, and so put a period to an existence which the present prevailing terror had rendered unbearable.

'POISON! POISON! POISON!

'MR. PUNCH,

'I am a family man, and a coal-merchant by profession. My place of business is at the Diamond Wharf (where I shall be happy, during the feeble remnant of my existence, to serve you with the Wallsends, and where my father and grandfather carried on before me), and my private residence is in Bayswater, whither I came because I was told the suburb was not only genteel but healthy.

'My father and grandfather died at upwards of threescore and ten, living in the City, by the river, and I had hoped our change of residence would not hurt our condition. My wife takes a drive in the brougham every day by the Serpentine, and fancies herself in the fashion, and my children go out in the Park and Kensington Gardens every day, and I thought they looked pretty well. My little boy got leave to fish in the Serpentine—it was MRS. JONES's pleasure to watch him as she passed there, and we used

[1] [September 23, 1848.]

to sit down to the gudgeons which he caught, with no particular relish.

'I say used, sir, because all that sort of folly is passed now, and I am come to a sense of my real condition. I know that that Serpentine is a pool of death, and only wonder that people don't drop in as they fish there. Who knows how many do? It was only yesterday that I saw in the papers that the gudgeon (Faugh! the nasty little abominable beasts!) ought to be combed and washed before being served at table; and I think it is in your own columns I have read that people who bathe there are taken out, of a livid green colour, by the Humane Society's hooks.

'So much for the Serpentine. Its neighbourhood ought, by rights, to poison the air, to lower the rents in Bayswater, to kill away the people who frequent the Drive, and to turn the swans green. I shudder, sir, as I think of mephitic ducks feebly flapping about in an Acheron, and Newfoundland dogs jumping after sticks into a river of that name.

'Of my own Thames I hear no better a report. *The Times* tells me (in terms of the most amiable pleasantry, it is true, and with a playful mournfulness which only renders the death-grin infinitely more ghastly) that "*the whole atmosphere of the whole City is perpetually poisoned, from one year's end to another, by the effluvium of this enormous sewer.*" And thousands of us are going up and down by penny boats; hundreds of thousands go to Gravesend for what they imagine to be fresh shrimps and fresh air; Ministers and persons of repute go and dine at Greenwich, and partake of water-souchee and whitebait—I see a picture of them in your journal of last week. Ah, sir! No wonder that LORD JOHN makes a wry face at the table, and that LORD MORPETH is represented as withdrawn from it altogether, and looking uncommonly queer! What are we to do? Whither are we to fly? I want to know to what place of comparative safety I may take myself, MRS. JONES, and our family? Where can I get a wholesome diet and an unpolluted air?

'I know very well, ever since ACCUM's time, indeed, that Death lurks in my pot at home, and taints the very springs and sources of existence. My water is poisoned—I correct it, or drink other liquids, but what are they? If I drink wine, what am I sure of? acids, sloe juices, logwood, liquorice, and inconceivable combinations of pollution. If I take brandy-and-water, I know that every sort of Cognac, except the patent British, is a poisonous mixture, and the British, in spite of the recommendations of the faculty, I cannot bring myself to like. Gin, sir! what is gin? turpentine, and I have no doubt arsenic and prussic

acid in equal portions. Bitter ale? aloes and gamboge, to say the best of it. Porter? treacle, quassia, senna, black dose, the deuce knows what infernal medley of horrible drugs, which must pull me down gradually to the grave. The Bottle is sheer poison, as I know from MR. CRUIKSHANK'S excellent work: but, ah me! the cistern is poisoned too; the air is poisoned; life is poisoned; business is poisoned; pleasure is poisoned; dinner is poisoned; tea, coffee, and muffins are poisoned; and we are only lingering over them, knowing the end. It is like SENECA stepping into a hot bath, or SOCRATES being served with a cup of warm drink. We take them; but we know how they are to end—in death, death, death!

'I need scarcely say that the tea which I am in the habit of drinking with my wife and unsuspecting family is a poison of the most atrocious and deadly character. Its green hue (for I take my poison mixed) is occasioned by the sheets of copper upon which it is grilled before I use it, and the pungency of its flavour is mainly to be attributed to verdigris.

'The quantity of white-lead which I imbibe in my milk is tearing my intestines to pieces, and likewise ruining the health of MRS. JONES and my daughters. They often take tea in the middle of the day, by way of lunch, for which meal I don't care, so that they poison themselves rather more than I do. Good Heavens! is it possible that I shall survive MRS. J., and that she prefers her Bohea to her husband?

'My butter, I know, is mixed up with poisoned lard, and my bread is compounded with flour, alum, a most corrosive and dreadful poison, and the bones of animals. What do I say—of animals?—of men possibly, who in life, owing to the deleterious nature of their air and food, were in a highly diseased state, and whose "bones we grind to make our bread." Gracious Powers! I shudder when I see my daughters with their mouths full of bread-and-butter, and think that I am bringing up nine little ogresses. However they are poisoning themselves, and can't live long.

'As for my coffee, which I have been taking after dinner for years, I find that it is impregnated with the sulphurous and noxious fumes of coke, with which it is roasted, and which penetrate into the iron cylinder in which that operation is performed. As soon as I have my coffee in my cylinder it begins to give off a gallic and malic acid, which, coming into contact with the iron, form gallates and malates of that metal—(I feel inward agonies as I write)—and this vapour, sir—this infernal vapour—is again vaporised, and is assisted in its destroying work by one of the

most powerful acids known—namely, pyroligenous acid, which is given off by the coffee most freely (and be hanged to it). The action of this pyroligenous acid upon an iron cylinder is to create a compound eminently disgusting to the taste; while, if I prefer a cylinder of copper, I simply generate poison. One of these two things I have been making and drinking through the course of a miserable life.

'Now I certainly may purchase at FAKIN'S, NUMBER ONE THOUSAND, St. Paul's Church Yard, a coffee prepared in his PATENT SILVER CYLINDERS, which is not only agreeable to the taste, but is attested by the most eminent physicians. But, gracious goodness! *Mr. Punch*, what is the use of taking so much trouble? If my milk is poisoned, my tea poisoned, my bread ditto, the air which I breathe poisoned, my Serpentine poisoned (an Avernus, *The Times* says, over which even the kites of little boys drop down dead in their flight), if my Thames is a regular Lethe, in which every eel is a mortal writhing serpent, and every whitebait a small dose of death, what is the odds of taking a little more or less pyroligenous acid in my coffee?

. . . . . .

'Welcome then, thou dark stream: let me quaff thee, thou deadly draught of Lethe. I may as well finish now, perhaps, as drag on this poisoned existence much longer—I can't bear to think of the premature death of my children, and of MRS. JONES perishing before my eyes a victim of a pestiferous Twankay. Good-bye, my dear *Punch*. If anything happens to me, it is you, and *The Times*, and LORD MORPETH, and FAKIN have done it. I was happy until I knew I was so miserable. And I know I'm poisoned now, and don't think I can survive it.'

HEMIGRATION MADE HEASY.[1]

TO LORD HASHLEY.

The Cabbys Hinstatute, Blue Postes.

SIR,

Lookin hover *The Times* at our Hinstatute on Sattaday, I sea that 2 wimming have come up before MR. HARNOLD, the Wushup Street Beak (whomb I ope he is quite well and know very hintimit) quarralen quite outragus (as there is no satisfyink some of em) about their usbands hemmygrating without them.

[1] [September 30, 1848.]

Has I thought it mite interest I prigd the hextrack out of the paper, and send you the same.

The woman ANNE LOFINCK stated that in consequence of her husband, a cab-driver, being unable to procure employment, he determined to emigrate with herself and child to one of the colonies, and for that purpose, with a number of others, attended a meeting at the Irish Ragged School in the Minories, at which LORD ASHLEY and many other influential persons were present. A subscription was then set on foot to provide a free passage to America for as many as the funds would cover, and the whole superintendence of the undertaking was intrusted to MR. JACKSON, who placed her husband on the list of applicants. She and her husband both remained in the fullest conviction that she and the child would be sent out with him, until a short time before his embarcation, when to her astonishment she was informed that the funds were insufficient, and that the child and herself must remain behind. She subsequently sought an interview with the manager, MR. JACKSON, and pointed out to him the hardship of their separation, but he told her he could not assist her, and *that rather than thwart her husband's prospects it would be better for her and the child to enter the workhouse.* Her husband had now gone off to America in an emigrant ship called the *Victoria*, leaving his family entirely destitute.

The other woman's usband went off without so much as with your leaf, or by your leaf.

He left her and the infant in the morning, promising to be home at 10 o'clock at night, and she had never seen him since. She was involved in the deepest distress, the infant in her arms was dangerously ill, and she had no means of procuring support for herself or medical attendance for the child.

MR. ARNOLD said that it was so extraordinary a case that he should like to know what it all meant. He felt perfectly satisfied that LORD ASHLEY would not have contributed his money to an undertaking which had for its object the separation of husbands from their wives and families, leaving the latter in the position of destitute paupers; and as the fact of the second case coming so soon after the other rendered it a matter of much public importance, one of the officers must go at once to the house of the gentleman complained against, and request his attendance, with an explanation.

MR. JACKSON stated that the object of the gentlemen present at the meeting referred to, in entering into the voluntary subscription, was to send out a number of reformed and repentant thieves and criminals, and that both of the brothers LOFINCK had represented themselves as convicted felons, and therefore *qualified as the objects intended by the meeting.* Numbers of such characters had waited upon him, for it was

a work of months, and he felt satisfied he had accomplished a great deal of good. With regard to the wives, he was not at all aware that the younger brother was a married man, and although he knew that the other had a wife and child, it was distinctly understood that the husband was himself to provide the means of conveying her to his place of settlement.

HOLLAND, the warrant officer, repeated the statement the first woman had made, that MR. JACKSON had advised her to go with her child into the workhouse, but that gentleman made no observation in reply. . . .

MR. JACKSON.—These men came to me representing themselves to be thieves and felons of seven, eight, or ten years' standing, and repeatedly convicted, and by so furthering their interests I was providing them with the means of becoming respectable and worthy members of society. I certainly should not have done so if they had not positively assured me they had led such a life.

EMMA LOFINCK declared that there was not a word of truth in it; her husband was a shoemaker, and, though out of work, had never committed an offence in all his life.

MR. JACKSON.—I assure you, sir, I displayed the utmost caution in the execution of the office intrusted to me.

MR. ARNOLD. I must say I do not think so. Did you make inquiry as to the men's former character of any one else but themselves?

MR. JACKSON (*hesitating*).—Why, no; but they were in the company of known thieves and felons, and appeared to be conversant with the haunts and slang of such characters, and I founded my judgment of them upon that, which seemed to me satisfactory.

Satisfactory werry, as far as it goes. But please let it be hall explained—for I think I'd like to take advantidge of this hadmarable charaty.

I ham myself in the cab line, No. 9999 by name, my life is ard, my work arder still, my wife scolds like a wixen, and my children heats like hoguers.

Will it be necessary for me to commit a burglary before I avail myself of the charaty, or will larsny do, or 3 weeks which I ad for hovercharging a passinger and itting him hafterwoods about the Ed? Robbry I never yet dun—to ouse-braking I'm awuss; but hif by a little on it I can git rid of my Missus and famly, and make myself comfitable for life, present best compts to your Lordship, and saye Hime your Mann, and your Lordship's grateful Servant,

NINETHOWSNDNINUNDERDANNINETYNINE

EMIGRATION TO AMERICA.[1]

'Under the patronage of LORD ASHLEY *and many other influential persons.'—See 'Times' Report.*

PARTIES having wives and families to desert are provided with a free passage to America, and every comfort, on application to MR. STIGSON, Scotch Ragged Schools, Minories.

Honest men cannot be received, as this enterprise is only for the benefit of thieves and felons. Every attention paid to Burglars and gentlemen already returned from the hulks. A fine opening for a few experienced cracksmen.

'IS THERE ANYTHING IN THE PAPER?'[2]

WHITHER are we marching? Whereabouts are we now, and when are we going to stop? What is France, Germany, our dear little England, and all Europe about? And what is the Future preparing? What is to come of the institutions, faiths, ranks, honours, truths of the Old World; and are we coming to the general smash? Is the system by which the Past went on, found so incompetent to govern the Present, that we are going to repeal and abolish it utterly? If yesterday is all a doubt and an error, what a bewilderment to-day is, and what an awful perplexity to-morrow! Is it not time to think of emigrating to the United States, where some order is still left, or of retiring to the North Pole or the Desert, for quiet?

As I sit in the railway-carriage, whirling down to Brighton at an infernal speed, borne along by a screaming engine which tears through the bowels of the earth, and before which rocks are cleft, and valleys are filled up; as I sit in this carriage, with *The Times* newspaper of this present Saturday in my lap, reading it until I am anon plunged into the sudden darkness of a tunnel underneath a mountain, or forced to lay it down, oppressed by that still more awful obscurity through which my own thoughts have to make an issue, there is no wonder that the lady opposite, with the novel in her lap, stares aghast at the haggard countenance of the gentleman with whom she travels, and at the wildness of his eyes.

'Is there anything in the paper, sir?' she says; for we had the honour of a trifling acquaintance.

[1] [September 30, 1848.] [2] [September 30, 1848.]

Anything in the paper! All the world is in the paper. This express train travels fast, but the world travels faster. Why, madam, if you will but read what is written in *The Times* of this very day, it is enough for a year's history, and ten times as much meditation. If we have such a *Times* every day, life wouldn't bear it. How can we follow and remember such changes? The whole of Europe sends news, and every state is in revolution. States—we can't call them states any more; nothing is stable; it is overthrow after overthrow, a succession of convulsions. It is struggle, battle, barricade, murder, conspiracy, abortive or active everywhere.

In Frankfort there is a barricade, and one set of patriots firing against another. Because the majority of United Germany is for not making war with Denmark for the present, the friends of the minority tear up paving-stones, fire on flags of truce, and shoot down unarmed Deputies in cold blood. Men who were beloved patriots yesterday, are carried away to their homes stabbed and dying. A great red flag, surrounded by riflemen, flares out over upset omnibuses in the street, until artillery comes down and pounds them into flight.

In Spain, 'Our Own Correspondent' says, a vast Montemolinist conspiracy is organised throughout the country, and about to burst on a given day. Meanwhile, the Government is engaged hourly in arresting, not the Montemolinists, but the Constitutional opposition.

In Paris, they have just elected LOUIS-NAPOLEON: the band of the National Guard is playing *Veillons au Salut de l'Empire*, and the people shouting out *Vive l'Empereur*. So who knows but that GENERAL CAVAIGNAC may be preparing to pack up his portmanteau, and to join LOUIS-BLANC and LOUIS-PHILIPPE in this country!

Meanwhile the Red Republicans are organising with great alacrity, and after the chief of the Provisional Government has evacuated it, the Emperor may come in for his turn of exile.

The Emperor being disposed of, and communism in permanence, the partisans of HENRY THE FIFTH will naturally have their chance. Their party is increasing daily in strength and favour, and the white cockade may take the place of the red one.

In Petersburg they have erected barricades too, and attempted a little murder; but this is as yet confined to the persons of a few physicians, who are accused of desiring to poison the people; and the revolters knelt down when the Emperor alone mounted the barricades, and told them that those defences could not keep out the Cholera. But who shall say, a practice of barricading having

once been tried in a country, when that sort of experiment shall cease?

All the towns of Sicily are barricaded against the Neapolitan enemy, except Messina, and that is blown up.

In our own dear United Kingdom of Ireland and Great Britain, they are trying SMITH O'BRIEN and his associate leaders of the Ballingary fight in Tipperary, while other patriots are still robbing, and in arms in Waterford and Cork. The younger MITCHEL is represented as carrying out the precepts of his enthusiastic brother in exile, and engages with others in the pursuit of freedom, and in cutting down the crops.

At Dublin other advocates of liberty are tried for stabbing a policeman on his beat. And O'CONNELL, not having done anything in particular, yet longs to be tried too, and calls upon the LORD LIEUTENANT straightway to put him in the dock.

In the Central Criminal Court, close by our own Newgate and Ludgate Hill, MR. WILLIAM DOWLING, a very mild and inoffensive young artist, is being tried with a number of his friends, martyrs to their political opinions. Their project, as announced by a witness (a traitor to their sainted cause, as it must be confessed), was a gallant one. It was concisely announced by the patriotic MULLINS. 'Mind, gentlemen,' he said, 'our object is, if possible, to destroy the power of the QUEEN, and establish a Republic.' There was a general acquiescence in this by every one. Some 'conversation' having then ensued 'about vitriol and assassinating the police,' an honest fellow, by the name of ROSE, remarked—'We must first assassinate the police, pull down the station-houses, and build barricades.'

So that, though we have had no barricades, nor much murder, for our parts, in London, yet we might have had them but for an untimely interference of the tyrants in power. Our city contained many Clubs, who had numbered off their 'fighting-men.' Besides the surveyors in the Crow's-nest of Saint Paul's, Liberty had appointed her men of science, who had mapped out the metropolis for barricades, where they would put *their* red flags up. Ginger-beer bottles were filled with powder and combustibles, according to the Irish receipt, to pop off at a moment's warning. The great CUFFEY himself approved of them, the informer says, and the teaching of the exile of Bermuda was to be repeated by professors here. Ireland (Heaven bless her!) had the honour of the day. Indeed, there was a *little jealousy* about there not being a sufficient number of Irishmen in the Ulterior Committee, and so four Irishmen were placed on it; and that their influence was considerable is shown by the fact that many of our Clubs took the names of

the gallant children of Erin. There was the MITCHEL Club, the DAVIS Club, the EMMETT Club, as well as the TOM PAINE Brigade, and all these were prepared to act; when, on the 11th of August, the police seized ROSE's papers, and it was all up!

Yes, it was all up with them: but it might have been all up with us, but for the Government and its myrmidons. Those gallant Clubs, those true-hearted patriots, those dear, good, kind Irishmen, whom, as we know them better, we should learn to love and bless more and more, would have peppered us with fire-balls, burnt our shops and houses about our ears, butchered our police, and set up a republican form of government. All this is in the paper, ma'am, I said.

'And anything more?' asked the opposite.

Yes, indeed—one thing more: there is the history of a nobleman cut off in the vigour of his life, powers, and fame—of one who had a great name yesterday, and was the chivalrous leader of a great English party. All the broils and battles of the Session were over; the triumphs, the turmoil, the excitement of attack, the cheers of friends, the discomfiture of enemies: a truce was sounded, and he was taking his rest after his labour. We were caricaturing him but yesterday, and his manly nature was the first to join in the good-natured laugh: to-day, and all is over, and he is to laugh, and cheer, and battle no more. No more jovial sounds of hound and horn for him: no more shouting on the course as the race passes by like a storm; no more cheering of companions in the House of Commons: in the midst of life, strength, and triumph almost, lo, the end comes, and the Loyal GEORGE goes down.

The next day there appears that fatal notice in *The Times*—that column of inevitable history. It is not awful to think of

that necrographer who sits in some crypt in *The Times* office, and who, as sure as you die, will have your history in print! What will the surmise be to you then, or the fame of a newspaper, or all the fights, revolutions, and conspiracies of all this struggling world?

I think here is quite enough, then, in *The Times* paper of the 23rd. Besides, there are the advertisements and the Court Circular.

SCIENCE AT CAMBRIDGE.[1]

AMONG the new sciences which are to be taught at Cambridge University, and for the teaching of which eminent Professors are to be appointed, we are informed that H.R.H. the Chancellor, and the Heads, have determined to create two new Chairs upon the applications of the two eminent men whose letters we subjoin.

'*To* His Roil Highness the Chanslor, *and the Nobs of the University of Cambridge.*

'*Tom Spring's.*

'Sein perposials for astabblishing new Purfessurships in the Univussaty of Cambridge (where there is litell enuff now lurnt, as Evins knows), I beg leaf to hoffer myself to your Roly Ighness as Purfessur of Sulf-defens, which signts I old to be both nessary and useful to every young mann.

'I ave sean on his entry into life without knowing the use of his ands, a young chap flord by a fellar of ½ his sighs; and all for the want of those fust principills which a few terms under me would give him.

'I ave sean, on the contry, many an honest young Mann pervented from doing right and knockin down a raskle who insults a lady in distress, or chaughs you, or anythink, simply from not knowing how to imploy them fistis which natur has endowd him with, and which it is manifest were not made for nothink.

'I old that the fust use of a man's ands is to fight with; and that the fust and most nessary duty of a feller is to know how to defend his nob.

[1] [November 11, 1848.]

'I should like to know in some instances whether all your Algibry and Mathamadix, your Grick and Latn and that, would serve a young gent half so well as a good nollidge of sparring and fibbing, which I shall be appy to teach him, has also to serve any Ead of any Ouse in the Unaversaty.

'Peraps I could not stand up before DR. BIGGWHIGG and DOCTOR SQUARTOES in the Latn Mathamadics; but could they stand up to me with the gloves? Why, I would wop them with one and, and ingage to make the young gentlemen of the Univussaty to do lickwise.

'Therefor I propose to your Royal Ighness and the Eads of Ouses, to allow the manly and trew English Scients of Boxint to be took up for honours by the young gentlemen of Cambridge. Igsamanations might be eld in the Sennit House, both vith and vithout the mufflers, it would be a pretty site—plesnt to parints (for what sight can be nobler than for a fond mother to see a galliant young feller pitchin into his man in good style, or taking his punishment like a trump?) and would etract quanties of foringers and ladies to the Uniwursaty, like the Hancient games of the Roman athleeks.

'The CRIBB Purfessurship in the branch of Mathamatacal Science, which I'm blest if it isn't, I purpose to your Roil Consideration, and ham,

'With the depest respect,

'Your Royal Highness's obeadient to command,

'BENJAMIN BENDIGO.'

From PROFESSOR SOYER.

'*Pall Mall.*

'MIGHTY PRINCE, and REVEREND, and ILLUSTRIOUS GENTLEMEN!

'It has been universally allowed by most nations that Science would be vain if it did not tend to produce happiness, and that that science is the greatest by which the greatest amount of happiness is produced.

'I agree with the poet SOLON in this remark, and if, as I have no doubt it is one which has also struck the august intelligence of your Royal Highness, I beg to ask with retiring modesty, what Science confers greater pleasure than that which I have the honour to profess, and which has made my name famous throughout the world?

'Eating is the first business of a man. If his food is unpleasant to him, his health suffers, his labour is not so productive, his genius deteriorates, and his progeny dwindles and sickens. A

healthy digestion, on the other hand, produces a healthy mind, a clear intellect, a vigorous family, and a series of inestimable benefits to generations yet unborn; and how can you have a good digestion, I ask, without a good dinner? and how have a good dinner, without knowing how to cook it?

'May it please your Royal Highness Consort of the Imperial Crown of England; and you, ye learned and reverend doctors, proctors, provosts, gyps, and common sizars of the Royal University of Cambridge, now that you are wisely resolved to enlarge the former narrow sphere of knowledge in which your pupils move,—I ask you at once, and with unanimity, to ordain that MY science be among the new ones to be taught to the ingenuous youth of England.

'Mine is both a physical and moral science—physical, it acts on the health; moral, on the tempers and tastes of mankind. Under one or other of these heads, then, it deserves to be taught in the famous Halls of Cambridge. I demand and humbly request that the SOYER PROFESSORSHIP of Culinarious Science be established without loss of time. And I ask of your Imperial Highness and the learned Heads of the University what knowledge more useful than that which I possess and profess could be conferred upon a rising and ardent youth?

'Who are the young men of Cambridge? They are brought up for the most part to the study of the Law or the Church.

'Those who have partaken of food in the miserable chambers of the law student, and seen their cadaverous appearance and unearthly voracity, will at once agree with me that *they* are in a lamentable state as regards eating. But it is of the other profession which I speak.

'I can conceive now no person so likely to become eminently useful and beloved as an interesting young ecclesiastic going down to take possession of his curacy in a distant and barbarous province, where the inhabitants eat their meat raw, their vegetables crude, and know no difference between a white and a brown sauce—I say, most noble, mighty, and learned Sirs, I can conceive of no character more delightful than a young curate coming into such a district after having graduated honourably in MY science. He is like SAINT AUGUSTIN, but he bears a saucepan in his train, and he endears the natives to him and to his doctrines by a hundred innocent artifices. In his own humble home—see my Regenerator art, my kitchen at home—he gives a model of neatness, propriety, and elegant moderation. He goes from cottage to cottage, improving the diet of the poor. He flavours the labourer's soup with simple herbs, and roasts the

stalled ox of the squire or farmer to a turn. He makes tables comfortable, which before were sickening; families are united who once avoided each other, or quarrelled when they met; health returns, which bad diet had banished from the cottager's home; children flourish and multiply, and as they crowd round the simple but invigorating repast, bless the instructor who has taught them to prepare their meal Ah! honoured Prince, and exalted gentlemen, what a picture do I draw of clerical influence and parochial harmony? Talk of schools indeed! I very much doubt whether a school-inspector could make a *soufflé*, or S.G.O. of *The Times* could toss a pancake!

'And ah! gentlemen, what a scene would the examination which I picture to myself present! The Professor enters the Hall, preceded by his *casserole* bearers; a hundred furnaces are lighted; a hundred elegant neophytes in white caps are present behind them, exercising upon the roasts, the stews, the vegetables, the sweets. A Board of Examiners is assembled at a table spread with damask, and the exercises of the young men are carried up to them hot and hot. Who would not be proud to sit on such a Board and superintend the endeavours of youth engaged in such labour? Blushing, the Senior Medallist receives the Vice-Chancellor's compliment, and is crowned with a fillet by the Yeoman Bedell; this this I would fain behold in the great, the enlightened, the generous, the liberal country of my adoption!

'And if ever British gratitude should erect a statue to a national benefactor, I can suppose an image of myself, the FIRST PROFESSOR OF COOKERY in Cambridge, to be elevated in some conspicuous situation in after ages, holding out the nectar which he discovered, and the sauce with which he endowed the beloved country into which he came.

'Waiting your answer, with respectful confidence, I am, of your Royal Highness and Gentlemen,

'The profound Servant,

'CORYDON SOYER.'

DEATH OF THE EARL OF ROBINSON.[1]

(*In the manner of a popular Necrographer.*)

IT is our duty to record this morning the demise of a nobleman who has for some time held a not insignificant position in English politics and society. AUGUSTUS GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS SMITH, EARL, VISCOUNT, and BARON ROBINSON, expired a quarter of an hour ago at his house in Belgrave Square, where indisposition had of late detained his lordship. His son, the VISCOUNT SMITH, at present third EARL OF ROBINSON, was immediately sent for from Paris, where his lordship is staying. The death of the second Earl will no doubt be a shock to the present nobleman; but as his Lordship inherits Castle Robinson in Yorkshire, Robinsonburgh, Mayo, the rich paternal estates in Norfolk and Suffolk, and the funded property, which is very considerable, his grief will probably be of trifling duration.

The family of the ROBINSONS is rather numerous than distinguished; nor can the biographer of the race discover that they were remarkable for talents or wit; or for public or private virtue. The founder of the house was known for many years by our ancestors as COCK ROBINSON, and his juvenile escapades with SMITH, and BROWN, and JONES were long familiar subjects of public talk. COCK ROBINSON was a creature of WALPOLE'S, and accused—not without justice, probably—of repeated malversations of the public funds. He was Deputy of the Pewter Closet, did not retire into private life without carrying with him some of that metal over which he had the charge; and was created a Baronet by a clever but certainly not squeamish minister. This SIR HAYCOCK ROBINSON died in 1764, and was succeeded by his son SIR GEORGE ROBINSON.

SIR GEORGE represented Robinsontown in Parliament, and increased the family estate, not by any genius or talent of his own, but by an economy which was pushed perhaps beyond the bounds of manliness; and, above all, by marrying the immensely rich daughter of WOOLEY BROWN, ESQ., of Tobago. The absurdities of the lady and the niggardliness of her husband formed matter of fun for the wags of the day; and cheese-paring

[1] [December 2, 1848.]

ROBINSON and the whity-brown heiress have had the honour of some satirical verses from the pen of TOPHAM BEAUCLERC. GEORGE III. is said to have been shocked when the BARONESS ROBINSON was presented to QUEEN CHARLOTTE at Court; and cried out 'Black, black; didn't know she was a black woman.' However, ROBINSON was a baron. The votes which he commanded, and which were at the service of LORD NORTH, LORD ROCKINGHAM, the Lord Keeper CECIL, and indeed of every Ministry—and the lucky demise of the black heiress,—raised BARON ROBINSON to an Earldom; at which period, though stricken in years, he consoled himself by marrying a very young lady—ARABELLA, daughter of HICKS, fifteenth Earl of Blenkinsop, who subsequently ran away from his Lordship.

The subject of the present memoir, AUGUSTUS GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS (then the HON. A. G. A. ROBINSON), in the year 1799 entered the House of Commons, when QUIBEROON capitulated, LORD NELSON engaged the Spanish Armada, MR. HUSKISSON brought in his Turnpike Act, MR. TIERNEY made his celebrated speech against the Pig-tail Tax, and the one-pound note question was raging. On neither of these questions did the new Peer think fit to speak from his place in the House of Lords; nor indeed did he open his lips there a proof of discretion on his Lordship's part, for nature had endowed him with but a feeble brain, and he had the sense to be aware of his utter mental inefficiency. It is a pity that, in this respect, some of their lordships would not take pattern from the EARL OF ROBINSON—a pity, too, that that nobleman's own incapacity was such as to lead them justly to mistrust him.

The young nobleman was educated—if that may be called an education where a man can barely write his name (and LORD ROBINSON could not be said to have gone much further in the practice of orthographical learning) at Eton, and subsequently at Christchurch. It is needless to say that he took an honorary degree. The Continent was as yet open to our aristocratic youth, when the young man achieved the distinction just mentioned, and the young Peer took the grand tour of Europe. A quarto volume was published, with some observations on Hecla and Stromboli, by VISCOUNT SMITH; but it was known that the work was written by the REVEREND BARING LEADER, his tutor, and afterwards BISHOP OF BULLOCKSMITHY—a man neither conspicuous for preaching or practice, and who might be called, by the severe, a disgrace to the Church.

In person LORD ROBINSON was corpulent rather than athletic, and ungainly without being strong. He was marked

with the smallpox in infancy, and by that disease deprived of an eye. His lameness was the result of a subsequent accident. His Lordship lisped, and could not pronounce the letter R. MR. CANNING'S lines about 'Wobinthon' will probably be remembered by our readers. They are to be found in that clever but overrated Miscellany, *The Anti-Jacobin.*

He was sent to negotiate the Treaty of Straalsund, when the capitulation of Magdeburg gave some hopes to the Allies (though it may be supposed that a person such as LORD ROBINSON was merely a ceremony, and that the work was really done by subordinates); but the negotiations, whatever they might have been, were interrupted by the best reason in the world—MACK'S victory. The battle of Pultawa, COUNT TILLY'S brilliant engagement with MIROLADOVICH, and the sudden burst of NAPOLEON into the Ukraine and Swedish Pomerania with an army of five hundred thousand French, Poles, and Italians of the Old Guard, abruptly ended the conference, and sent the diplomatists to the right-about. LORD ROBINSON narrowly escaped capture in the frigate the *Arethusa*, which brought him from his mission. She was chased and engaged by the French ship the *Belle Poule*, in the Bay of Bengal, and the particulars of the action are narrated in JAMES. His Lordship was not complimented for his courage in the affair—but he was a civilian, and suffered greatly from seasickness.

In 1811 his Lordship married BLANCHEFLEUR, the beautiful daughter of HARQUEBUSS, DUKE OF FITZBATTLEAXE. GILLRAY'S caricatures of the pair are still to be seen in the portfolios of collectors. Suffice it to say, their union was not a happy one.

The pleasures of the table appear of late years to have been LORD ROBINSON'S only passion. His dinners were the most splendid given in this city, and were frequented by those who contributed their wit in return for his *entrées.* His Lordship's mind did not enable him to appreciate the former, and it is owing to a too great indulgence in the latter that he has been called away from a world which will not very much miss him.

With all his splendour LORD ROBINSON was said to be stingy, and, though dull, he was not good-natured, as are some stupid people. His deafness of late years still further excluded him from the enjoyment of society. But beyond these points little can be said in his dispraise. So long as his tenants paid their rents he did not annoy them. He cannot be said to have cheated his tradesmen—to have picked a pocket, or to have robbed a church; nor, on the other hand, can it be stated of him that he invented gunpowder or set the Thames on fire.

THE GREAT SQUATTLEBOROUGH SOIRÉE.[1]

OOD MR. PUNCH,

I am an author by trade, and in confidence send you my card, which will satisfy you of my name and my place of business. If the designer of the series of cuts called 'Authors' Miseries'[2] will take my case in hand, I will not ask to plead it myself; otherwise as it is one which concerns most literary persons, and as the annoyance of which I complain may be a source of serious loss and evil to them, I take leave to cry out on behalf of our craft.

The system of oppression against which I desire to protest, is one which has of late been exercised by various bodies in various parts of the kingdom—by the harmless, nay, most laudable Literary Societies there established. These, under the name of Athenæums, Institutes, Parthenons, and what not, meet together for the purposes of literary exercitation; have reading-rooms, supplied with magazines, books, newspapers, and your own invaluable miscellany; and lecture-rooms where orators, and philosophers, and men of science appear to instruct or to amuse. The Sea Serpent, the character of *Hamlet*, the royal orrery, and dissolving views, the female characters in MRS. JONES's novels, etc.—whatever may be the subject of the lecturer. I am sure no friend to his kind would wish either to prevent that honest man from getting his bread, or his audience from listening to his harangues. Lecturers are not always consummately wise, but that is no reason why audiences should not listen to them. Myself, Sir, as I walked down Holborn the other day, I saw placarded (amongst other

[1] [December 16, 1848.]

[2] [Thackeray was the designer of 'Author's Miseries.' See vol. xviii. of this edition: *Ballads and Verses*, etc.]

names far more illustrious) my own name, in pretty much the following terms:—

L. A. HUGGLESTONE.

ARE THE WRITINGS OF HUGGLESTONE MORAL OR IMMORAL?

Professor Groutage will deliver an Essay on this subject, on the 25th instant, at the Philosophical Arena and Psychogymnasium, Cow Lane, Smithfield. After the Lecture, the Arena will be opened for free discussion. Admission, 2d.; Children, 1d.

I, of course, did not attend, but female curiosity induced MRS. HUGGLESTONE to pay her money. She returned home, Sir, dissatisfied. I am informed the Professor did not do me justice. My writings are not appreciated by MR. GROUTAGE (nor indeed by many other critics), and my poor LOUISA, who had taken our little JAMES, who is at home for the Christmas holidays, by way of treat, came home with mortification in her heart, that our JEMMY should have heard his father so slightingly spoken of by GROUTAGE, and said, with tears in her own eyes, that she should like to scratch out those of the philosopher in question.

Because the Professor has but a mean opinion of me, is that any reason why free discussion should not be permitted? Far otherwise. As Indians make fire with bits of wood, blockheads may strike out sparks of truth in the trituration of debate, and I have little doubt that had my poor dear girl but waited for the discussion in the arena, my works would have had their due, and GROUTAGE got his answer. The people may be lectured to by very stupid quacks (perhaps, Sir, it may have been your fortune to have heard one or two of them); but, as sure as they are quacks, so sure they will be discovered one day or other, and I for my part do not care a fig for the opinion of the Professor of Cow Lane. I am putting merely my own case in illustration of the proposition, which is, that public debates and fair play of thought among men are good, and to be encouraged. Those who like to read better out of a book than to listen to a long-haired lecturer, with his collars turned down (so that his jaws may wag more freely),—those who prefer a pipe at the neighbouring tavern to a debate, however stirring, at the Cow Lane Gymnasium,—are welcome and right, but so are the others on the other side.

I will mention a case which seems to me in point. In my early days, my friend, HUFFY, the dentist, with myself and several others, belonged to the Plato Club, meeting of Saturday nights in Covent Garden, to discuss the writings of that philosopher, and to have a plain supper and a smoke. I and some

others used to attend pretty regularly, but only at the smoking and supping part, which caused HUFFY to say, with a look of considerable scorn, 'that there were some minds not capable of sustaining or relishing a philosophical investigation.' The fact was, we were not anxious to hear HUFFY's opinions about PLATO at all; and preferred scolloped oysters to that controversy.

I submit that, in this case, both parties were right—HUFFY in indulging himself in Platonic theories, and we for refraining from them. We doubted our lecturer—of our scolloped oysters we were sure. We were only sceptics in this instance, not in all; and so in the multifarious Institutes throughout the country, where speechifying is performed, I own I sometimes have doubts as to the wholesomeness of the practice. But it is certain, that if there may be stupid lectures, there may be clever lectures; there may be quacks or men of genius; there may be knowledge good and sound acquired; there may be but a superficial smattering and parrot-like imitation of a teacher who himself is but a pretender; and also it is clear that people should talk, should think, should read, should have tea in a social manner, and, calling the fiddlers and their wives and daughters, have a dance together at the Parthenon, Athenæum or Institute, until they are tired, and go home happy. And if in a manufacturing town, of course it is good that the master of the mill should join in the sport in which his hands are engaged; or in the country districts, that the great man or Squire should aid. For example, I read last year in *The Squattleborough Sentinel*, how the heir of the noble house of YAWNY, the Honourable MR. DRAWLEIGH, came over ten miles to Squattleborough in the most slushy weather, and delivered four lectures there on his travels in Nineveh, and his measurements of the tombs of Baalbec. Some people fell asleep at these lectures, no doubt, but many liked them, and MR. DRAWLEIGH was right to give them.

He represents the borough. His family are time out of mind lords of the neighbourhood. Nothing is more certain than that the heir of Dozeley Castle should do his utmost to give pleasure to his faithful constituents and the children of the quondam retainers of his race. It was he who set up the Squattleborough Parthenon, his father, LORD YAWNY, laying the first brick of the edifice; the neighbouring clergy and gentry attending and delivering appropriate orations, and the library beginning with two copies of DRAWLEIGH's own *Travels*, in morocco gilt. This is all right. But the Squattleborough Parthenon is not, for this, 'the Beacon of Truth, the Centre of Civilisation, the Pharos in the storm, which the troubled voyager

sees from the dark waters, radiating serenely with the Truthful and the Beautiful,' as PROFESSOR JOWLS said at the Inauguration Meeting—the Squattleborough Institution, I say, is not in the least like this, but an excellent good place enough, where every man can read the paper if it is not in hand; or get a book from the library, if nobody else has engaged it. Let things be called by their names, Mr. Punch; this place at Squattleborough is a good literary club, and that is a good thing, and it promotes the good fellowship, and aids the reading and education of numbers of people there; and, Heaven send every such scheme prosperity!

But now the Squattleborough folks are bent on following the fashion, and having a grand tea-party at their Institute. Amongst others, I have been favoured with a card to this party. The secretary writes in the kindest manner: he says the directors of the Institute are going to give a grand *soirée*, which many noblemen and gentlemen of the neighbourhood have promised to attend, and where they are most anxious 'to secure the leading literary talent.'

Noblemen and Gentlemen of the neighbourhood, *à la bonne heure*—and it is very complimentary, doubtless, to be mentioned amongst the leading literary talent; a noble Lord, a couple of most reverend prelates, a great poet, and so forth, we are informed, are asked. But why the deuce does Squattleborough want 'to secure literary talent?' Gentlemen, do you think men of letters have nothing to do? Do you go three hundred miles to a tea-party, spend five or six pounds on railroads and inns, give up two days' work and a night's sleep at the request of people hundreds of miles away, of whom you have no earthly knowledge? There are one or two men of letters who, upon a great occasion, and by a great city, are rightly called to help and to speak; these men are great orators, whom it is a privilege for any community to hear; but for those whose gift does not lie that way, why drag them out from their homes, or their own friends, or their desks, where their right places are?

I, for instance, who write this, have had a dozen invitations within the last few months. I should have had to travel many thousands of miles, to spend ever so many scores of pounds, to lose weeks upon weeks of time, and for what? In order to stand on a platform, at this town or that, to be pointed out as the author of so and so, and to hear Lord This or the Archbishop of That, say that Knowledge was Power, that Education was a benefit, that the free and enlightened people of What-d'ye-call-'em were daily advancing in Civilization, and that the learning of the

ingenious arts, as the Latin bard had observed, refined our manners, and mitigated their ferocity.

Advance, civilize, cease to be ferocious, read, meet, be friendly, be happy, ye men of Squattleborough, and other places. I say amen to all this; but if you can read for yourselves it is the best. If you can be wise without bragging and talking so much about it, you will lose none of your wisdom; and as you and your wives and daughters will do the dancing at your own ball, if you must have a talk likewise, why not get your native lions to roar?

Your's, dear Mr. Punch, most respectfully,
LEONTIUS ANDROCLES HUGGLESTONE

CHILD'S PARTIES; AND A REMONSTRANCE CONCERNING THEM.[1]

I

CONDESCENDING SIR,

As your publication (which an admirable critic in *The Quarterly Review* justly pronounces to be the wonder of the age) finds its way to almost every drawing-room table in this metropolis, and is read by the young and old in every family, I beseech you to give admission to the remonstrance of an unhappy parent, and to endeavour to put a stop to a practice which appears to me to be increasing daily, and is likely to operate most injuriously upon the health, morals, and comfort of society in general.

The awful spread of JUVENILE PARTIES, Sir, is the fact to which I would draw your attention. There is no end to those entertainments, and if the custom be not speedily checked, people will be obliged to fly from London at Christmas, and hide their children during the holidays. I gave mine warning in a speech at breakfast this day, and said with tears in my eyes, that if the Juvenile Party system went on, I would take a house at Margate next winter, for that by Heavens, I could not bear another Juvenile Season in London!

[1] [January 13, 27, 1849.]

If they would but transfer Innocents' Day to the summer holidays, and let the children have their pleasures in May or June, we might get on. But now in this most ruthless and cut-throat season of sleet, thaw, frost, wind, snow, mud, and sore throats, it is quite a tempting of fate to be going much abroad; and this is the time of all others that is selected for the amusement of our little darlings.

As a first step towards the remedying of the evil of which I complain, I am obliged to look *Mr. Punch* himself in his venerable beard, and say, 'You, Sir, have, by your agents, caused not a little of the mischief. I desire that, during Christmas time at least, MR. LEECH should be abolished, or sent to take a holiday. Judging from his sketches, I should say that he must be endowed with a perfectly monstrous organ of philo-progenitiveness: he reveals in the delineation of the dearest and most beautiful little boys and girls in turned-down collars and broad sashes, and in the *Almanack*, just published, produces a picture of a child's costume ball, in which he has made the little wretches in the dresses of every age, and looking so happy, beautiful, and charming, that I have carefully kept the picture from the sight of the women and children of my own household, and—I will not say burned it, for I had not the heart to do that—but locked it away privately, lest they should conspire to have a costume ball themselves, and little POLLY should insist upon appearing in the dress of *Ann Boleyn*, or little JACKY upon turning out as an Ancient Briton.'

An odious, revolting, and disagreeable practice, Sir, I say, ought not to be described in a manner so atrociously pleasing. The real satirist has no right to lead the public astray about the Juvenile *Fête* nuisance, and to describe a child's ball as if it was a sort of Paradise, and the little imps engaged as happy and pretty as so many cherubs. They should be drawn, one and all, as hideous—disagreeable—distorted—affected—jealous of each other—dancing awkwardly—with shoes too tight for them—overeating themselves at supper—very unwell (and deservedly so) the next morning, with Mamma administering a mixture made after the Doctor's prescription, and which should be painted awfully black, in an immense large teacup, and (as might be shown by the horrible expression on the little patient's face) of the most disgusting flavour. Banish, I say, that MR. LEECH during Christmas time, at least; for, by a misplaced kindness and absurd fondness for children, he is likely to do them and their parents an incalculable quantity of harm.

As every man, Sir, looks at the world out of his own eyes or spectacles, or, in other words, speaks of it as he finds it himself, I will lay before you my own case, being perfectly sure that many

another parent will sympathise with me. My family, already inconveniently large, is yet constantly on the increase, and it is out of the question that MRS. SPEC should go to parties, as that admirable woman has the best of occupations at home, where she is always nursing the baby. Hence it becomes the father's duty to accompany his children abroad, and to give them pleasure during the holidays.

Our own place of residence is in South Carolina Place, Clapham Road North, in one of the most healthy of the suburbs of this great City. But our relatives and acquaintances are numerous; and they are spread all over the town and its outskirts. Mrs. S. has sisters married, and dwelling respectively in Islington, Haverstock Hill, Bedford Place, Upper Baker Street, and Tyburn Gardens; besides the children's grandmother, Kensington Gravel Pits, whose parties we are all of course obliged to attend. A *very* great connection of ours, and *nearly related* to a B–r–n–t and M.P., lives not a hundred miles from B–lgr–ve Square. I could enumerate a dozen more places where our kinsmen or intimate friends are—heads of families every one of them, with their quivers more or less full of little arrows.

What is the consequence? I herewith send it to you in the shape of these eighteen enclosed notes, written in various styles more or less correct and corrected, from Miss FANNY'S, aged seven, who hopes, in round hand, that her dear cousins will come and drink tea with her on New Year's Eve, her birthday,—to that of the Governess of the B–r–n–t in question, who requests the pleasure of our company at a ball, a conjuror, and a Christmas Tree. MRS. SPEC, for the valid reason above stated, cannot frequent these meetings; I am the deplorable chaperon of the young people. I am called upon to conduct my family five miles to tea at six o'clock. No count is taken of our personal habits, hours of dinner, or intervals of rest. We are made the victims of an infantile conspiracy, nor will the lady of the house hear of any revolt or denial.

'Why,' says she, with the spirit which becomes a woman and mother, 'you go to your *man's* parties eagerly enough: what an unnatural wretch you must be to grudge your children their pleasures!' She looks round, sweeps all six of them into her arms, whilst the baby on her lap begins to bawl, and you are assailed by seven pairs of imploring eyes, against which there is no appeal. You must go. If you are dying of lumbago, if you are engaged to the best of dinners, if you are longing to stop at home and read Macaulay, you must give up all and go.

And it is not to one party or two, but to almost all. You

must go to the Gravel Pits, otherwise the Grandmother will cut the children out of her will, and leave her property to her *other* grandchildren. If you refuse Islington, and accept Tyburn Gardens, you sneer at a poor relation, and acknowledge a rich one readily enough. If you decline Tyburn Gardens, you fling away the chances of the poor dear children in life, and the hopes of the cadetship for little JACKY. If you go to Hampstead, having declined Bedford Place, it is because you never refuse an invitation to Hampstead, where they make much of you, and MISS MARIA is pretty (as *you* think, though your wife doesn't), and do not care for the Doctor in Bedford Place. And if you accept Bedford Place, you dare not refuse Upper Baker Street, because there is a coolness between the two families, and you must on no account seem to take part with one or the other.

In this way many a man besides myself, I daresay, finds himself miserably tied down, and a helpless prisoner, like GULLIVER in the hands of the Liliputians. Let us just enumerate a few of the miseries of the pitiable parental slave.

In the first place, examine the question in a pecuniary point of view. The expenses of children's toilets at this present time are perfectly frightful.

My eldest boy, GUSTAVUS, at home from DR. BIRCH'S Academy, Rodwell Regis, wears turquoise studs, fine linen shirts, white waistcoats, and shiny boots; and, when I proposed that he should go to a party in Berlin gloves, asked me if I wished that he should be mistaken for a footman?

My second, AUGUSTUS, grumbles about getting his elder brother's clothes, nor could he be brought to accommodate himself to GUSTAVUS'S waistcoats at all, had not his mother coaxed him by the loan of her chain and watch, which latter the child broke after many desperate attempts to wind it up.

As for the little fellow, ADOLPHUS, his mother has him attired in a costume partly Scotch, partly Hungarian, mostly buttons, and with a LOUIS QUATORZE hat and scarlet feather, and she curls this child's hair with her own blessed tongs every night.

I wish she would do as much for the girls, though: but no, MONSIEUR FLORIDOR must do that; and accordingly, every day this season, that abominable little Frenchman, who is, I have no doubt, a Red Republican, and smells of cigars and hair-oil, comes over, and, at a cost of eighteenpence *par tête*, figs out my little creatures' heads with fixature, bandoline, crinoline—the deuce knows what.

The bill for silk stockings, sashes, white frocks, is so enormous that I have not been able to pay my own tailor these three years.

The bill for flys to 'Amstid and back, to Hizzlinton and take up, etc., is fearful. The drivers, in this extra weather, must be paid extra, and they drink extra. Having to go to Hackney in the snow, on the night of the 5th of January, our man was so hopelessly inebriated that I was compelled to get out and drive myself; and I am now, on what is called Twelfth Day (with, of course, another child's party before me for the evening), writing this from my bed, Sir, with a severe cold, a violent toothache, and a most acute rheumatism.

As I hear the knock of our medical man, whom an anxious wife has called in, I close this letter; asking leave, however, if I survive to return to this painful subject next week. And, wishing you a *merry* New Year,

I have the honour to be, dear *Mr. Punch*,

Your constant reader,

SPEC.

II

CONCEIVE, Sir, that in spite of my warning and entreaty we were invited to no less than three Child's Parties last Tuesday; to two of which a lady in this house, who shall be nameless, desired that her children should be taken. On Wednesday we had DR. LENN'S microscope; and on Thursday you were good enough to send me your box for the Haymarket Theatre; and of course MRS. S. and the children are extremely obliged to you for the attention. I did not mind the theatre so much. I sat in the back of the box, and fell asleep. I wish there was a room with easy-chairs and silence enjoined, whither parents might retire, in the houses where Children's Parties are given. But no—it would be of no use; the fiddling and pianoforte-playing and scuffling and laughing of the children would keep you awake.

I am looking out in the papers for some eligible schools where there shall be no vacations – I can't bear these festivities much longer. I begin to hate children in their evening dresses: when children are attired in those absurd best clothes, what can you

expect from them but affectation and airs of fashion? One day last year, Sir, having to conduct the two young ladies who then frequented juvenile parties, I found them, upon entering the fly, into which they had preceded me under convoy of their maid—I found them—in what a condition, think you? Why, with the skirts of their stiff muslin frocks actually thrown over their heads, so that they should not crumple in the carriage! A child who cannot go into society but with a muslin frock in this position, I say, had best stay in the nursery in her pinafore. If you are not able to enter the world with your dress in its proper place, I say stay at home. I blushed, Sir, to see that MRS. S. *didn't* blush when I informed her of this incident, but only laughed in a strange indecorous manner, and said that the girls must keep their dresses neat.—Neatness as much as you please; but *I* should have thought Neatness would wear her frock in the natural way.

And look at the children when they arrive at their place of destination; what processes of coquetry they are made to go through! They are first carried into a room where there are pins, combs, looking-glasses, and lady's-maids, who shake the children's ringlets out, spread abroad their great immense sashes and ribbons, and finally send them full sail into the dancing-room. With what a monstrous precocity they ogle their own faces in the looking-glasses! I have seen my boys, GUSTAVUS and ADOLPHUS, grin into the glass, and arrange their curls or the ties of the neckcloths with as much eagerness as any grown-up man could show, who was going to pay a visit to the lady of his heart. With what an abominable complacency they get out their little gloves, and examine their silk stockings! How can they be natural or unaffected when they are so preposterously conceited about their fine clothes? The other day we met one of GUS's schoolfellows, MASTER CHAFFERS, at a party, who entered the room with a little gibus hat under his arm, and to be sure made his bow with the *aplomb* of a dancing-master of sixty; and my boys, who I suspect envied their comrade the gibus hat, began to giggle and sneer at him; and, further to disconcert him, Gus goes up to him and says, 'Why, CHAFFERS, you consider yourself a deuced fine fellow, but there's a straw on your trousers.' Why shouldn't there be? And why should that poor little boy be called upon to blush because he came to a party in a hack-cab? I, for my part, ordered the children to walk home on that night, in order to punish them for their pride. It rained. GUS wet and spoiled his shiny boots, DOL got a cold, and my wife scolded me for cruelty.

As to the airs which the wretches give themselves about dancing,

I need not enlarge upon them here, for the dangerous artist of the 'Rising Generation' has already taken them in hand. Not that his satire does the children the least good; *they* don't see anything absurd in courting pretty girls, or in asserting the superiority of their own sex over the female. A few nights since, I saw MASTER SULTAN at a juvenile ball, standing at the door of the dancing-room egregiously displaying his muslin pocket-handkerchief, and waving it about as if he was in doubt to which of the young beauties he should cast it. 'Why don't you dance, MASTER SULTAN?' says I. 'My good Sir,' he answered, 'just look round at those girls and say if I *can* dance?' *Blasé* and selfish now, what will that boy be, Sir, when his whiskers grow?

And when you think how MRS. MAINCHANCE seeks out rich partners for her little boys—how my own admirable ELIZA has warned her children—'My dears, I would rather you should dance with your BROWN cousins than your JONES cousins,' who are a little rough in their manners (the fact being, that our sister MARIA JONES lives at Islington, while FANNY BROWN is an Upper Baker Street lady);—when I have heard my dear wife, I say, instruct our boy, on going to a party at the Baronet's, by no means to neglect his cousin ADELIZA, but to dance with her as soon as ever he can engage her—what can I say, Sir, but that the world of men and boys is the same—that society is poisoned at its source—and that our little chubby-cheeked cherubim are instructed to be artful and egotistical, when you would think by their faces they are just fresh from heaven.

Among the *very* little children, I confess I get a consolation as I watch them, in seeing the artless little girls walking after the boys to whom they incline, and courting them by a hundred innocent little wiles and caresses, putting out their little hands and inviting them to dances, seeking them out to pull crackers with them, and begging them to read the mottoes, and so forth—this is as it should be—this is natural and kindly. The women, by rights, ought to court the men; and they would if we but left them alone.[1]

And, absurd as the games are, I own I like to see some thirty or forty of the creatures on the floor in a ring, playing at *petits jeux*, of all ages and sexes, from the most insubordinate infanthood of MASTER JACKY, who will crawl out of the circle, and talks louder than anybody in it, though he can't speak, to blushing MISS LILY, who is just conscious that she is sixteen—I own, I say, that I can't look at such a circlet or chaplet of children, as it were, in a hundred different colours, laughing and happy, without a sort of pleasure.

[1] On our friend's manuscript there is here written, in a female handwriting, 'Vulgar, immodest.—E.S.'

How they laugh, how they twine together, how they wave about, as if the wind was passing over the flowers! Poor little buds, shall you bloom long?—(I then say to myself, by way of keeping up a proper frame of mind)—shall frosts nip you, or tempests scatter you, drought wither you, or rain beat you down? And oppressed with my feelings, I go below and get some of the weak negus with which Children's Parties are refreshed.

At those houses where the magic-lantern is practised, I still sometimes get a degree of pleasure, by hearing the voices of the children in the dark, and the absurd remarks which they make as the various scenes are presented—as, in the dissolving view, Cornhill changes into Grand Cairo; as CUPID comes down with a wreath, and pops it on to the head of the DUKE OF WELLINGTON; as Saint Peter's at Rome suddenly becomes illuminated, and fireworks, not the least like real fireworks, begin to go off from Fort St. Angelo—it is certainly not unpleasant to hear the 'o-o-o's' of the audience, and the little children chattering in the darkness. But I think I used to like the 'Pull devil, pull baker,' and the DOCTOR SYNTAX of our youth, much better than all your new-fangled dissolving views and pyrotechnic imitations.

As for the conjuror, I am sick of him. There is one conjuror I have met so often this year and the last, that the man looks quite guilty when the folding doors are opened, and he sees my party of children, and myself amongst the seniors in the back rows. He forgets his jokes when he beholds me: his wretched claptraps and waggeries fail him: he trembles, falters, and turns pale.

I on my side too feel reciprocally uneasy. What right have we to be staring that creature out of his silly countenance? Very likely he has a wife and family dependent for their bread upon his antics. I should be glad to admire them if I could; but how do so? When I see him squeeze an orange or a cannon-ball right away into nothing, as it were, or multiply either into three cannon-balls or oranges, I know the others are in his pocket somewhere. I know that he doesn't put out his eye when he sticks the penknife into it; or that after swallowing (as the miserable humbug pretends to do) a pocket-handkerchief, he cannot by any possibility convert it into a quantity of coloured wood-shavings. These flimsy artifices may amuse children, but not *us*. I think I shall go and sit down below amongst the servants whilst this wretched man pursues his idiotic delusions before the children.

And the supper, Sir, of which our darlings are made to partake. Have they dined? I ask. Do they have a supper at home, and why do not they? Because it is unwholesome. If it is unwholesome, why do they have supper at all? I have mentioned the

wretched quality of the negus. How they can administer such stuff to children I can't think. Though only last week I heard a little boy, MASTER SWILBY, at MISS WATERS', say that he had drunk nine glasses of it, and eaten I don't know how many tasteless sandwiches and insipid cakes; after which feats he proposed to fight my youngest son.

As for that Christmas Tree, which we have from the Germans —anybody who knows what has happened to *them* may judge what will befall us from following their absurd customs. Are we to put up pine-trees in our parlours, with wax candles and *bon-bons*, after the manner of the ancient Druids? Are we . . .

. . . My dear Sir, my manuscript must here abruptly terminate. MRS. S. has just come into my study, and my daughter enters, grinning behind her, with twenty-five little notes, announcing that MASTER and MISS SPEC request the pleasure of MISS BROWN, MISS F. BROWN, and M. A. BROWN'S company on the 25th instant. There is to be a conjuror in the back drawing-room, a magic-lantern in my study, a Christmas Tree in the dining-room, dancing in the drawing-room—'And, my dear, we can have whist in our bedroom,' my wife says. 'You know we must be civil to those who have been so kind to our darling children.' SPEC.

PARIS REVISITED.[1]

By an Old Paris Man.

REVERED PUNCH,

When your multitudinous readers are put in possession of this confidential note, Paris will be a week older; and who knows what may happen in that time?—Louis-Napoleon may be Emperor or Louis-Blanc may be King, or the Revolution that was to have broken out last Monday may be performed on the next;—meanwhile, permit me, Sir, to lay at your feet the few brief observations which I have made during a twenty-four hours' residence in this ancient and once jovial place. It was on the stroke of eleven at night, Sir, on Wednesday the 31st of January, that a traveller might have been perceived plunging rapidly through the shingles of Dover, towards a boat which lay in waiting there, to bear him and other exiles to a steamer which lay in the offing, her slim black hull scarcely visible in the mists of night, through which her lights, of a green and ruby colour, burned brilliantly. The moon was looking out on the fair and tranquil scene, the stars were twinkling in a friendly manner, the ancient cliffs of Albion loomed out of the distant grey. But few lights twinkled in the deserted houses of the terraces along the beach. The bathing-machines were gone to roost. There was scarce a ripple on the sluggish wave, as the boat with The Traveller on board, went griding over the shingle, and we pulled to the ship. In fact, waters of Putney were not more calm than those of the

[1] [February 10, 1849].

Channel, and the night was as mild as a novel by the last lady of fashion.

Having paid a shilling for the accommodation of the boat, The Traveller stepped on board the deck of the famous steamer *Vivid*, commanded by the intrepid and polite CAPTAIN SMITHETT: and the Mails presently coming in in their boat with the light at its bows, away went the *Vivid* at the rate of seventeen miles an hour, and we were off Calais almost before the second cigar was smoked, or we had had near time enough to think of those beloved beings whom we left behind.

Sir, there was not water enough in the Calais harbour—so a bawling pilot swore, who came up to us in his lugger; and as she came plunging and bumping against the side of the *Vivid*, CAPTAIN SMITHETT caused the mail-bags first, and afterwards the passengers, to be pitched into her, and we all rolled about amongst the ropes and spars on deck, in the midst of the most infernal bawling and yelling from the crew of Frenchmen, whose howls and contortions, as they got their sail up, and otherwise manœuvred the vessel, could be equalled by men of no other nation. Some of us were indignant at being called upon to pay three francs for a ride of a mile in this vessel, and declared we would write to *The Times*; but there was One Traveller who had not heard that noise of Frenchmen for four years, and their noise was to his soul as the music of bygone years. That Man, Sir, is perpetually finding something ludicrous in what is melancholy, and when he is most miserable is always most especially jocular.

Sir, it was the first night of the new Postal arrangement, by which the Mails are made to go from Calais and not from Boulogne, as heretofore. Our goods were whisked through the Custom House with a rapidity and a courtesy highly creditable to Frenchmen: and an enthusiastic omnibus driver, lashing his horses furiously, and urging them forward with shrieks and howls, brought us to the St. Pierre Station of the Railway, where we took our places in the train. 'Twas two in the bleak winter's morn. The engine whistled—the train set forth—we plunged into the country—away, away, away!

At eleven o'clock, Sir, we dashed into the *enceinte* of the forts that guard the metropolis from foreign invasion, and a few minutes afterwards we were in that dear old Paris that One amongst us had not seen for four years.

How is the old place? How does it look? I should be glad to know is the nightingale singing there yet?—do the roses still bloom by the calm Bendemeer? Have we not all a right to be sentimental when we revisit the haunts of our youth, and to come

forward, like the Count in the opera, as soon as the whips have ceased cracking, and sing '*Cari luoghi?*' Living constantly with your children, and the beloved and respectable *Mrs. Punch*, you don't see how tall JACKY and TOMMY grow, and how old (for the truth must out, and she is by no means improved in looks)—how old and plain your dear lady has become. So thought I, as I once more caught sight of my beloved LUTETIA, and trembled to see whether years had affected her.

Sir, the first thing I saw on entering the Station was, that it was crammed with soldiers—little soldiers, with red breeches and grey capotes, with little caps, bristling with uncommonly fierce beards, large hairy tufts (those of the carroty hue most warlike and remarkable), that looked as if worn in bravado, as by the American warriors, and growing there convenient to cut their heads off if you could. These bearded ones occupied the whole place; arms were piled in the great halls of the Débarcadère: some fatigued braves were asleep in the straw, pots were cooking, drums were drubbing, officers and non-commissioned officers bustling about. Some of us had qualms, and faintly asked, Was the Revolution begun? 'No,' the omnibus conductors said, laughing, 'everything was as quiet as might be,' and we got into their vehicles and drove away. Everything *was* quiet. Only, Sir, when you go to a friend's house for a quiet dinner, and before he lets you into his door, he puts his head and a blunderbuss out of window and asks, 'Who is there?'—of course, some nervous persons may be excused for feeling a little dashed.

Sir, the omnibus drove rapidly to the hotel whence this is written, with a very scanty cargo of passengers. We hardly had any in the Railway; we did not seem to take up any on the line. Nothing seemed to be moving on the road, or at least the people not caring to do so. In the streets there was not much more life. What has become of the people who used to walk here?—of the stalls, and the carts, and the crowds about the wine-shops, and the loungers, and the cries of the busy throng? Something has stricken the place. Nobody is about: or perhaps there is a review, or a grand *fête* somewhere, which calls the people away as we are passing through a deserted quarter.

As soon as I was dressed, I walked into the town through the ancient and familiar arcades of the Rue Castiglione and so forth. The shops along the Rue de Rivoli are dreary and shabby beyond belief. There was nobody walking in the Tuileries. The palace, that used to look so splendid in former days, stretches out its great gaunt wings, and looks dismally battered and bankrupt. In the Carrousel there were more troops, with drumming, and

trumpeting, and artillery. Troops are perpetually passing. Just now I saw part of a regiment of Mobiles marching outward with a regiment of the line. Squads of the young Mobiles are everywhere in the streets, pale, debauched, daring-looking little lads; one looks at them with curiosity and interest, as one thinks that those beardless young fellows have dashed over barricades, and do not care for death or devil.

I worked my way to the Palais Royal, where I have been any time since 1814; and oh, *Mr. Punch*, what a change was there! I can't tell you how dreary it looks, that once cheerfullest garden in the world. The roses do not bloom *there* any more; or the nightingales sing. All the song is gone, and the flowers have withered. Sir, you recollect those shops where the beautiful dressing-gowns used to hang out, more splendid and gorgeous than any tulips, I am sure. You remember that wonderful bonnet-shop at the corner of the Galerie Vitrée, where there were all sorts of miraculous caps and hats; bonnets with the loveliest wreaths of spring twined round them; bonnets with the most ravishing plumes of marabous, ostriches, and birds of paradise.

> Once in their *bows*,
> Birds of rare plume,
> Sate in their bloom,

as an elegant poet of your own sings—they are all gone, Sir; the birds are flown, the very cages are shut up, and many of them to let—the Palais Royal is no more than a shabby bazaar. Shutters are up in many of the shops—you see nobody buying in the others—soldiers and a few passengers go about staring at the faded ornaments in the windows and the great blank Daguerreotype pictures, which line the walls as dismal as death. There is nobody there: there are not even English people walking about, and staring with their hands in their pockets. Has ruin begun then, and is Paris going after Rome, Carthage, Palmyra, Russell Square, Kilkenny, and other famous capitals? In the glass galleries there were not a dozen loungers, and the line of shops facing the Palais Royal proper is closed down the whole line.

As for the square of the palace itself, which always used to look so cheerful—where there used to be, you remember, piles of comfortable wood, giving ideas of warmth and hospitality in the splendid rooms within—that too is, to the last degree, shabby and forlorn. I saw soldiers looking out of the windows, and more, a couple of thousands of them, I should say, were in the court. Many of them with their coats off, and showing very dingy under-vestments, were cooking about the court: there they

formed in squads about the square, without their arms, in their slouching grey coats; and, drums and bugles beginning to make a noise, a small crowd of blackguards and children issued somehow from some of the dark recesses and black passages about the place, and formed a sort of audience for the unromantic military spectacle. A tree of Liberty is planted in the square; the first I have seen, and the most dismal and beggarly emblem I ever set eyes on. A lean poplar, with scarce any branches, a wretched furcated pole with some miserable rags of faded cotton, and, it may be, other fetishes dangling from it here and there. O Liberty! What the deuce has this poplar or those rags to do with you?

My sheet is full—the post hour nigh; but I have one word of rather a cheerful and consolatory nature to say after all this despondency. Sir, I happened in my walk, and from a sense of duty, just to look in at the windows of CHEVET'S, VÉFOUR'S, and TROIS FRÈRES. The show at all is *very satisfactory indeed.* The game looked very handsome at CHEVET'S, and the turbots and *pâtés* uncommonly fine. I never saw finer-*looking* trouffles than those in the baskets in VEFOUR'S window; and the display of fruit at the FRÈRES would make an anchorite's mouth water. More of this, however, anon. There are some subjects that are not to be treated in a trifling manner by

Your obedient servant and contributor,

FOLKESTONE CANTERBURY.

TWO OR THREE THEATRES AT PARIS.[1]

IF one may read the history of a people's morals in its jokes, what a queer set of reflections the philosophers of the twentieth century may make regarding the characters of our two countries in perusing the waggeries published on one side and the other! When the future inquirer shall take up your volumes, or a bundle of French plays, and contrast the performances of your booth with that of the Parisian theatre, he won't fail to remark how different they are, and what different objects we admire or satirise. As for your morality, Sir, it does not become me to compliment you on it before your venerable face; but permit me to say, that there never were before

[1] [February 24, 1849.]

published in this world so many volumes that contained so much cause for laughing, and so little for blushing; so many jokes, and so little harm. Why, Sir, say even that that modesty, which astonishes me more and more every time I regard you, is calculated, and not a virtue naturally inherent in you, that very fact would argue for the high sense of the public morality among us. We will laugh in the company of our wives and children: we will tolerate no indecorum: we like that our matrons and girls should be pure.

Excuse my blushes, Sir; but permit me to say that I have been making a round of the little French theatres, and have come away amazed at the cynicism of people. Sir, there are certain laws of morality (as believed by us at least) for which these people no more care than so many Otaheitans. They have been joking against marriage ever since writing began—a pretty man would you be, *Mr. Punch*, if you were a Frenchman; and a pretty moral character would be the present spotless wife of your affections, the chaste and immaculate *Judy!*

After going to these theatres, seeing the houses all full, and hearing the laughter ringing through every one of them, one is puzzled to know what the people respect at all, or what principle they do believe in. They laugh at religion, they laugh at chastity, they laugh at royalty, they laugh at the Republic most pitilessly of all: when France, in the piece called the *Foire aux Idées*, says she is dying under nine hundred doctors, to each of whom she is paying a daily fee of five-and-twenty francs, there was a cheer of derision through the house; the Communists and their schemes were hooted with a still more hearty indignation; there is a general smash and bankruptcy of faith; and, what struck me perhaps most as an instance of the amazing progress of the national atheism, is to find that the theatre audiences have even got to laugh at military glory. They have a song in one of the little plays, which announces that France and Co. have closed that branch of their business; that they wish to stay at home and be quiet, and so forth; and, strange to say, even the cry against perfidious England has died out; and the only word of abuse I read against our nation was in a volume of a novel by poor old PAUL DE KOCK, who saluted the Lion with a little kick of his harmless old heels.

Is the end of time coming, *Mr. Punch*, or the end of Frenchmen? and don't they believe, or love, or hate anything any more? Sir, these funny pieces at the plays frightened me more than the most bloodthirsty melodrama ever did, and inspired your humble servant with a melancholy which is not to be elicited from the

most profound tragedies. There is something awful, infernal almost, I was going to say, in the gaiety with which the personages of these satiric dramas were dancing and shrieking about among the tumbled ruins of ever so many ages and traditions. I hope we shall never have the air of *God save the King* set to ribald words amongst us—the mysteries of our religion, or any man's religion, made the subject of laughter, or of a worse sort of excitement. In the famous piece of *La Propriété c'est le Vol*, we had the honour to see ADAM and EVE dance a polka, and sing a song quite appropriate to the costume in which they figured. Everybody laughed and enjoyed it—neither EVE nor the audience ever thought about being ashamed of themselves, and, for my part, I looked with a vague anxiety up at the theatre roof, to see that it was not falling in, and shall not be surprised to hear that Paris goes the way of certain other cities some day. They will go on, this pretty little painted population of Lorettes and Bayadères, singing and dancing, laughing and feasting, fiddling and flirting, to the end, depend upon it. But enough of this theme: it is growing too serious—let us drop the curtain. Sir, at the end of the lively and ingenious piece called the *Foire aux Idées*, there descends a curtain, on which what is supposed to be a huge newspaper is painted, and which is a marvel of cynicism.

I have been to see a piece of a piece called the *Mystères de Londres*, and most awful mysteries they are indeed. We little know what is going on around and below us, and that London may be enveloped in a vast murderous conspiracy, and that there may be a volcano under our very kitchens, which may blow us all to perdition any day. You perhaps are not aware, Sir, that there lived in London, some three or four years ago, a young Grandee of Spain and Count of the Empire, the MARQUIS OF RIO SANTO by name, who was received in the greatest society our country can boast of, and walked the streets of the metropolis with orders on his coat and white light pantaloons and a cocked hat. This Marquis was an Irishman by birth, and not a mere idle votary of pleasure, as you would suppose from his elegant personal appearance. Under the mask of fashion and levity he hid a mighty design, which was to free his country from the intolerable tyranny of England. And as England's distress is Ireland's opportunity, the Marquis had imagined a vast conspiracy, which should plunge the former into the most exquisite confusion and misery, in the midst of which his beloved Erin might get her own. For this end his Lordship had organised a prodigious band of all the rogues, thieves, and discontented persons in the metropolis, who were sworn into a mysterious affiliation, the members of which

were called the 'Gentlemen of the Night.' Nor were these gentlefolks of the lower sort merely—your Swell Mob, your Saint Giles's Men, and vulgar cracksmen. Many of the principal merchants, jewellers, lawyers, physicians, were sworn of the Society. The merchants forged bank-notes, and uttered the same; thus poisoning the stream of commerce in our great commercial city: the jewellers sold sham diamonds to the Aristocracy, and led them on to ruin: the physicians called in to visit their patients poisoned such as were enemies of the good cause, by their artful prescriptions: the lawyers prevented the former from being hanged: and the whole realm being plunged into anarchy and dismay by these manœuvres, it was evident that Ireland would greatly profit. This astonishing Marquis, who was supreme chief of the Society, thus had his spies and retainers everywhere. The police was corrupted, the magistrate tampered with—THEMIS was bribed on her very bench: and even the BEEF-EATERS OF THE QUEEN (one shudders as one thinks of this) were contaminated, and in the service of the Association.

Numbers of lovely women of course were in love with the Marquis, or otherwise subjugated by him, and the most beautiful and innocent of all was disguised as a Countess, and sent to Court on a Drawing-room day, with a mission to steal the diamonds off the neck of LADY BROMPTON, the special favourite of HIS GRACE PRINCE DIMITRI TOLSTOY, the Russian Ambassador.

Sir, His Grace the Russian Ambassador had only lent these diamonds to Lady B., that her Ladyship might sport them at the Drawing-room. The jewels were really the property of the Prince's Imperial Master. What, then, must have been His Excellency's rage when the brilliants were stolen? The theft was committed in the most artful manner. LADY BROMPTON came to Court, her train held up by her *jockei*. SUZANNA (the Marquis's emissary) came to Court with her train similarly borne by her page. The latter was an experienced pickpocket—the pages were changed, the jewels were taken off LADY BROMPTON'S neck in the ante-chamber of the palace—and HIS GRACE PRINCE TOLSTOY was in such a rage that he menaced war on the part of his Government unless the stones were returned!

Beyond this point I confess, Sir, I did not go, for exhausted nature would bear no more of the *Mysteries of London*, and I came away to my hotel. But I wish you could have seen the Court of St. James, the Beef-eaters, the Life-Guards, the Heralds-of-Arms in their tabards of the sixteenth century, and have heard the ushers on the stairs shouting the names of the nobility as they walked into the presence of the Sovereign! I caught those

of the COUNTESS OF DERBY, the LADY CAMPBELL, the LORD SOMEBODY, and the HONOURABLE MISS TREVOR, after whom the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY came. Oh, such an Archbishop! He had a velvet trencher-cap profusely ornamented with black fringe, and a dress something like our real and venerated prelates, with the exception of the wig, which was far more curly and elegant; and he walked by, making the sign of the Cross with his two forefingers, and blessing the people.

I hear that the author of this great work, M. PAUL FÉVAL, known for some time to the literature of his country as SIR FRANCIS TROLLOPE, passed a whole week in London to make himself thoroughly acquainted with our manners; and here, no doubt, he saw Countesses whose trains were carried by jockeys; Lords going to Court in full-bottomed wigs! and police magistrates in policemen's coats and oilskin hats, with white kerseymere breeches and silk stockings to distinguish them from the rank and file. How well the gentlemen of Bow Street would look in it! I recommend it to the notice of *Mr. Punch*.

These, Sir, are all the plays which I have as yet been able to see in this town, and I have the honour of reporting upon them accordingly. Whatever they may do with other pieces, I don't think that our dramatists will be disposed to steal these.

ON SOME DINNERS AT PARIS.[1]

SOME few words about dinners, my dear friend, I know your benevolent mind will expect. A man who comes to Paris without directing his mind to dinners, is like a fellow who travels to Athens without caring to inspect ruins, or an individual who goes to the Opera, and misses JENNY LIND'S singing. No, I should be ungrateful to that appetite with which Nature has bountifully endowed me—to those recollections which render a consideration of the past so exquisite an enjoyment to me—were I to think of coming to Paris without enjoying a few quiet evenings at the

[1] [March 3, 1849.]

TROIS FRÈRES alone, with a few dishes, a faithful waiter who knows you of old, and my own thoughts; undisturbed by conversation, or having to help the soup, or carve the turkey for the lady of the house; by the exertion of telling jokes for the entertainment of the company; by the *ennui* of a stupid neighbour at your side, to whom you are forced to impart them; by the disgust of hearing an opposition wag talk better than yourself, take the stories with which you have come primed and loaded, out of your very mouth, and fire them off himself, or audaciously bring forward old JOE MILLER'S, and get a laugh from all the company, when your own novelties and neatest *impromptus* and *mots* pass round the table utterly disregarded.

I rejoiced, Sir, in my mind, to think that I should be able to dine alone; without rivals to talk me out, hosts or ladies to coax and wheedle, or neighbours who, before my eyes (as they often have done), will take the best cutlet or favourite snipe out of the dish, as it is handed round, or to whom you have to give all the breast of the pheasant or capon when you carve it.

All the way in the railroad, and through the tedious hours of night, I whiled away such time as I did not employ in sleeping, or in thinking about MISS BR-WN (who felt, I think, by the way, some little pang in parting with me, else why was she so silent all night, and why did she apply her pocket-handkerchief so constantly to her lovely amethyst eyes?)—all the way, in the railroad, I say, when not occupied by other thoughts, I amused the tedium of the journey by inventing little bills of fare for one, —solitary Barmecide banquets,—which I enjoyed in spirit, and proposed to discuss bodily on my arrival in the Capital of the Kitchen.

'Monsieur will dine at the *table d'hôte?*' the *laquais de place* said at the Hotel, whilst I was arranging my elegant toilette before stepping forth to renew an acquaintance with our beloved old city. An expression of scornful incredulity shot across the fine features of the person addressed by the *laquais de place*. My fine fellow, thought I, do you think I am come to Paris in order to dine at a *table d'hôte?*—to meet twenty-four doubtful English and Americans at an ordinary? 'LUCULLUS dines with LUCULLUS to-day, Sir;' which, as the *laquais de place* did not understand, I added, 'I never dine at a *table d'hôte*, except at an extremity.'

I had arranged in my mind a little quiet week of dinners. Twice or thrice, thinks I, I will dine at the FRERÈS, once at VÉRY'S, once at the CAFÉ DE PARIS. If my old friend VOISIN opposite the Assomption has some of the same sort of Bordeaux

which we recollect in 1844, I will dine there at least twice. PHILIPPE'S in the Rue Montorgueil must be tried, which, they say, is as good as the ROCHER DE CANCALE used to be in our time; and the seven days were chalked out already, and I saw there was nothing for it but to breakfast *à la fourchette* at some of the other places which I had in my mind, if I wished to revisit all my old haunts.

To a man living much in the world, or surrounded by his family, there is nothing so good as this solitude from time to time—there is nothing like communing with your own heart, and giving a calm and deliberate judgment upon the great question—the truly vital question, I may say—before you. What is the use of having your children, who live on roast mutton in the nursery, and think treacle-pudding the summit of cookery, to sit down and take the best three-fourths of a *perdreau truffé* with you? What is the use of helping your wife, who doesn't know the difference between Sherry and Madeira, to a glass of priceless Romanée or sweetly odoriferous Château Lafitte of '42? Poor dear soul! she would be as happy with a slice of the children's joint, and a cup of tea in the evening. She takes them when you are away. To give fine wine to that dear creature is like giving pearls to—to animals who don't know their value.

What I like is to sit at a Restaurant alone, after having taken a glass of absinthe in water, about half an hour previous, to muse well over the *carte*, and pick out some little dinner for myself; to converse with the *sommelier* confidentially about the wine—a pint of Champagne say, and a bottle of Bordeaux, or a bottle of Burgundy, not more, for your private drinking. He goes out to satisfy your wishes, and returns with the favourite flask in a cradle very likely. Whilst he is gone, comes old ANTOINE, who is charmed to see *Monsieur de retour;* and vows that you *rajeunniz tous les ans* with a plate of oysters—dear little juicy green oysters in their upper shells, swimming in their sweet native brine, not like your great white flaccid natives in England, that look as if they had been fed on pork; and ah! how kindly and pretty that attention is of the two little plates of radishes and butter which they bring you in, and with which you can dally between the arrival of the various dishes of your dinner; they are like the delicate symphonies which are played at the theatre between the acts of a charming Comedy. A little bread-and-butter, a little radish—you crunch and relish—a little radish, a little piece of bread-and-butter—you relish and crunch—when lo! up goes the curtain, and ANTOINE comes in with the *entrée* or the roast.

I pictured all this in my mind and went out. I will not tell any of my friends that I am here, thought I. Sir, in five minutes, and before I had crossed the Place Vendome, I had met five old acquaintances and friends, and in an hour afterwards the arrival of your humble servant was known to all our old set.

My first visit was for TOM DASH, with whom I had business. That friend of my youth received me with the utmost cordiality; and our business transacted and our acquaintances talked over (four of them I had seen, so that it was absolutely necessary I should call on them and on the rest), it was agreed that I should go forth and pay visits, and that on my return TOM and I should dine somewhere together. I called upon BROWN, upon JONES, upon SMITH, upon ROBINSON—upon our old Paris set, in a word, and in due time returned to TOM DASH.

'Where are we to dine, TOM?' says I. 'What is the crack Restaurant now? I am entirely in your hands; and let us be off early and go to the play afterwards.'

'Oh, hang restaurants,' says TOM, 'I'm tired of 'em; we are sick of them here. THOMPSON came in just after you were gone, and I told him you were coming, and he will be here directly to have a chop with me.'

There was nothing for it. I had to sit down and dine with THOMPSON and TOM DASH, at the latter's charges—and am bound to say that the dinner was not a bad one. As I have said somewhere before, and am proud of being able to say, I scarcely recollect ever to have had a bad dinner.

But of what do you think the present repast was composed? Sir, I give you my honour, we had a slice of salmon and a leg of mutton, and boiled potatoes, just as they do in my favourite Baker Street.

'Dev'lish good dinner,' says THOMPSON, covering the salmon with lots of HARVEY sauce—and Cayenne pepper, from FORTNUM and MASON'S.

'*Donnez du Sherry à* MONSIEUR CANTERBURY,' says TOM DASH to FRANCOIS, his man. 'There's porter or pale ale if any man likes it.'

They poured me out Sherry; I might have had porter or pale ale if I liked: I had leg of mutton and potatoes, and finished dinner with Stilton cheese; and it was for this I had revisited my dear Paris.

'Thank you,' says I, to DASH, cutting into the mutton with the most bitter irony. 'This is a dish that I don't remember ever having seen in England; but I have tasted pale ale there, and won't take any this evening, thank you. Are we going to

have Port wine after dinner? or could you oblige me with a little London gin-and-water?'

TOM DASH laughed his mighty laugh, and I will say, we had not Port wine, but Claret, fit for the repast of a pontiff, after dinner, and sate over it so late that the theatre was impossible, and the first day was gone, and might as well have been passed in Pump Court or Pall Mall for all the good I had out of it.

But, Sir, do you know what had happened in the morning of that day during which I was paying the visits before mentioned?

ROBINSON, my very old friend, pressed me so to come and dine with him, and fix my day, that I could not refuse, and fixed Friday.

BROWN, who is very rich, and with whom I had had a difference, insisted so upon our meeting as in old times, that I could not refuse; and so, being called on to appoint my own day—I selected Sunday.

SMITH is miserably poor, and it would offend him and MRS. SMITH mortally that I should dine with a rich man, and turn up my nose at his kind and humble table. I was free to name any day I liked, and so I chose Monday.

Meanwhile, our old friend JONES had heard that I had agreed to dine with BROWN, with whom he too was at variance, and he offered downright to quarrel with me unless I gave him a day: so I fixed Thursday.

'I have but Saturday,' says I, with almost tears in my eyes.

'Oh, I have asked a party of the old fellows to meet you,' cries out TOM DASH; 'and made a dinner expressly for the occasion.'

And this, Sir, was the fact. This was the way, Sir, that I got my dinners at Paris. Sir, at one house I had boiled leg of mutton and turnips, at another beefsteak; and I give you my word of honour, at two I had mock-turtle soup! In this manner I saw Paris. This was what my friends called welcoming me—we drank Sherry; we talked about MR. COBDEN and the new financial reform; I was not allowed to see a single Frenchman, save one, a huge athletic monster, whom I saw at a Club in London last year, who speaks English as well as you, and who drank two bottles of Port wine on that very night for his own share. I offended mortally several old friends with whom I didn't dine, and I might as well have been sitting under your mahogany tree in Fleet Street, for all of Paris that I saw.

I have the honour to report my return to this country, and to my lodgings in Piccadilly, and to remain

Your very obedient Servant and Contributor,

FOLKESTONE CANTERBURY.

P.S. I stopt the post to give the following notice from the *Constitutional*:—'LADY JANE GREY (*femme du Chancelier de l'Echiquier*) *vient de donner le jour à deux jumeaux. Sa santé est aussi satisfaisante que possible.*'

HOBSON'S CHOICE;[1]

OR, THE TRIBULATIONS OF A GENTLEMAN IN SEARCH OF A MAN-SERVANT.

I

BEFORE my wife's dear mother, MRS. CAPTAIN BUDGE, came to live with us—which she did on the occasion of the birth of our darling third child, ALBERT, named in compliment to a Gracious Prince, and now seven and a half years of age—our establishment was in rather what you call a small way, and we only had female servants in our kitchen.

I liked them, I own. I like to be waited on by a neat-handed PHILLIS of a parlour-maid, in a nice-fitting gown, and a pink ribbon to her cap; and I do not care to deny that I liked to have my parlour-maids good-looking. Not for any reason such as *jealousy might suggest*—such reasons I scorn; but as, for a continuance and for a harmless recreation and enjoyment, I would much rather look out on a pretty view of green fields and a shining river from my drawing-room window, than upon a blank wall or an old-clothesman's shop: so I am free to confess I would choose for preference a brisk, rosy, good-natured, smiling lass to put my dinner and tea before me on the table, rather than a crooked, black-muzzled *frump*, with a dirty cap and black hands. I say I like to have nice-looking people about me; and when I used to chuck my ANNA MARIA under the chin, and say that was one of the reasons for which I married her, I warrant you MRS. H. was not offended: and so she let me have my harmless way about the parlour-maids. Sir, the only way in which we lost our girls in our early days was by marriage. One married the baker, and gives my boy, ALBERT, gingerbread whenever he passes her shop: one became the wife of Policeman X., who distinguished himself by having his nose

[1] [January 12, 19, 26, 1850.]

broken in the Chartist riots; and a third is almost a lady, keeping her one-horse carriage, and being wife to a carpenter and builder.

Well, MRS. CAPTAIN BUDGE, MRS. H.'s mother, or 'Mamma,' as she insists that I should call her, and I do so, for it pleases her warm and affectionate nature, came to stop for a few weeks, on the occasion of our darling ALBERT'S birth *anno domini* 1842; and the child and its mother being delicate, MRS. CAPTAIN B. stayed to nurse them both, and so has remained with us, occupying the room which used to be my study and dressing-room ever since. When she came to us, we may be said to have moved in a *humble sphere*, viz. in Bernard Street, Foundling Hospital, which we left four years ago for our present residence, Stucco Gardens, Pocklington Square. And up to the period of MRS. CAPTAIN B.'s arrival we were, as I say, waited upon in the parlour by maids, the rough below-stairs' work, of knife and shoe-cleaning, being done by GRUNDSELL, our greengrocer's third son.

But, though Heaven forbid that I should say a word against my mother-in-law, who has a handsome sum to leave, and who is besides a woman all self-denial, with her *every thought* for our good: yet, I think that, without Mamma, my wife would not have had those tantrums, may I call them of jealousy, which she never exhibited previously, and which she certainly began to show very soon after our dear little scapegrace of an ALBERT was born. We had at that time, I remember, a parlour servant, called EMMA BUCK, who came to us from the country, from a Doctor of Divinity's family, and who pleased my wife very well at first, as indeed she did all in her power to please her. But on the very day ANNA MARIA came downstairs to the drawing-room, being brought down in these very arms, which I swear belong to as faithful a husband as any in the City of London, and EMMA bringing up her little bit of dinner on a tray, I observed ANNA MARIA'S eyes look uncommon savage at the poor girl, MRS. CAPTAIN B. looking away the whole time, on to whose neck my wife plunged herself as soon as the girl had left the room; bursting out into tears, and calling somebody a viper.

'Hullo!' says I, 'my beloved, what is the matter? Where's the viper? I didn't know there were any in Bernard Street' (for I thought she might be nervous still, and wished to turn off the thing, whatever it might be, with a pleasantry). 'Who is the serpent?'

'That—that woman,' gurgles out MRS. H., sobbing on Mamma's shoulder, and MRS. CAPTAIN B. scowling sadly at me over her daughter.

'What, EMMA?' I asked, in astonishment; for the girl had been uncommonly attentive to her mistress, making her gruels and things, and sitting up with her, besides tending my eldest daughter, EMILY, through the scarlet fever.

'EMMA! don't say EMMA in that cruel audacious way, MARMADUKE—MR. HO-O-OBSON,' says my wife (for such are my two names as given me by my godfathers and my fathers). 'You call the creature by her Christian name before my very face!'

'Oh, HOBSON, HOBSON!' says MRS. CAPTAIN B., wagging her head.

'Confound it'—('Don't swear,' says Mamma)—'Confound it, my love,' says I, stamping my foot, 'you wouldn't have me call the girl BUCK, BUCK, as if she was a rabbit? She's the best girl that ever was: she nursed EMILY through the fever; she has been attentive to you; she is always up when you want her——'

'Yes, and when *you-oo-oo come home from the club*, MARMADUKE,' my wife shrieks out, and falls again on Mamma's shoulder, who looks me in the face and nods her head fit to drive me mad. I come home from the club, indeed! Wasn't I forbidden to see ANNA MARIA? Wasn't I turned away a hundred times from my wife's door by Mamma herself, and could I sit alone in the dining-room (for my eldest two, a boy and girl, were at school) —alone in the dining-room, where *that very* EMMA would have had to wait upon me!

Not one morsel of chicken would ANNA MARIA eat. (She said she dared to say that woman would poison the egg sauce.) She had hysterical laughter and tears, and was in a highly nervous state—a state as dangerous for the mother as for the darling baby, MRS. CAPTAIN B. remarked justly; and I was of course a good deal alarmed, and sent, or rather went off, for BOKER, our medical man. BOKER saw his interesting patient, said that her nerves were highly excited, that she must at all sacrifices be kept quiet, and corroborated MRS. CAPTAIN B.'s opinion in every particular. As we walked downstairs I gave him a hint of what was the matter, at the same time requesting him to step into the back-parlour and there see me take an affidavit that I was as innocent as the blessed baby just born, and named but three days before after his Royal Highness the Prince.

'I know, I know, my good fellow,' says BOKER, poking me in the side (for he has a good deal of fun), 'that you are innocent. Of course you are innocent. Everybody is, you sly dog. But what of that? The two women have taken it into their heads

to be jealous of your maid—and an uncommonly pretty girl she is too, HOBSON, you sly rogue, you. And were she a Vestal Virgin, the girl must go if you want to have any peace in the house: if you want your wife and the little one to thrive—if you want to have a quiet house and family. And if you do,' says BOKER, looking me in the face hard, 'though it is against my own interest, will you let me give you a bit of advice, old boy?'

We had been bred up at Merchant Tailors' together, and had licked each other often and often, so of course I let him speak.

'Well then,' says he 'HOB, my boy, get rid of the old dragon—the old Mother-in-law. She meddles with my prescriptions for your wife: she doctors the infant in private: you'll never have a quiet house or a quiet wife as long as that old Catamaran is here.'

'BOKER,' says I, 'MRS. CAPTAIN BUDGE is a lady who must not at least in *my* house be called a Catamaran. She has seven thousand pounds in the funds, and always says ANNA MARIA is her favourite daughter.' And so we parted, not on the best of terms, for I did not like Mamma to be spoken of disrespectfully by any man.

What was the upshot of this? When MAMMA heard from ANNA MARIA (who weakly told her what I had let slip laughing, and in confidence to my wife) that BOKER had called her a Catamaran, of course she went up to pack her trunks, and of course we apologised and took another medical man. And as for EMMA BUCK, there was nothing for it but that she, poor girl, should go to the right about; my little EMILY, then a child of ten years of age, crying bitterly at parting with her. The child very nearly got me into a second scrape, for I gave her a sovereign to give to EMMA, and she told her Grandmamma, who would have related all to ANNA MARIA, but that I went down on my knees and begged her not. But she had me in her power after that, and made me wince when she would say, 'MARMADUKE, have you any sovereigns to give away?' etc.

After EMMA BUCK came MARY BLACKMORE, whose name I remember because MRS. CAPTAIN B. called her MARY BLACKYMORE (and a dark, swarthy girl she was, not at all good-looking in *my* eyes). This poor MARY BLACKMORE was sent about her business because she looked sweet on the twopenny postman, Mamma said. And she knew, no doubt, for (my wife being downstairs again long since) MRS. B. saw everything that was passing at the door, as she regularly sat in the parlour window.

After BLACKMORE came another girl of MRS. B.'s own choosing: own rearing I may say, for she was named BARBARA, after Mamma, being a soldier's daughter, and coming from

Portsea, where the late CAPTAIN BUDGE was quartered, in command of his company of Marines. Of this girl MRS. B. would ask questions out of the Catechism at breakfast, and my scapegrace of a TOM would burst out laughing at her blundering answers. But from a demure country lass, as she was when she came to us, MISS BARBARA very quickly became a dressy impudent-looking thing; coquetting with the grocer's and butcher's boys, and wearing silk gowns and flowers in her bonnet when she went to church on Sunday evenings, and actually appearing one day with her hair in bands, and the next day in ringlets. Of course she was setting her cap at me, Mamma said, as I was the only gentleman in the house, though for my part I declare I never saw the set of her cap at all, or knew if her hair was straight or curly. So in a word, BARBARA was sent back to her mother, and MRS. BUDGE didn't fail to ask me whether I had not a sovereign to give her?

After this girl we had two or three more maids, whose appearance or history is not necessary to particularise—the latter was uninteresting, let it suffice to say, the former grew worse and worse. I never saw such a woman as GRIZZEL SCRIMGEOUR, from Berwick-upon-Tweed, who was the last that waited on us, and who was enough, I declare, to curdle the very milk in the jug as she put it down to breakfast.

At last the real aim of my two conspirators of women came out.

'MARMADUKE,' MRS. CAPTAIN B. said to me one morning after this GRIZZEL had brought me an oniony knife to cut the bread; 'women-servants are very well in their way, but there is always something disagreeable with them, and in families of a certain rank a man-servant commonly waits at table. It is proper; it is decent that it should be so in the respectable classes; and *we* are of those classes. In CAPTAIN BUDGE'S lifetime we were never without our groom and our tea-boy. My dear father had his butler and coachman, as our family has had ever since the Conquest; and though you are certainly in business, as your father was before you, yet your relations are respectable; your grandfather was a dignified clergyman in the west of England: you have connections both in the army and navy who are members of Clubs, and known in the fashionable world; and (though I never shall speak to that man again) remember that your wife's sister is married to a barrister, who lives in Oxford Square, and goes the Western Circuit. He keeps a man-servant. *They* keep men-servants, and I do not like to see my poor ANNA MARIA occupying an inferior position in society to her sister FREDERICA, named after the DUKE OF

YORK though she was, when His Royal Highness reviewed the Marines at Chatham; and seeing some empty bottles carried from the table said——'

'In mercy's name,' says I, bursting out, for when she came to this story Mamma used to drive me frantic, 'have a man if you like, Ma'am, and give me a little peace.'

'You needn't swear, MR. HOBSON,' she replied with a toss of her head; and when I went to business that day it was decided by the women that our livery should be set up.

II.

PETER GRUNDSELL, the knife-boy, the youth previously mentioned as son of my greengrocer, and occasional butler, a demure little fair-haired lad, who had received his education in a green baize coat and yellow leather breeches at Saint Blaize's Charity School, was our first foot-boy or page. Mamma thought that a full-sized footman might occasion inconvenience in the house, and would not be able to sleep in our back attic (which indeed was scarcely six feet long), and she had somehow conceived a great fondness for this youth, with his pale cheeks, blue eyes, and yellow hair, who sang the sweetest of all the children in the organ-loft of Saint Blaize's. At five o'clock every morning, winter and summer, that boy, before he took a permanent engagement in my establishment, slid down our area-steps, of which and of the kitchen entrance he was entrusted with the key. He crept up the stairs as silent as a cat and carried off the boots and shoes from the doors of our respective apartments without disturbing one of us; the knives and shoes of my domestic circle were cleaned as brilliant as possible before six o'clock; he did odd jobs for the cook; he went upon our messages and errands; he carried out his father's potatoes and cauliflowers; he attended school at Saint Blaize's; he turned his mother's mangle—there was no end to the work that boy could do in the course of a day, and he was the

most active, quiet, humble little rogue you ever knew. MRS. CAPTAIN BUDGE then took a just liking to the lad, and resolved to promote him to the situation of page. His name was changed from PETER to PHILIP, as being more genteel; and a hat with a gold cord and a knob on the top like a gilt Brussels sprout, and a dark green suit, with a white galloon stripe down the trouser-seams, and a bushel of buttons on the jacket, were purchased at an establishment in Holborn, off the dummy at the door. Mamma is a great big strong woman, with a high spirit, who I should think could *protect herself* very well; but when PHILIP had his livery, she made him walk behind her regularly, and never could go to church without PHILIP after her to carry the books, or out to tea of an evening, without that boy on the box of the cab.

MRS. CAPTAIN B. is fond of good living herself; and, to do her justice, always kept our servants well. I don't meddle with the kitchen affairs myself, having my own business to attend: but I believe my servants had as much meat as they could eat, and a great deal more than was good for them. They went to bed pretty soon, for ours was an early house, and when I came in from the City after business, I was glad enough to get to bed; and they got up rather late, for we are all good sleepers (especially MRS. B., who takes a heavy supper, which I never could indulge in), so that they were never called upon to leave their beds much before seven o'clock, and had their eight or nine good hours of rest every night.

And here I cannot help remarking that if these folks knew their luck, *sua si bona norint*, as we used to say at Merchant Tailors'; if they remembered that they are fed as well as lords, that they have warm beds and plenty of sleep in them; that, if they are ill, they have frequently their master's doctor; that they get good wages, and beer, and sugar and tea in sufficiency: they need not be robbing their employers or taking fees from tradesmen, or grumbling at their lot. My friend and head-clerk, RADDLES, has a hundred and twenty a year, and eight children; the REVEREND MR. BITTLES, our esteemed curate at Saint Blaize's, has the same stipend and family of three; and I am sure that both of those gentlemen work harder, and fare worse, than any of the servants in my kitchen, or my neighbour's. And I, who have seen that dear, good, elegant angel[1] of a Mrs. Bittles

[1] I say this because I think so and will not be put down. My wife says she thinks there is nothing in Mrs. Bittles, and Mamma says she gives herself airs and has a cast in her eye. But a more elegant woman I have never seen—no, not at a Mansion House ball or the Opera.—L. H.

ironing her husband's bands and neckcloths: and that uncommonly shy supper of dry bread and milk-and-water which the RADDLES family take when I have dropped in to visit them at their place (Glenalvon Cottage, Magnolia Road South, Camden Town) on my walks from Hampstead of a Sunday evening—I say, who have seen these people and thought about my servants at home, on the same July evening, eating buttered toast round the kitchen fire—have marvelled how resigned and contented some people were, and how readily other peopled grumbled. Well then, this young PHILIP being introduced into my family, and being at that period as lean as a whipping-post, and as contented with the scraps and broken victuals which the cook gave him as an alderman with his turtle and venison, now left his mother's mangle, on which, or on a sack in his father's potato bin he used to sleep, and put on my buttons and stripes, waited at my own table, and took his regular place at that in the kitchen and occupied a warm bed and three blankets in the back attic.

The effect of the three (or four or five, is it? for the deuce knows how many they take) meals a day upon the young rascal was speedily evident in his personal appearance. His lean cheeks began to fill out, till they grew as round and pale as a pair of suet dumplings. His dress (for the little dummy in Holborn, a bargain of MRS. CAPTAIN B.'s, was always a tight fit) grew tighter and tighter—as if his meals in the kitchen were not sufficient for any two Christians; the little gormandiser levied contributions upon our parlour dishes. And one day my wife spied him with his mouth smeared all over with our jam pudding, and on another occasion he came in with tears in his eyes and hardly able to speak, from the effects of a curry on which he had laid hands in the hall, and which we make (from the Nawobb of Mulligatawney's own receipt) remarkably fine—and as hot, as hot—as the dog-days.

As for the crockery, both the common blue and the stone china Mamma gave us on our marriage (and which I must confess I didn't mind seeing an end of, because she bragged and bothered so about it), the smashes that boy made were incredible. The handles of all the tea-cups went; and the knobs of the cover of the vegetable dishes; and the stems of the wine-glasses; and the china punch-bowl my ANNA MARIA was christened in. And the days he did not break the dishes on the table, he spilt the gravy on the cloth. Lord! Lord! How I did wish for my pretty neat little parlour-maid again. But I had best not, for peace's sake, enlarge again upon *that* point.

And as for getting up, I suppose the suppers and dinners

made him sleepy as well as fat; certainly the little rascal for the first week did get up at his usual hour: then he was a little later: at the end of a month he came yawning downstairs after the maids had long been at work: there was no more polishing of boots and knives: barely time to get mine clean, and knives enough ready for me and my wife's breakfast (MRS. CAPTAIN B. taking hers and her poached eggs and rashers of bacon in bed),—in time enough, I say, for my breakfast, before I went into the City.

Many and many a scolding did I give that boy, until, my temper being easy and the lad getting no earthly good from my abuse of him, I left off—from sheer weariness and a desire for a quiet life. And Mamma, to do her justice, was never tired of giving it to him, and rated him up hill and down dale. It was 'PHILIP, you are a fool.' 'PHILIP, you dirty wretch.' 'PHILIP, you sloven,' and so forth, all dinner time. But still, when I talked of sending him off, MRS. CAPTAIN B. always somehow pleaded for him, and insisted upon keeping him. Well, my weakness is that I can't say no to a woman, and MASTER PHILIP stayed on, breaking the plates and smashing the glass, and getting more mischievous and lazy every day.

At last there came a *crash*, which, though it wasn't *in my* crockery, did MASTER PHILIP'S business. Hearing a great laughter in the kitchen one evening, Mamma (who is a good housekeeper and does not like her servants to laugh on any account) stepped down—and what should she find?

MASTER PHILIP mimicking her to the women-servants, and saying, 'Look, this is the way old MOTHER BUDGE goes!' And, pulling a napkin round his head (something like the Turkish turban MRS. CAPTAIN B. wears), he began to speak as if in her way, saying, 'Now, PHILIP, you nasty, idle, good-for-nothing, lazy, dirty boy you, why do you go for to spill the gravy so?' etc.

MRS. B. rushed forward and boxed his ears soundly, and the next day he was sent about his business; for flesh and blood could bear him no longer.

Why he had been kept so long, as I said before, I could not comprehend, until after PHILIP had left us; and then Mamma said, looking with tears in her eyes at the chap's jacket, as it lay in the pantry, that her little boy AUGUSTUS was something like him, and that he wore a jacket with buttons of that sort. Then I knew she was thinking of her eldest son, AUGUSTUS FREDERICK YORK BUDGE, a Midshipman on board the *Hippopotamus* frigate, CAPTAIN SWANG, C.B. (I knew the story well enough), who died of yellow fever on the West India Station, in the year 1814.

III.

BY the time I had had two or three more boys in my family, I got to hate them as if I had been a second HEROD, and the rest of my household, too, was pretty soon tired of the wretches. If any young housekeepers read this, I would say to them, Profit by my experience, and never keep a boy—be happy with a parlour-maid, put up with a char-woman, let the cook bring up your dinner from the kitchen: get a good servant who knows his business, and pay his wages as cheerfully as you may: but never have a boy into your place if you value your peace of mind.

You may save a little in the article of wages with the little rascal, but how much do you pay in discomfort? A boy eats as much as a man, a boy breaks twice as much as a man, a boy is twice as long upon an errand as a man; a boy batters your plate and sends it up to table dirty; you are never certain that a boy's fingers are not in the dish which he brings up to your dinner; a boy puts your boots on the wrong trees; and when at the end of a year or two he has broken his way through your crockery, and at last learned some of his business, the little miscreant privately advertises himself in *The Times* as a youth who has two years' character, and leaves you for higher wages and another place. Two young traitors served me so in the course of my fatal experience with boys.

Then, in a family council, it was agreed that a man should be engaged for our establishment, and we had a series of footmen (our curate recommended to me our first man) whom the clergyman had found in the course of his charitable excursions. I took JOHN TOMKINS out of the garret, where he was starving. He had pawned every article of value belonging to him; he had no decent clothes left in which he could go out to offer himself for a situation; he had not tasted meat for weeks, except such rare bits as he could get from the poor Curate's spare table. He came to my house, and all of a sudden rushed into plenty again. He had a comfortable supply of clothes, meat, fire, and blankets. He had not a hard master, and as for Mamma's scolding, he took it as a matter of course. He had but few pairs of shoes to clean, and lived as well as a man of five hundred

a-year. Well, JOHN TOMKINS left my service in six months after he had been drawn out of the jaws of death, and after he had considered himself lucky at being able to get a crust of bread, because the cook served him a dinner of cold meat two days running—'He never 'ad been used to cold meat; it was the custom in no good fam'lies to give cold meat—he wouldn't stay where it was practised.' And away he went, then—very likely to starve again.

Him there followed a gentleman, whom I shall call MR. ABERSHAW, for I am positive he did it, although we never could find him out. We had a character with this amiable youth, which an angel might have been proud of—had lived for seven years with GENERAL HECTOR—only left because the family was going abroad, the General being made Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Tapioca Islands—the General's sister, MRS. COLONEL AJAX, living in lodgings in the Edgware Road, answered for the man, and for the authenticity of the General's testimonials. When Mamma, MRS. CAPTAIN B., waited upon her, MRS. CAPTAIN B. remarked that MRS. COLONEL'S lodgings were rather queer, being shabby in themselves, and over a shabbier shop—and she thought there was a smell of hot spirits and water in MRS. COLONEL'S room when MRS. B. entered it at 1 o'clock; but perhaps she was not very rich, the Colonel being on half-pay, and it might have been ether and not rum which MRS. B. smelt. She came home announcing that she had found a treasure of a servant, and MR. ABERSHAW stepped into our pantry and put on our livery.

Nothing could be better for some time than this gentleman's behaviour; and it was edifying to remark how he barred up the house of a night, and besought me to see that the plate was all right when he brought it upstairs in the basket. He constantly warned us, too, of thieves and rascals about, and though he had a villainous hang-dog look of his own which I could not bear, yet Mamma said this was only a prejudice of mine, and, indeed, I had no fault to find with the man. Once I thought something was wrong with the lock of my study-table; but as I keep little or no money in the house, I did not give this circumstance much thought, and once MRS. CAPTAIN BUDGE saw MR. ABERSHAW in conversation with a lady who had very much the appearance of MRS. COLONEL AJAX, as she afterwards remembered, but the resemblance did not, unluckily, strike Mamma at the time.

It happened one evening that we all went to see the Christmas pantomime; and, of course, took the footman on the box of the fly, and I treated him into the pit, where I could not see him;

but he said afterwards that he enjoyed the play very much. When the pantomime was over, he was in waiting in the lobby to hand us back to the carriage, and a pretty good load we were, —our three children, ourselves, and MRS. CAPTAIN B., who is a very roomy woman.

When we got home—the cook, with rather a guilty and terrified look, owned to her mistress that a most 'singular' misfortune had happened. She was positive she shut the door—she could take her Bible oath she did—after the boy who comes every evening with the paper; but the policeman, about 11 o'clock, had rung and knocked to say that the door was open—and open it was, sure enough; and great-coat, and two hats, and an umbrella were gone.

'Thank 'Evins! the plate was all locked up safe in my pantry,' MR. ABERSHAW said, turning up his eyes; and he showed me that it was all right before going to bed that very night; he could not sleep unless I counted it, he said—and then it was that he cried out, 'Lord! Lord! to think that while he was so happy and unsuspicious, enjoin' of himself at the play, some rascal should come in and rob his kind master! If he'd a knowd it, he never would have left the house—no, that he wouldn't.'

He was talking on in this way when we heard a loud shriek from Mamma's room, and her bell began to ring like mad: and presently out she ran, roaring out, 'ANNA MARIA! Cook! MR. HOBSON! Thieves! I'm robbed, I'm robbed!'

'Where's the scoundrel?' says ABERSHAW, seizing the poker as valiant as any man I ever saw; and he rushed upstairs towards MRS. B.'s apartment, I following behind, more leisurely; for if the rascal of a housebreaker had pistols with him, how was I to resist him, I should like to know?

But when I got up—there was no thief. The scoundrel had been there: but he was gone: and a large box of MRS. B.'s stood in the centre of the room, burst open, with numbers of things strown about the floor. Mamma was sobbing her eyes out in her big chair; my wife and the female servants already assembled; and ABERSHAW with the poker, banging under the bed to see if the villain was still there.

I was not aware at first of the extent of MRS. B.'s misfortune, and it was only by degrees, as it were, that that unfortunate lady was brought to tell us what she had lost. First, it was her dresses she bemoaned, two of which—her rich purple velvet and her black satin—were gone: then, it was her Cashmere shawl: then, a box full of ornaments, her jet, her pearls, and her garnets: nor was it until the next day that she confessed to my wife that

the great loss of all was an old black velvet reticule, containing two hundred and twenty-three pounds, in gold and notes. I suppose she did not like to tell me of this: for a short time before, being somewhat pressed for money, I had asked her to lend me some; when, I am sorry to say, the old lady declared, upon her honour, that she had not a guinea, nor should have one until her dividends came in. Now, if she had lent it to me, she would have been paid back again, and this she owned with tears in her eyes.

Well, when she had cried and screamed sufficiently, as none of this grief would mend matters, or bring back her money, we went to bed, ABERSHAW clapping to all the bolts of the house-door, and putting the great bar up with a clang that might be heard all through the street. And it was not until two days after the event that I got the numbers of the notes which MRS. CAPTAIN B. had lost, and which were all paid into the Bank, and exchanged for gold the morning after the robbery.

When I was aware of its extent, and when the horse was stolen, of course I shut the stable-door, and called in a policeman—not one of your letter X policemen—but a gentleman in plain clothes, who inspected the premises, examined the family, and questioned the servants one by one. This gentleman's opinion was that the robbery was got up in the house. First, he suspected the cook, then he inclined towards the housemaid, and the young fellow with whom, as it appeared, that artful hussy was keeping company; and those two poor wretches expected to be carried off to jail forthwith, so great was the terror under which they lay.

All this while MR. ABERSHAW gave the policeman every information; insisted upon having his boxes examined, and his accounts looked into, for though he was absent, waiting upon his master and mistress, on the night when the robbery was committed, he did not wish to escape search—not he; and so we looked over his trunks just out of compliment.

The officer did not seem to be satisfied—as, indeed he had discovered nothing as yet—and after a long and fruitless visit in the evening, returned on the next morning in company with another of the detectives, the famous SCROGGINS indeed.

As soon as the famous SCROGGINS saw ABERSHAW, all matters seemed to change—'Hullo, JERRY!' said he, 'what, you here? at your old tricks again? this is the man what has done it, Sir,' he said to me; 'he is a well-known rogue and prig.' MR. ABERSHAW swore more than ever that he was innocent, and called upon me to swear that I had seen him in the pit of the theatre during the whole of the performance; but I could neither take my affidavit

to this fact, nor was MR. SCROGGINS a bit satisfied, nor would he be until he had the man up to Beak Street Police Court, and examined by the magistrate.

Here my young man was known as an old practitioner on the tread-mill, and, seeing there was no use in denying the fact, he confessed it very candidly. He owned that he had been unfortunate in his youth, that he had not been in GENERAL HECTOR'S service these five years; that the character he had got was a sham one, and MRS. AJAX merely a romantic fiction. But no more would he acknowledge. His whole desire in life, he said, was to be an honest man; and ever since he had entered my service he had acted as such. Could I point out a single instance in which he had failed to do his duty? But there was no use in a poor fellow who had met with misfortune trying to retrieve himself; he began to cry when he said this, and spoke so naturally that I was almost inclined to swear that I *had* seen him under us all night in the pit of the theatre.

There was no evidence against him; and this good man was discharged, both from the Police Office and from our service, where he couldn't abear to stay, he said, now that his honour was questioned. And MRS. BUDGE believed in his innocence, and persisted in turning off the cook and housemaid, who, she was sure, had stolen her money: nor was she quite convinced of the contrary two years after, when MR. ABERSHAW and MRS. COLONEL AJAX were both transported for forgery.

THE SIGHTS OF LONDON.[1]

SIR,

I am a country gentleman, infirm in health, stricken in years, and only occasionally visiting the metropolis, of which the dangers, *and the noise and the crowds*, are somewhat too much for my quiet nerves. But at this season of Easter, having occasion to come to London, where my son resides, I was induced to take his carriage and his five darling children for a day's sight-seeing. And of sight-seeing I have had, Sir, enough, not for a day, but for *my whole life*.

My son's residence is in the elegant neighbourhood of P-rtm-n Square, and taking his carriage, of which both the horse and driver are perfectly steady and past the prime of life, our first visit was to the Tenebrorama, in the Regent's Park, where I was told some neat paintings were exhibited, and I could view some

[1] [April 6, 1850.]

scenes at least of foreign countries without the danger and fatigue of personal travel. I paid my money at the entrance of the building and entered with my unsuspicious little charges into the interior of the building. Sir, it is like the entrance to the Eleusinian mysteries, or what I have been given to understand is the initiation into Freemasonry. We plunged out of the light into such a profound darkness, that my darling ANNA MARIA instantly began to cry. We felt we were in a chamber, Sir, dimly creaking and moving underneath us—a horrid sensation of sea-sickness and terror overcame us, and I was almost as frightened as my poor innocent ANNA MARIA.

The first thing we saw was a ghastly view of a church—the Cathedral of Saint Sepulchre's at Jericho, I believe it was called—a dreary pile, with not a soul in it, not so much as a pew-opener or verger to whom one could look for refuge from the solitude of the dismal. Sir, I don't care to own I am frightened at being in a church alone; I was once locked up in one at the age of thirteen, having fallen asleep during the sermon, and though I have never seen a ghost, they are in my family—my grandmother saw one. I hate to look at a great, ghastly, naked edifice, paved with gravestones, and surrounded with epitaphs and death's heads, and I own that I thought a walk in the Park would have been more cheerful than this.

As we looked at the picture, the dreary church became more dreary; the shadows of night (by means of curtains and contrivances, which I heard in the back part of the mystery making an awful flapping and pulling) fell deeply and more terribly on the scene. It grew pitch dark; my poor little ones clung convulsively to my knees; an organ commenced playing a dead march—it was midnight—tapers presently began to flicker in the darkness—the organ to moan more dismally—and suddenly, by a hideous optical delusion, the church was made to appear as if full of people, the altar was lighted up with a mortuary illumination, and the dreadful monks were in their stalls.

I have been in churches. I have thought the sermon long. I never thought the real service so long as that painted one which I witnessed at the Tenebrorama. My dear children whispered, 'Take us out of this place, Grandpapa.' I would have done so. I started to get up (the place being now dimly visible to our eyes, accustomed to the darkness, and disclosing two other wretches looking on in the twilight besides ourselves)—I started, I say, to get up, when the chamber began to move again, and I sank back on my seat, not daring to stir.

The next view we saw was the Summit of Mount Ararat, I

believe, or else of a mountain in Switzerland, just before dawn. I can't bear looking down from mountains or heights; when taken to St. Paul's by my dear mother, as a child, I had well-nigh fainted when brought out into the outer gallery; and this view of Mount Ararat is so dreadful, so lonely, so like nature, that it was all I could do to prevent myself from dashing down the peak and plunging into the valley below. A storm, the thunderous rumble of which made me run cold, the fall of an avalanche destroying a village, some lightning and an eclipse I believe of the sun, were introduced as ornaments to this picture, which I would as lief see again as undergo a nightmare.

More dead than alive, I took my darling children out of the place, and tenderly embraced them when I was out of the door.

The Haidorama is next by, and my dear little third grandchild insisted upon seeing it. Sir, we unsuspecting ones went into the place and saw, what do you think?—the Earthquake of Lisbon! Ships were tossed and dashed about the river before us in a frightful manner. Convents and castles toppled down before our eyes and burst into flames. We heard the shrieks of the mariners in the storm, the groans of the miserable people being swallowed up or smashed in the rocking, reeling ruins—tremendous darkness, lurid lightning flashes, and the awful booming of thunderbolts roared in our ears, dazzled our eyes, and frightened our senses so, that I protest I was more dead than alive when I quitted the premises, and don't know how I found myself in my carriage.

We were then driven to the Zoological Gardens, a place which I often like to visit (keeping away from the larger beasts, such as the bears, who I often fancy may jump from their poles upon certain unoffending Christians; and the howling tigers and lions who are continually biting the keepers' heads off), and where I like to look at the monkeys in the cages (the little rascals) and the birds of various plumage.

Fancy my feelings, Sir, when I saw in these gardens—in these gardens frequented by nursery-maids, mothers and children—an immense brute of an elephant about a hundred feet high rushing about with a wretched little child on his back, and a single man vainly endeavouring to keep him! I uttered a shriek—I called my dear children round about me. And I am not ashamed to confess it, Sir, I ran. I ran for refuge into a building hard by, where I saw—Ah, Sir! I saw an immense boa constrictor swallowing a live rabbit—swallowing a live rabbit, Sir, and looking as if he would have swallowed one of my little boys afterwards. Good heavens! Sir, do we live in a Christian country,

and are parents and children to be subjected to sights like these?

Our next visit—of pleasure, Sir! bear with me when I say *pleasure*—was to the Waxwork in Baker Street—of which I have only to say that, rather than be left alone in *that* gallery at night with those statues, I would consent to be locked up with one of the horrid lions at the Zoological Gardens. There is a woman in black there lying on a sofa, and whose breast heaves—there is an old man whose head is always slowly turning round—there is HER M—TY and the R-y-l Children looking as if they all had the yellow fever—sights enough to terrify *any* Christian I should think—sights which, nevertheless, as a man and a grandfather, I did not mind undergoing.

But my second boy, TOMMY, a prying little dare-devil, full of mischief, must insist upon our going to what he called the reserved apartment, where NAPOLEON'S carriage was, he said, and other curiosities. Sir, he caused me to pay sixpences for all the party, and introduced me to what?—to the CHAMBER of HORRORS, Sir!—they're not ashamed to call it so—they're proud of the frightful title and the dreadful exhibition—and what did I there behold—murderers, Sir—murderers; some of them in their own cold blood—ROBESPIERRE'S head off in a plate—MARAT stuck and bleeding in a bath—MR. and MRS. MANNING in a frightful colloquy with COURVOISIER and FIESCHI about the infernal machine—and my child, my grandchild, Sir, laughed at my emotion and ridiculed his grandfather's just terror at witnessing this hideous scene!

JACKY, my fifth, is bound for India—and wished to see the Overland Journey pourtrayed, which, as I also am interested in the future progress of that darling child, I was anxious to behold. We came into the Exhibition, Sir, just at the moment when the simoon was represented. Have you ever seen a simoon, Sir? Can you figure to yourself what a simoon is?—a tornado of sand in which you die before you can say Jack Robinson, in which camels, horses, men are swept into death in an instant—and this was the *agreeable* sight which, as a parent and a man, I was called upon to witness! Shuddering, and calling my little charges around me, I quitted Waterloo Place, and having treated the dear beings to a few buns in the Haymarket, conducted them to their last place of amusement, viz. the Panorama, in Leicester Place.

Ah, Sir! Of what clay are mortals supposed to be made, that they can visit that exhibition? Dreams I have had in my life, but as that view of the Arctic Regions, nothing so terrible. My blood freezes as I think of that frightful *summer* even—but what

to say of the winter? By heavens, Sir, I could not face the sight—the icy picture of eternal snow—the livid northern lights, the killing glitter of the stars; the wretched mariners groping about in the snow round the ship; they caused in me such a shudder of surprise and fright—that I don't blush to own I popped down the curtain after one single peep, and would not allow my children to witness it.

Are others to be so alarmed, so misled, so terrified? I beseech all people who *have nerves* to pause ere they go sight-seeing at the present day and remain

Your obedient servant,

GOLIAH MUFF.

THE LION HUNTRESS OF BELGRAVIA.[1]

BEING LADY NIMROD'S JOURNAL OF THE PAST SEASON.

I.

WHEN my husband's father, SIR JOHN NIMROD, died after sixteen years' ill-health, which ought to have killed a dozen ordinary baronets, and which I bore, for my part, with angelic patience, we came at length into the property; which ought, by rights, to have been ours so long before (otherwise I am sure I would never have married NIMROD, or gone through eighteen years of dulness and comparative poverty in second-rate furnished houses at home and abroad), and at length *montéd* my *maison* in London. I married NIMROD, an artless and beautiful young woman, as I may now say without vanity, for I have given up all claims to youth or to personal appearance, and am now at the *mezzo* of the path of *nostra vita*, as DANTE says, having no pretensions to flirt at all, and leaving that frivolous amusement to the young girls. I made great sacrifices to marry NIMROD; I gave up for him CAPTAIN (now GENERAL) FLATHER, the handsomest man of his time, who was ardently attached to me; MR. PYX, then tutor to the EARL OF NOODLEBURY, but now LORD BISHOP OF BULLOCKSMITHY; and many more whom I need not name, and some of whom I daresay have never forgiven me for jilting them, as they call it. But how could I do otherwise? Mamma's means were small. Who could suppose that a captain of dragoons at Brighton, or a nobleman's tutor and chaplain (who both of them adored me certainly) would ever rise to their present eminent positions?

[1] [August 24, 31; September 21, 1850.]

And I therefore sacrificed myself and my inclinations, as every well-nurtured and highly principled girl will, and became MRS. NIMROD—remaining MRS. NIMROD—plain MRS. NIMROD, as MR. GRIMSTONE said—for eighteen years. What I suffered no one can tell. NIMROD has no powers of conversation, and I am all soul and genius. NIMROD cares neither for poetry, nor for company, nor for science; and without geology, without poesy, without society, life is a blank to me. Provided he could snooze at home with the children, poor N. was (and is) happy. But ah! could their innocent and often foolish conversation suffice to a woman of my powers? I was wretchedly deceived, it must be owned, in my marriage, but what mortal among us has not his or her *tracasseries* and *désillusionnements?* Had I any idea that the old SIR JOHN NIMROD would have clung to life with such uncommon tenacity, I might now have been the occupant of the Palace of Bullocksmithy (in place of poor MRS. PYX, who is a vulgar creature), and not the mistress of my house in Eaton Crescent, and of Hornby Hall, Cumberland, where poor SIR CHARLES NIMROD generally lives shut up with his gout and his children.

He does not come up to London, nor is he *fait pour y briller.* My eldest daughter is amiable, but she has such frightful red hair, that I really could not bring her into the world; the boys are with their tutor and at Eton; and as I was born for society, I am bound to seek for it alone. I pass eight months in London, and the remainder at Baden, or at Brighton, or at Paris. We receive company at Hornby for a fortnight when I go. SIR C— N— does not trouble himself much with London or *mon monde.* He moves about my saloons without a word to say for himself; he asked me whether DR. BUCKLAND was a poet, and whether SIR SIDNEY SMITH was not an Admiral; he generally overeats and drinks himself at the house-dinners of his clubs, being a member of both SNOOKER'S and TOODLE'S, and returns home after six weeks to his stupid Cumberland solitudes. Thus it will be seen that my lot in life as a domestic character is not a happy one. Born to *briller* in society, I had the honour of singing on the table at Brighton before the epicure GEORGE THE FOURTH at six years of age.[1] What was the use of shining under such a bushel as poor dear SIR C— N—? There are some of us, gifted but unfortunate beings, whose lot is the world. We are like the Wanderer in my dear friend EUGENE SUE'S elegant novel, to whom Fate says, '*Marche, Marche:*' for us pilgrims of society

[1] It was *not* before GEORGE THE FOURTH, but before the PRINCE OF WALES, that LADY NIMROD, then MISS BELLAIRS, performed at the Pavilion.

there is *no* rest. The BELLAIRS have been a fated race: dearest Mamma dropped down in the tea-rooms at Almack's and was carried home paralysed; I have heard that Papa (before our misfortunes and when he lived at Castle Bellairs, and in Rutland Square) never dined alone for twenty-seven years and three-quarters, and rather than be without company he would sit and laugh and quaff with the horrid bailiffs who often arrested him.

I am a creature of the world then; I cannot help my nature.

The Eagle (the crest of the BELLAIRS) flies to the dazzling sun, while the 'moping owl' prefers the stupid darkness of the thicket.

They call me the Lion Huntress. I own that I love the society of the distinguished and the great. A mere cultivator of frivolous fashion, a mere toady of the great, I despise; but genius, but poetry, but talent, but scientific reputation, but humour, but eccentricity above all, I adore. I have opened my *Salons* now for several seasons. Everybody of note who has been in our metropolis I have received—the great painters, the great poets and sculptors (dear, dear sculptors, I adore them), the great musicians and artists, the great statesmen of all the great

countries; the great envoys, the great missionaries, the great Generals, the great *everybodies* have honoured the *réunions of* CLEMENTINA NIMROD. I have had at the same dinner the wise and famous MONSIEUR DOCTRINAIRE (and was in hopes he would have come to me in the footman's suit in which he escaped from Paris, but he only came with his Golden Fleece, his broad ribbon of the Legion of Honour, and eighteen orders); SIGNOR BOMBARDI, the Roman tribune; GENERAL PRINCE RUBADUBSTI, the Russian General; and dear TARBOOSH PASHA, who was converted to Islamism after his heroic conduct in Hungary. I have had MONSIEUR SANSGÊNE, the eminent socialist refugee; RABBI JEHOSHAPHAT from Jerusalem; the ARCHBISHOP OF MEALYPOTATOES, *in partibus infidelium*, and in purple stockings; BROTHER HIGGS, the Mormon Prophet; and my own dear BISHOP OF BULLOCKSMITHY, who has one of the prettiest ankles and the softest hands in England, seated round my *lovely* board. I have had that darling COLONEL MILSTONE REID, the decypherer of the Babylonish inscriptions; the eminent PROFESSOR HODWINCK of Halle, author of those extraordinary *Horæ Antediluvinæ*, and *The History of the Three Hundred First Sovereigns of the Fourth Preadamite Period;* and PROFESSOR BLENKINHORN (who reads your handwriting in that wonderful way, you know, for thirteen stamps) round one tea-table in one room in my house. I have had the hero of Acre, the hero of Long Acre, and a near relation of GREENACRE at the same *soirée*—and I am not ashamed to own, that when during his trial the late atrocious MR. RAWHEAD, confiding in his acquittal, wrote to order a rump and dozen at the inn, I was so much deceived by the barefaced wretch's protestations of innocence, that I sent him a little note, requesting the honour of his company at an evening party at my house. He was found justly guilty of the murder of MRS. TRIPES, was hanged, and, of course, could not come to my party. But had he been innocent, what shame would there have been in my receiving a man so certainly remarkable, and whose undoubted courage (had it been exerted in a better cause) might have led him to do great things! Yes, and if I take that villa at Fulham next year, I hope to have a snug Sunday party from the Agapemone for a game at hockey; when I hope that my dear BISHOP OF BULLOCKSMITHY will come.

Indeed, what is life worth living for but the enjoyment of the society of men of talent and celebrity? Of the mere *monde*, you know, one person is just like another. LADY A. and LADY B. have their dresses made by the same milliner, and talk to the same pattern. LORD C.'s whiskers are exactly like MR. D.'s,

and their coats are the same, and their plaited shirt-fronts are the same, and they talk about the same things. If one dines with E., or F., or G., or H., one has the same dinner at each table; the very same soup, *entrées*, sweets, and ices, interspersed with the same conversation carried round in an undertone. If one goes to I. house or K. house, there is the same music—the same MARIO and LABLACHE, the same LABLACHE and MARIO. As for friends in the world, we know what *they* are, stupid frumps and family connections, who are angry if they are not invited to all one's parties, who know and tell all one's secrets, who spread all the bad stories about one that are true, or half-true, or untrue; I make a point for my part to have no friends. I mean, nobody who shall be on such a confidential footing as that he or she shall presume to know too much of my affairs, or that I shall myself be so fond of, that I should miss them, were they to be estranged or to die. One is not made, or one need not be made, to be uncomfortable in life; one need have no painful sensations about anybody. And that is why I admire and am familiar with remarkable people and persons of talent only; because, if they die, or go away, or bore me, I can get other people of talent or remarkable persons in their place. For instance, this year, it is the Nepaulese Princes, and MLLE. VANDERMEER, and the Hippopotamus one is interested about; next year it may be the Chinese Ambassadors, or the POPE, or the DUKE OF BORDEAUX, or who knows who? This year it is the author of the *Memoriam* (and a most pleasing poet), or MR. CUMMING, the Lion Hunter of South Africa, or that dear PRELUDE: next year, of course there will be somebody else, and some other poems or delightful works, which will come in, and of which there is always a bountiful and most providential and blessed natural supply with every succeeding season.

And as I now sit calmly, at the end of a well-spent season, surveying my empty apartments, and thinking of the many interesting personages who have passed through them, I cannot but think how wise my course has been, and I look over the list of my lions with pleasure. Poor SIR C——, in the same way, keeps a game-book, I know, and puts down the hares and pheasants which he has bagged in his stupid excursions; and if that strange and delightful bearded hunter, MR. CUMMING (who was off for Scotland just when I went to his charming and terrible Exhibition, close by us at Knightsbridge, and with an intimate Scotch mutual acquaintance, who would have introduced me, when I should have numbered in my Wednesday-list, and my dinner-list one *noble lion* more)—if MR. CUMMING, I say, keeps *his*

journal of spring-boks, and elephants, and sea-cows, and lions, and monsters, why should not CLEMENTINA NIMROD be permitted to recur to her little journals of the sporting season?

II.

CONTINUALLY I have been asked, what is a lion? A lion is a man or woman one must have at one's parties—I have no other answer but that. One has a man at one's parties because one sees him at everybody else's parties; I cannot tell you why. It is the way of the world, and when one is of the world, one must do as the world does.

Vulgar people and persons not of the world, nevertheless, have their little parties and their little great men (the foolish, absurd creatures!), and I have no doubt that at any little lawyer's wife's tea-table in Bloomsbury, or merchant's heavy mahogany in Portland Place, our manners are ludicrously imitated, and that these people show off their lions, just as we do. I heard MR. GRIMSTONE the other night telling of some people with whom he had been dining, a kind who are not in society, and of whom, of course, one has never heard. He said that their manners were not unlike ours, that they lived in a very comfortably furnished house; that they had *entrées* from the confectioner's, and that kind of thing, and that they had their lions, the absurd creatures, in imitation of us. Some of these people have a great respect for the Peerage, and GRIMSTONE says that at this house, which belongs to a relative of his, they never consider their grand dinners complete without poor LORD MUDDLEHEAD, to take the lady of the house to dinner. LORD MUDDLEHEAD never speaks, but drinks unceasingly during dinner time, and is there, GRIMSTONE says, that the host may have the pleasure of calling out in a loud voice and the hearing of his twenty guests, 'LORD MUDDLEHEAD, may I have the honour of taking wine with your Lordship?'

I am told there are several members of the aristocracy who let themselves out to be dined, as it were in this sad way; and do not dislike the part of lion which they play in inferior houses.

Well, then, what must we acknowledge? that persons not in society imitate us; and that everybody has his family circle and its little lion for the time being. With us it is NELSON come home from winning the battle of Aboukir; with others it is TOM SMITH, who has gained the silver skulls at the rowing match. With us it is a Foreign Minister, or a Prince in exile; with others it may be MASTER THOMAS, who has just come from Cambridge, or MR. and MRS. JONES, who have just been on a tour to Paris. Poor creatures! do not let us be too hard on them! People may not be in society, and yet, I daresay, mean very well. I have found in steamboats on the Rhine, and at *tables d'hôte* on the Continent, very well-informed persons, really very agreeable and well-mannered, with whom one could converse very freely, and get from them much valuable information and assistance, and who, nevertheless, were not in society at all. These people one does not, of course, recognise on returning to this country (unless they happen to get into the world as occasionally they do); but it is surprising how like us many of them are, and what good imitations of our manners they give.

For instance, this very MR. GRIMSTONE—LADY TOLLINGTON took him up, and of course, if LADY TOLLINGTON takes up a man he goes everywhere—four or five years ago in Germany I met him at Wiesbaden; he gave me up his bedroom, for the inn was full, and he slept on a billiard-table, I think, and was very good-natured, amusing, and attentive. He was not then *du monde*, and I lost sight of him: for, though he bowed to me one night at the Opera, I thought it was best not to encourage him, and my glass would not look his way. But when once received, difficulties of course vanished, and I was delighted to know him.

'Oh, MR. GRIMSTONE,' I said, 'how charmed I am to see you among us. How pleasant you must be, ain't you? I see you were at LADY TOLLINGTON'S and LADY TRUMPINGTON'S; and of course you will go everywhere; and will you come to my Wednesdays?'

'It is a great comfort, LADY NIMROD,' GRIMSTONE said, 'to be in society at last, and a great privilege. You know that my relations are low, that my father and mother are vulgar, and that until I came into the *monde*, I had no idea what decent manners were, and had never met a gentleman or lady before?'

Poor young man! Considering his disadvantages, he really pronounces his h's very decently; and I watched him all through

dinner-time and he behaved quite well. LADY BLINKER says he is satirical; but he seems to me simple and quiet.

MR. GRIMSTONE is a lion now. His speech in Parliament made him talked about. Directly one is talked about one is a lion. He is a radical; and his principles are, I believe, horrid. But one must have him to one's parties, as he goes to LADY TOLLINGTON'S.

There is nothing which I dislike so much as the illiberality of some narrow-minded English people, who want to judge everything by their own standard of morals, and are squeamish with distinguished foreigners, whose manners do not exactly correspond with their own. Have we any right to quarrel with a Turkish gentleman, because he has three or four wives? With an officer of Austrian hussars, because in the course of his painful duties he has had to inflict personal punishment on one or two rebellious Italian or Hungarian ladies, and whip a few little boys? Does anybody cut DR. HAWTREY at Eton for correcting the boys?—*my* sons, I'm sure, would be the better for a little more. When the Emperor's aide-de-camp, COUNT KNOUTOFF, was in this country, was he not perfectly well received at Court and in the very first circles? It gives one a sort of thrill, and imparts a piquancy and flavour to a whole party when one has a lion in it, who has hanged twenty-five Polish Colonels like COUNT KNOUTOFF; or shot a couple of hundred Carlist officers before breakfast, like GENERAL GARBANZOS, than whom I never met a more mild, accomplished, and elegant man. I should say he is a man of the most sensitive organisation—that he would shrink from giving pain; he has the prettiest white hand I ever saw, except my dear Bishop's; and besides, in those countries an officer must do his duty. These extreme measures, of course, are not what one would like officers of one's own country to do, but consider the difference of the education of foreigners!—and also, it must be remembered, that if poor dear GENERAL GARBANZOS *did* shoot the Carlists, those horrid Carlists, if they had caught him, would certainly have shot *him*.

In the same way about remarkable women who come among us—their standard of propriety, it must be remembered, is not ours, and it is not for us to judge them. When that delightful MADAME ANDRIA came amongst us (whom GRIMSTONE calls POLYANDRIA, though her name is ALPHONSINE), who ever thought of refusing to receive her? COUNT ANDRIA, and her first husband, the BARON DE FRUMP, are the best friends imaginable; and I have heard that the Baron was present at his wife's second marriage, wished her new husband joy with all his

heart, and danced with a Royal Princess at the wedding. It is well known that the PRINCE GREGORY RAGAMOFFSKI, who comes out of Prussian Poland—(where I hope MISS HULKER of Lombard Street leads a happy life, and finds *a couronne fermée* a consolation for a bad, odious husband, an uncomfortable, hide-and-seek barn of a palace as it is called, and a hideous part of the country) —I say it is well known that RAGAMOFFSKI was married before he came to England, and that he made a separation from his Princess *à l'amiable;* and came hither expressly for an heiress. Who minds these things? RAGAMOFFSKI was everywhere in London; and there were Dukes at St. George's to sign the register; and at the breakfast, in Hyde Park Gardens, which old HULKER gave, without inviting *me*, by the way! Thence, I say, it ought to be clear to us that foreigners are to be judged by their own ways and habits, and not ours; and that idle cry which people make against some of them for not conforming to our practices to be put down. Cry out against them indeed! MR. GRIMSTONE says, that if the EMPEROR NERO, having slaughtered half Christendom the week before, could come to England with plenty of money in his pocket, all London would welcome him, and he would be pressed at the very first houses to play the fiddle; and that if QUEEN CATHERINE OF MEDICIS, though she had roasted all the Huguenots in France, had come over afterwards to Mivart's, on a visit to QUEEN ELIZABETH, the very best nobility in the country would have come to put their names down in her visiting-book.

III.

AMONG the most considerable lions who have figured in my menagerie, I may mention BOBBACHY BAHAWDER, the Prince of Delhi, who came over on a confidential mission, from His Imperial Majesty the EMPEROR AURUNGZEBE, their august sovereign and master. No *soirée* was for some time complete without the Bobbachy. Of all the Orientals who have visited our shores, it was agreed that he was the most witty, interesting, and accomplished; he travelled with a small suite of Hookabadars, Kitmeltgars, and Lascars; and the sensation was prodigious which was occasioned by the intelligence, that the distinguished Envoy had it in command from his imperial master, to choose out from among the beauties of Britain a young lady who would not object to become EMPRESS OF DELHI in place of the late lamented wife of the sovereign, for whose loss His Majesty was inconsolable. It was only after he had been for some time in the country that this

the real object of his mission transpired: for, for some time, the Bobbachy lived in the most private manner, and he was not even presented at Court, nor asked to a turtle dinner by the East India Company. In fact, some of the authorities of Leadenhall Street said that the Bobbachy was no more an Ambassador than you or I, and hinted he was an impostor; but His Excellency's friends knew better, and that there are differences of such a serious nature between the East India Company and the Delhi Emperor, that it was to the interest of the Leadenhall Street potentates to ignore the Bobbachy, and throw all the discredit which they could upon the Envoy of the great, widowed, and injured sovereign.

LADY LYNX took this line, and would not receive him; but the manner in which her ladyship is *liée* with some of those odious Directors, and the way in which she begs, borrows, and as *I* believe, sells the cadetships and writerships which she gets from them, is very well known. She did everything malice and envy could suggest, to bring this eminent Asiatic into disrepute; she said he was not a Prince, or an Envoy at all, or anything but a merchant in his own country: but as she always tries to sneer at my lions, and to pooh-pooh my parties, and as I was one of the first to welcome the distinguished Bobbachy to this country, the very ill-will and envy of LADY LYNX only made me the more confident of the quality of this remarkable person, and I do not blush to own that I was among the first to welcome him to our shores. I asked people to meet the Ambassador of the EMPEROR OF DELHI. That I own, and that he denied altogether that he was here in any such capacity; but if reasons of state prevented him from acknowledging his rank, that was no reason why we should not award it to him; and I was proud to have the chance of presenting His Excellency to society, in opposition to that stupid, uninteresting Hungarian General whom LADY LYNX brought out at the same time, and who, to the best of my belief, was an Irishman, out of Connaught, for he spoke English with a decided Connemara brogue.

When the Bobbachy first came to this country, he occupied humble lodgings in Jermyn Street, and lived at no expense; but happening to be staying at the Star and Garter at Richmond, where he one day came to dinner, I introduced myself to him in the hotel gardens; said I was the LADY NIMROD, one of the chiefs of English society, of whom perhaps he had heard, and that I should be glad to do anything in my power to make the metropolis welcome for him, and introduce him into the best company. He put both his hands before him on his breast, as if he was going to

swim at me, MR. GRIMSTONE said, and made me a most elegant bow: answering in very good English that my humble name and the reputation of my parties had often formed the subject of conversation at the Court of Delhi and throughout the East, and that it was a white day in his life in which he had the delight to see the countenance of one who was so illustrious for beauty, as he was pleased to say I was. 'Ah!' he often said afterwards, 'why has Fate disposed so early of such a lovely creature? What a lucky individual is he (meaning NIMROD) who possesses such a pearl! It is fit to be worn in an Emperor's turban, and I must not speak about you to my master or show your portrait to him unless I can take you to him; for he will certainly, when I get back to Delhi, chop my head off from rage and disappointment at my returning home without you?'

This speech, though Oriental, at least shows he was well-bred. As for my marrying the Emperor, that is out of the question, for NIMROD is alive in the country, and we have no means of pursuing your Oriental practices of bow-stringing here. I told the Bobbachy at once that the Emperor must never think of me, must never be spoken to about me, and that I must live and die an English, not an Indian lady, But this was in aftertimes, and when we grew more intimate together. Meanwhile it gave me great pleasure in introducing into the world this amiable and polite exotic.

At first, as I have said, he lived in a very humble and retired manner in Jermyn Street, when I called upon him in my carriage with my footmen. The door was opened by a maid-of-all-work: who told us with wonder that 'the Injan gent,' as she called him, lived on the second floor. I toiled up to his apartment (how different to the splendid halls and alabaster pillars and sparkling fountains of the palaces of his native East!) and there found His Excellency on a horse-hair sofa, smoking his hookah. I insisted upon taking him a drive into the park. It happened to be a fine day, and there was a throng of carriages, and most eyes were directed towards the noble stranger as he sate by my side in the carriage in a simple Oriental costume with a turban of red and gold. I would have taken the back seat, and have let him sit cross-legged, but I had MISS HIGGS, my companion, and FIDO on the back seat. I mentioned everywhere who he was, took him to the opera that night, and had him at my Wednesday, with a *petit dîner choisi* to meet him.

He had not been at Court as yet, nor with the East India Company, for the reasons I have stated; until the presents for HER MAJESTY, with which the *Burrumpooter* East Indiaman was loaded, had reached London—presents consisting of the most

valuable diamonds, shawls, elephants, and other choice specimens of Oriental splendour—had arrived in the East India Docks, it was not etiquette for him to present himself before the sovereign of this country. Hence his quiet retreat in his Jermyn Street lodgings; and he laughed at the audacity of the landlord of the odious house. 'Landlord,' he said, 'he think me rogue. Landlord he send me bill. Landlord he think BOBBACHY BAHAWDER not pay. Stop till *Burrumpooter* come, then see whether landlord not go down on his knee before the Emperor's Ambassador.' Indeed His Excellency had arrived with only two attendants, by the steamer and the overland route, leaving the bulk of his suite and the invaluable baggage to follow in the *Burrumpooter*.

He was a fine judge of diamonds and shawls, of course, and very curious about the jewellers and shawl merchants of London. I took him in my carriage to one or two of our principal tradesmen; but there was very little which he admired, having seen much finer brilliants and shawls in his own romantic land.

When he saw my house he was delighted and surprised. He said he thought all houses in London like that lodging in Jermyn Street,—all sofas black, all sky black; why his dam secretary take him to that black hole? Landlord—dam secretary's uncle—charge him hundred pound month for that lodging. I represented how atrociously His Excellency had been imposed upon, and that if he intended to receive company, he should certainly transport himself to better apartments. It is wonderful how these simple foreigners are imposed upon by our grasping countrymen!

The Bobbachy took my advice, and removed to handsome rooms at Green's Hotel, where he engaged a larger suite, and began to give entertainments more befitting his rank. He brought a native cook, who prepared the most delicious curries, pillaws, and Indian dishes, which really made one cry—they were so hot with pepper. He gradually got about him a number of the most distinguished people, and, thanks to my introduction and his own elegant and captivating manners, was received at many of our best houses; and when the real object of his mission came out (which he revealed to me in confidence), that he was anxious to select a lady for the vacant throne of Delhi, it was wonderful how popular he became, and how anxious people were about him. The portrait of his imperial master, the Emperor, seated on a gold throne, was hung up in his principal drawing-room; and though a vile daub, as most people said, especially that envious GRIMSTONE, who said he must have bought it of some Strand limner for a guinea—yet what can one expect from an Indian artist? and the picture represented a handsome young man, with

a sweet black beard, a thin waist, and a necklace of diamonds worth millions and billions of rupees.

If the young ladies and mammas of London flocked to see this picture, you may imagine how eager the mammas and young ladies were to show their own beauties! Everybody read up about Delhi, and was so anxious to know about it from His Excellency! MRS. CRAMLEY, hearing that the Orientals like stout ladies, sent to Scotland for that enormous MISS CRAMLEY, who is obliged to live in seclusion on account of her size, and who really would do for a show; old LADY GLUM said if she allowed her daughter to make such a marriage, it would be with the fervent hope of converting the Emperor and all India with him; little MISS COCKSHAW was anxious to know if the widows were burned still at Delhi. I don't know how many women didn't ask His Excellency when this news was made public, and my lion was nearly torn to pieces. It was 'BOBBACHY BAHAWDER and suite,' 'HIS EXCELLENCY BOBBACHY BAHAWDER,' 'HIS EXCELLENCY PRINCE BOBBACHY BAHAWDER,' everywhere now, his name in all the newspapers, and who should be most eager to receive him.

The number of pictures of young ladies of rank which my friend received from all parts of the country would have formed a series of books of beauty. There came portraits from Belgravia—portraits from Tyburnia—portraits from the country; portraits even from Bloomsbury and the city, when the news was made public of the nature of His Excellency's mission. Such wicked deceptive portraits they sent up too! Old MISS CRUICKSHANKS had herself painted like a sylph or an opera dancer; MRS. BIBB, who is five-and-forty if she's a day old, went to a great expense, and had a fashionable painter to drew her in a crop and a pinafore, like a school-girl. Fathers brought their children to walk up and down before His Excellency's hotel, and some bribed His Excellency's secretary to be allowed to wait in the ante-room until he should pass out from breakfast. That LADY LYNX said that the only ready money which the mission got was from these bribes, and the pictures, I must confess, were sold upon the Minister's withdrawal from this country.

A sudden revolution at the Court of Delhi occurred, as is very well known, in May last, and the news of his recall was brought to my excellent friend. The demand for his return was so peremptory that he was obliged to quit England at a moment's notice, and departed with his secretary only, and before he had even had time to take leave of me, his most attached friend.

A lamentable accident must have happened to the *Burrumpooter*

Indiaman, with the diamonds and elephants on board, for the unfortunate ship has never reached England, and I daresay has sunk with all on board.

But that is no reason for the slander of ill-natured people, who want to make the world believe that there never was such a ship as the *Burrumpooter* at all; and that the Bobbachy and his secretary were a couple of rogues in league together, who never had a penny, and never would have made their way in society but for my introduction. How am I to know the pedigrees of Indian Princes, and the manners of one blackamoor from another? If I introduced the Bobbachy, I'm sure other people have introduced other dark-complexioned people; and, as for the impudence of those tradesmen who want me to pay his bills, and of MR. GREEN, of the hotel, who says he never had a shilling of His Excellency's money, I've no words to speak of it.

Besides, I don't believe he has defrauded anybody: and when the differences at the Court of Delhi are adjusted, I've little doubt but that he will send the paltry few thousand pounds he owes here, and perhaps come back to renew the negotiations for the marriage of his imperial master.

FRAGMENTS FROM THE HISTORY OF CASHMERE.[1]

By the Arabian Historian Karagooz.

Chapter CCXXII.

The beautiful kingdom of Cashmere was, it is very well known, governed by the magnificent Empress Kohinur, a sovereign so renowned for beauty, virtue, and an heroic disposition, that all the kings of the earth paid court to her, and her banner was respected wherever it was beheld. She gave her empire in charge to Viziers of great fame. Russool Jehaun, a statesman matchless for wisdom, was the President of her Divan, and administered the interior affairs of the Empire; while the foreign relations of Cashmere were upheld, and her enemies made to tremble, by the wisdom and valour of the undaunted Pulmerstoon. By the Cashmerian laws, the husband of the Empress is forbidden to take part in political matters; that Prince, therefore, passed his time in the chase, or in the pursuits of literature, and exercised his genius in beautifying the city of Lundoon. It is to him that the Lundoonees owed the beautiful turban which they wore for many ages; and it was he who, with the aid of two genii, Packistuan and Foox, raised up in a single night that extra-

[1] [November 23, 1850.]

[This was the period of Lord John Russell's campaign against 'Papal Aggression'; Thackeray reminded his countrymen of the struggle of the Reformation.]

ordinary palace of crystal, which brought all the people of the earth to visit Lundoon—and made it the eighth wonder of the world.

The kingdom of Cashmere was peaceful and happy; the ports were full of ships; the bazaars were thronged with merchants and goods; the roads were covered from one end of the empire to the other, with people travelling in security; the Cadis did their duty—in a word, Lundoon was the greatest city, Cashmere the noblest empire, and KOHINUR the happiest sovereign in the world but for one drawback—the constant rows of the Mollahs, who were perpetually quarrelling among themselves.

It is known that for a long time the Cashmerians were followers of OMAR, the successor of the Prophet; and that the Chief Imaum of Mecca had the appointment of the Chief Mollahs of Cashmere during many ages. The Cashmerian Sovereigns, jealous of their independence, had always done their utmost against that arrangement which made their country a sort of spiritual dependency upon the Holy City of Arabia; and the pretensions and quarrels consequent upon this assumption kept the Cashmerians in constant trouble and hot water. The country swarmed with Dervishes from Mecca; Arabian zealots came and took possession of the Cashmerian Mosques, and preached to the people in a language they could not understand; the boldest of them called upon the Sovereigns of Cashmere themselves to pay homage to the Chief Imaum of Mecca for their thrones; for they said that the High Priest of Mecca was the Viceregent of the Prophet, that the Prophet had given him power over all thrones and kingdoms, and woe betide those monarchs who disobeyed him. When one of their Mollahs, by name THAMAZ UL BUKEET, was murdered by one of the Kings of Cashmere, they made him go on his bare knees to the slaughtered saint's tomb; they declared that miracles were worked there: that the sick were cured, the wicked made sure of Paradise; that the statues round the tomb wagged their heads and talked; that the pictures winked—who shall say what other wonders were performed?—I have read them in the Ancient Historians—round the tomb of THAMAZ! Who shall believe the stories? Let him do so who will.

After some thousands of years, and when not only the people of Cashmeria, but those of many other countries, began to doubt about the sovereignty which the High Priest of Mecca claimed, and to declare that not only OMAR, but that ALI, but that HASSAN and HOOSSEIN, but that other good men could interpret the Koran for themselves; and that the claims of the Imaum of

Mecca were, in a word, all bosh, and that he was a priest and a man, like another,—it chanced that there ruled a king in Cashmere who was called KING SULYMAUN THE EIGHTH. And he wished to put away an old wife of whom he was tired (her name was ARAGOON), and to marry a beautiful young houri who was called the PERI ANABULANE.

The Imaum of Mecca would not dissolve the marriage between KING SULYMAUN THE EIGHTH and poor old ARAGOON, and threatened him with curses if he divorced her. But the viziers and nobles of Cashmere, who trembled before KING SULYMAUN, a magnificent prince, who made nothing of cutting their heads off, said the king might marry his new wife; accordingly he did so, snapping his fingers at the beard of the Imaum of Mecca, who had complimented him upon his religious principles a short time before, and sent him a robe of honour, with the title of Defender of the Faithful.

The king was in such a rage at the Imaum's curses, that he caused a proclamation to be made all through his empire that he, SULYMAUN THE EIGHTH, was supreme in his own dominions, Viceregent of the Prophet, and Defender and Commander of the Faithful; that the name of the Imaum of Mecca should never more be heard in any house or mosque in Cashmere; that any man who denied that he, SULYMAUN, was the Chief of the Faith, should have his head cut off, his tongue cut out, his body chopped in quarters, and his goods confiscated. And he seized upon all the mosques, caravanserais, hospitals, houses belonging to the old Meccaites (who were grasping and greedy, but withal good to the poor), and partitioned them amongst his lords and viziers, who made no bones about accepting the plunder.

As for the Cashmerians, it mattered little to most of them; they were as glad that the King at Lundoon should be styled Viceregent of the Prophet, as that the Imaum of Mecca should hold that title: they did not like that their king (for they are the vainest people in the world) should be doing homage to any other potentate in Mecca, Medina, Constantinople, Abyssinia, Jericho, or any other country. And they fell into the new order of things without difficulty, excepting some few rebels and obstinate, who were hanged, drawn, and quartered accordingly. For in these good old times, when faith was stronger among us than it is now, everybody cut everybody else's head off, thinking rightly that it was better to stop an unbeliever's tongue, than let it wag to the detriment of religion and the perversion of simple persons from the truth.

Before he died, SULYMAUN THE EIGHTH cut off ANABULANE'S

head too, and married somebody else. And his son, and then his daughter, reigned after him in Cashmere.

The king's son was but very young, and did not reign very long over Cashmere. And all the time of his reign his sister MARIAM, who was daughter of poor old QUEEN ARAGOON, kept her mother's faith very stoutly, and gave up her whole heart to the Imaum of Mecca. So that when the young Prince, whose subjects loved him very much, died, and the QUEEN MARIAM succeeded, everybody knew that Mecca was to be in the ascendant once more; and the Meccaite priests, dervishes, mollahs, and imaums came swarming back into Cashmere again, and the mosques were handed over to them; and the late king's mollahs and ulemas began to see that the time for eating dirt had arrived.

PAPERS ON POLITICAL TOPICS.

THE OLD DUKE.[1]

THE national admiration for the old Duke has led the public to have almost as many portraits of him as of Field-Marshal PRINCE ALBERT. When a people adores a man, a set of astute publishers naturally go to work to reproduce the beloved image, and all MR. MOON'S shop would not contain the WELLINGTON picture-gallery. We have had him in all shapes—The Duke before Salamanca; The Duke reconnoitring before Vittoria; The Duke after ditto; The Duke shaving before Ciudad Rodrigo, etc., etc.:—from that noble portrait of LAWRENCE, where he is represented holding the sword of England (it was in 1815, and he could wield it then), down to the last Daguerreotype of the neat, white-haired, old gentleman, whom we have all seen rolling upon his horse in the Park and Pall-Mall—a wonder to all bystanders that he did not topple over.

At last they have got him in a sixpenny picture-newspaper at Church. Church is a very good place for him—whether artists could not be better employed there than in making pictures of that venerable hooked nose, is neither here nor there.

But let it be conceded that he is getting old, as has been the lot of other military commanders before him; 'Tears of dotage,' we know, flowed 'from MARLBOROUGH'S eyes'; there can be no manner of doubt that ALEXANDER THE GREAT, or NAPOLEON, if they had lived long enough, would have grown old too. The

[1] [December 20, 1845.]

Duke's horse, which he rode at Waterloo, grew old, and was turned out to grass to pass a comfortable senility, and died, greatly honoured and lamented, long ago. Why keep the master in harness for ever? Recommend him quiet and a sunshiny paddock at Strathfieldsaye.

It is nonsense to say that because he won the Great Waterloo Stakes in 1815 he is able to run with other horses now—it is not fair that others should slacken their pace out of regard to him. We want to move on. Here is the old gentleman, because he couldn't go the pace in the Anti-Corn-Law coach, has stopped the carriage, sent back the horses on their haunches, upset the coachman, and set the whole team in disorder.

It may be perceived that we are writing with the utmost gentleness. Great and strong ourselves, we reverence the brave who lived before us. We are not going to bully the old Duke, but we assert that his time for going to grass has arrived. *The Times* says he is the leader of the aristocracy. Let him go and lead the Dukes. He is fit for that; but not any longer for governing us.

Suppose that statue of his which is turned with its horse's tail to the Exchange, should be removed by his adorers in the City, and placed, for greater honour, let us say in the middle arch of Temple Bar. It might look very well there, and the noble image would be sheltered from the rain; but the street would be incommoded, the omnibuses would not like it; the people going to business would curse that aquiline-nosed barrier which interposed between their livelihood and them—the moral is obvious. *Punch* means that the old Duke should no longer block up the great thoroughfare of Civilisation— that he should be quietly and respectfully eliminated.

For the future, let us have him and admire him—in history.

BLACK MONDAY.[1]

Mr. Punch's Thoughts on his Return from the House on Monday Evening, June 29.

He is gone, dear friends. We saw him drive down to the House, rolling in his gold coach like King Pippin, but his heart must have been cheered by the roar of thousands of voices, which said, 'God bless him!' Did he catch sight of *Punch* up in a lamp-

[1] [July 4, 1846.]

post, yelling, 'Bravo, PEEL! PEEL for ever!' fit to crack his lungs? Dear old PEEL! We have had many a tiff—but he is gone, and the Whigs are in. Which is the better, *cum Whiggibus versari quam tui meninisse?* Now he is gone, the thought strikes one. Perhaps, to live with them will be less sweet than to remember BOB.

He went to the House; and the dear old fellow made his last speech, and recanted so as to bring tears into your eyes. He spoke about Ireland. If he had but spoken a little sooner in that way, where would Repeal be? O'CONNELL says he is fit to be a Precursor. Will the Whigs follow him? They must, my dear friends; there's nothing like *emulation*. They'll bid any price against him. Let us keep up this wholesome competition, and we shall have the day which the Liberator pines for, when he shall give up agitation and retire to Derrynane.

He spoke about the finances of the country: and on this subject the Whigs did not seem easy. He found the finances queer and he left them prosperous. He found the revenue poorly and left it jolly and thriving. He levied an income-tax, which people were happy to pay, although the Whigs *did* say it was a cruel imposition on a suffering people. He talked about extended commerce and Free Trade, and the Whigs (heaven bless them) cheered as if they had invented it.

After talking of foreign commerce he talked of foreign relations. It may be doubted whether IBRAHIM PACHA would ever have dined at the Reform Club, if the Tories had not kept the peace with MEHEMET ALI. We are all right all over Europe, where everybody loves our artless and simple disposition. The British Lion has roared at Ching-wang-foo so as to make the Mandarins tremble—he is rampant on the entrenchments of Ferozeshah—he scours the plain of Aliwal—and he wags his tail in the waters of the Columbia (up to the 49th parallel) without any fear of the Yankee rifle.

Then as to Corn-law repeal. 'No,' says PEEL, with delightful candour, 'it was not I that did that; nor LORD JOHN, that takes the benefit of the act: it came from a greater than either—it was done, Gracious Heavens, is it possible? by a man who never was at Oxford; by a fellow who is a cotton-spinner, and once, they say, was a bag-man; by a person who is not a natural-born patriot and leader of the people, as the Whigs are—by RICHARD COBDEN!'

Yes; he acknowledged it. One of the people has achieved the great pacific revolution of the world; not a man whose fathers have done 'priceless services,' like LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S, who

have been martyrs ever since HENRY THE EIGHTH'S reign, but a mere Manchester trader, of whom the Whigs thought so highly that they offered him a fifteenth-rate place when there was a talk of their coming into office through his means, some month ago.

And so the great aristocracy of England is beaten. The rebels among them are disgracefully routed. The doubtful come in and proffer a sulky surrender. The wisest, cleverest, and most prudent of them hand in their allegiance, and take the oath, on their knees, to RICHARD COBDEN. O, ghost of the Protector, behold RICHARD your heir! O red-nosed shade of OLIVER rise up and see!

But, what is the best, the battle being over, little LORD JOHN will come in and calmly take the government of the army, and divide the plunder, and parcel out the commands to the little Whig family, so that they may do a few more 'priceless services' to the nation.

PEEL is gone meanwhile; and shall we long miss our BOBBY from his box? What will BEN DISRAELI do now? The amiable creature will pine like the ivy, when his attached oak is removed from him. My dear friends, I think of PEEL and what he has done, and what he has undone. Let bygones be bygones. I should like to shake the hand that floored the Corn-law, and gave HAYDON fifty pounds. I never believed, for my part, that COBDEN did actually intend to assassinate him; and I agree in the words of MRS. JUDY, who says, 'My dear, I hope one day to see PEEL and COBDEN cotton together.' PUNCH.

SIGNS OF A MOVE.[1]

MR. CHISHOLM ANSTEY'S clerk called yesterday at LORD J. RUSSELL'S official residence in Downing Street, and took measures of the principal rooms for carpets, bookcases, etc. MR. ANSTEY will enter upon the duties of Prime Minister next Wednesday week, on which day LORD JOHN RUSSELL retires into private life.

His Lordship has had the shutters up in Downing Street ever since the receipt of the first letter from the learned member for Youghal, and, as his valet remarks, has never been his own man since.

LORD PALMERSTON will also resign. The electors of Youghal had better be on the look-out for places, and write up to the Prime Minister (who is in a position not to ask, but to *command* patronage) what situations they would like.

[1] [October 16, 1847.]

EXTRACT OF A LETTER ON THE LATE CRISIS.[1]

(FROM THE 'KELSO SNUFF MULL.')

THE following manly and straightforward letter has been addressed to our respected townsman, MR. MACFARLANE, by a gentleman holding a distinguished public situation in London. It is the testimony of a person whose means of information cannot be questioned; and when we name the writer, MR. MACPUNCH, of Fleet Street, the public will agree with us, that the composition, (like every other by the same pen) does honour to the head and heart of our countryman:—

'We are out of office, and LORD GREY has done it all. For my own part, I told LORD JOHN that, provided he would go for a total Corn Law repeal, I was his man. We all said so. MACAULAY said so. LORD JOHN agreed. At the eleventh hour in comes GREY, and says he will not act with PALMERSTON as Foreign Minister; and the embryo Cabinet is destroyed by that ill-timed objection, and the pangs and travail of a week end in bitter disappointment.

'You will, perhaps, be anxious to know, my dear MACFARLANE, how this interposition of my LORD GREY could ruin the just-formed Administration. You will ask, is it possible that the world could not go on without LORD GREY and with LORD PALMERSTON, or without LORD PALMERSTON and with LORD GREY? Is each of these noblemen absolutely necessary to the welfare of the empire, and can't we survive unless we have both of them in a Whig Ministry? You picture to yourself Death intervening—you fancy that though GREY should perish, or TEMPLE be carried off to ancestral vaults, or both eat each other up and expire: yet the kingdom would survive, the sun would rise pretty much as usual, and the stocks (after a period of mourning) would rally.

'In this, my dear MAC, you are in gross error. You do not seem to understand that the Whigs are our natural leaders—appointed by Heaven and the Red Book to rule and govern us. There are about a dozen of this privileged class of noblemen—set apart from the rest of the world—having government vested in

[1] [January 10, 1846.]

them, as priesthood is in the Brahmins, or was in the tribe of Levi. Read *The Court Circular* about these Whigs—these great irrevocable rulers of ours. They see nobody else; they keep aloof from the world which they govern. It is LORD JOHN goes to Minto House, or MINTO to LORD JOHN; or LORD PALMERSTON gave a dinner to LORD MINTO and LORD LANSDOWNE; or, the MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE entertained at Bowood, LORD MINTO, LORD PALMERSTON, LORD JOHN RUSSELL, etc. They see only one another, these great Signors. They decide in their conclaves what is good for us, no doubt. The working people, headed by your COBDENS and VILLIERS'S, work, and toil, and strive—organise the forces of the country against the Corn Laws—beat it down; and then LORD JOHN comes nobly in, and says, "Well done, my heroes; you have conquered in this battle, and I place myself at your head. I have been opposed to your measures for a long, long time; but you have fought your fight so well, that I condescend to lead you. I am your natural aristocracy, I and PALMERSTON, and GREY, and the rest of us. Our services are priceless. We intend to come into the Ministry upon your shoulders."

'It was in this way that LOUIS-PHILIPPE walked into Paris after the three days' fighting and revolution in 1830; and blessed the people; and took the profits, and has ruled ever since as Managing Director of the French Nation. PHILIPPE was always a Whig. He lived in England and profited by our institutions. There are forty Articles in the Whig faith; the thirty-nine we know of, and the fortieth is:—"It is ordained by Heaven, and decreed by the laws of Nature, that the Whig Lords should have governance and authority over the people of England."

'LORD JOHN is not a proud man, very likely, but he has these convictions before-named, and acts upon them. There you have a proof how honest he is. He conceives the Country can't be governed without LORD PALMERSTON and LORD GREY. They must rule, or Downing Street has no charms for him. So he doesn't hesitate a moment: Office he resigns; it is impossible without LORD PALMERSTON—the country may go to the deuce; he can't preserve it without LORD GREY.

'I tremble to think, my dear MACFARLANE, that some desperate atheists may be even now thinking of denying this old dynasty altogether, and asking, "Suppose GREY goes, and RUSSELL afterwards, and PALMERSTON the God of War, and all the race of MINTO? Suppose, when one lord can't agree with t'other lord, the third lord finds it necessary to break up a Government: is all England to be balked because their Lordships are so squeamish?"

'I, for my part, however, must not speak. I was looking

forward to the Tape and Sealing Wax Office as *my* berth, and may be considered an interested party. In my opinion the Whigs are so necessary, that—that I don't happen to know anybody else to take their place. But, O my dear friend! why—why weren't GREY or PALMERSTON out of the way?

'Ever yours, truly,

'T. B. MACPUNCH.

'To P. MACFARLANE, Esq.,
Edinburgh.'

FRENCH SYMPATHISERS.[1]

THE French gentleman who, on the evening of Monday, the 10th of April, was shouting out that all the English were cowards, and that the French would show them how to fight, and who was knocked down by a butcher boy, is requested to send to our office for the papers which fell out of his hat, and which will be restored to their owner.

The CITIZEN CORNICHON appears to have come to this country as one of MR. SMITH O'BRIEN's fifty thousand friends, having a strong sympathy with the cause of insurrection all over the world. He has not been heard of since the events of the 10th; perhaps he has gone to Dublin.

Extracts from his papers, literally translated, are given; the originals lie for his inspection, and the butcher boy has left his card.

'*The Representative of France*, CORNICHON, *to the President of the Tyrannicide Club.*

'LIBERTY! EQUALITY! FRATERNITY! DEATH TO DESPOTISM!

'*London*, 8 *February.*

'I have the honour to announce my arrival in the modern Carthage, and to report as to the measures taken by us for con-

[1] [April 22, 1848.]
[During the Chartist agitation some French agitators came over to inflame the public.]

ferring liberty upon an island whose treachery has passed into a proverb, and who groans under a hideous aristocratic despotism.

'The traject from Boulogne was made in two hours; a strong wind agitated the waters of the Sleeve (*la Manche*); unaccustomed to maritime motion, I suffered frightful anguishes. More dead than alive, I was supported to shore at Folkestone by a couple of English operatives who (with many more of their nation) found themselves on board. These miserables and their families are quitting our country, where they have been enriching themselves for many years at the expense of France. I cannot but applaud the decree which banishes them from our soil. Are there not Frenchmen enough to till it? Are we inferior in art, in bravery, in science, to these insularies? Let them be flung out of a nation which has need of all its wealth for the support of its own children.

'I protest against the manner in which the fugitive artisans were received upon the brumous shores of Albion. Hypocritical means of shelter have been provided for the fugitives. The Lord Mayor of Folkestone received them with expressions of condolence, and with offers of bread and the national beer. These expressions, this food, this sympathy that Albion flings into the figure of France, is an insult to the Republic. She will wash herself of it, as of PRITCHARD indemnities and other outrages, with which she has been for a long time beveraged.

'The Citizen Superintendent of the baggage of this port is an Irishman. 'Are you and your nation prepared to act?' I asked him. It is a good sign to find this harbour in the hands of our allies.

'My sack-of-night was passed without difficulty at the Douane. My commissary-scarf was not remarked by the supervisors, or if so, treated with insular scorn. Glorious emblem! In three days, in the midst of bayonets and battles, it shall gird the heart of the patriot! WELLINGTON shall see that signal, and PALMERSTON kiss the foot of the wearer. I proceeded to London uncomfortably in the third-class waggon.

'An omnibus transports the voyagers from the station across the foggy Thames and the bridge of Vestmainsterre, by the Vite Hall built by the Norman William, and where a traitorous monarch justly met his doom, to the place of the Gallery of the Nation,[1] as the Chambers are here called. Fountains bubble before it, endlessly, dirty and frothing emblems of the deliberations within. Hideous equestrian statues offend the eyes of the

[1] It would appear that CITIZEN CORNICHON mistook the National Gallery for the Parliament House.

visitor. The palace of the QUEEN, called Northomberland Ouse, is opposite the Chamber; surmounted by a stupid British Lion, which shall not long remain on those pinnacles. A column of stone, called the Column of Trafalgar, of which I do not understand the meaning, for history makes no mention of such a man or place, is in the centre of this Squarr, as the places of London are called.

'My lodgings were selected in this neighbourhood. Descending from the omnibus with my sack-of-night, and showing the card on which the address of my hotel was engraved, I had little difficulty in reaching that place of refuge.

'I have an apartment in a lofty and wholesome situation—at the Hôtel de l'Ail, in the most fashionable quarter of the town, called Lester Squarr. A bronze image of the infamous PITT on horseback decorates the green and smiling garden of the Squarr. I promised myself to level that superb bronze on the day of the national deliverance.

'The principles of our glorious Revolution I saw were everywhere progressing; in almost all the shops in the neighbourhood of the Squarr pancarts announced that French was spoken by these commercials. They are evidently prepared to declare themselves after the great day, when the nation shall be ours, and the stain of Waterloo wiped away.

'I tendered a hundred-franc note at one of these establishments in a beautiful gallery called the Quadrant, and for a white paletot doubled of rose-coloured silk which attracted my regards. With disgusting indifference the infamous proprietor of the magazine refused the paper of the Republic. The Republic will remember him in the day of vengeance. I will wear that rose-doubled paletot under the scarf of the Commissioner of France.

'On the day of my arrival, one infamous had the odious insignia of a fallen and corrupt dynasty gilt over his door. I have pointed it out to the attention of patriots: and bid CITIZEN GROSJACQUES remember that there are such things as Vengeance and Retribution.

'This, the fashionable quarter, is *entirely in the possession of Frenchmen.* In those superb but smoky arcades, in those crowded streets round my Squarr, I rencountered none but compatriots, and many friends. The CITIZEN CHOUX and myself made a careful survey round the Squarr, and arranged where the barricades of the glorious 10th of April are to be erected. An estimable artist has erected here a temple to the Goddess of Reason, under the name of Walhalla. The CITIZEN CHIPPARD conducted me to its halls.

'I have consulted with the Citizens who are to blow up the Bridge of Waterloo. A select band is appointed who is to take possession of the Lor Maire. With him in our hands, the town is ours.

'The QUEEN has fled.

'The Chartist Citizens are to be invited to join in the demonstration. We shall lead them against the troops. They are clamorous for the day when this island shall become a French department.

'*Sunday*, 9 *April*.

'The shops are closed, as if the Citizens dreaded the morrow's combat. They are flocking to their churches, where they grovel in abject superstitions. I have made myself known to several of the Chartist Club. Their respect for the grand name of France is universal. They sing the *Marseillaise* generally, but grievously out of tune.

'A friend of the great FEARGOOSE[1] has just showed me the petition monster, which the millions of the people have prepared. It will require a carriage of the force of twenty horses to carry it to the Chamber. It is signed by five millions seven hundred-and sixty-three thousand nine hundred and seventy-nine persons. This I swear to you. I counted every one.

'Names are in that parchment that I trembled to behold. Ah! Citizen Minister, how shall I describe to you my sentiments when I saw on the list of petitioners the name of the QUEEN VICTORIA and the miserable WELLINGTON!

'With these eyes I saw their writing! With a coward eagerness they have signed the document, not once, but many times. So, you train yourselves before the popular car, do you? So, by devancing the ranks of the nation, armed for liberty, you think to hide your own liberticide projects? Miserable hypocrites! I unmasked at once their intentions to the agent of the CITIZEN FEARGOOSE, who showed me the parchments. He was much struck by what I said.

'Other names were mentioned in the inscribed, which will astonish the Statesman. SIR PEEL has signed it! What principles has he not already professed? PRINCE ALBERT, husband of the QUEEN, has signed it. Even the infamous PALMERSTON has written that name which has insulted France at the end of so many protocols.

'"Who are these SNOOKS's," asked the Citizen Commissary, "whose names I read so many times? It must be a numbrous

[1] Feargus O'Connell. A large percentage of the signatures were forged.

family of patriots that of SNOOKS, and merits well of the country. I should think there must be five hundred SNOOKS's at least on the parchment."

'My informant, smiling archly, said, "he thought there were!"

'"And will they all be in the field of honour to-morrow?" I asked.

'"Behind the barricades, my brother Citizen," responded BROWN, giving me a grasp of a hand, dirty but friendly. And putting his other hand to his nose, he playfully extended its fingers.

'CHEEKS the Marine also has signed: his corps of red-coats is with the people to a man. They garrison Portsmouth and Plymouth, and form the fighting force of all the ships of the fleet. After to-morrow the brave CHEEKS and his brethren will pull down the accursed old flag of the Union, and the tricolor shall float at every fort and mast-head in the harbours of Albion.

'The miserable coward *Punch* has also signed the petition: that tardy conversion shall not save him. Since he knew how to speak, this hunchback THERSITES of the press has prodigated insults to our country. A band of my followers shall avenge them to-morrow. CORNICHON.

'*Monday*, 10 *April*.'

. . . . . .

AN AFTER-DINNER CONVERSATION.[1]

COLONEL SIBBY,[2] an English gentleman and Member of Parliament.
MR. BENJAMIN DIZZY, ditto. ditto.
MR. Y. DOODLE, a gentleman from Philadelphia.
MR. CUFFEE, a Delegate.

Gentleman from Philadelphia. That cider we had at dinner was tarnation good, but d— your pickles, Colonel. Why, the stones on 'em's fit to choke a body.

Colonel. Cider! pickles! The cider was champagne, and the pickles are olives, MR. YANKEE. (*Aside*) What an ignorant son of a gun it is!

Mr. Benjamin. I never could understand, MR. CUFFEE, why an olive tree should have been selected as an emblem of peace.

[1] [April 29, 1848.] [2] [Colonel Sibthorp.]

It has an ungainly trunk, a scanty foliage, and a bitter fruit. It grows where no other trees will grow; I have seen it, SIBBY, lining the bleak hillsides of my native Syrian hills and speckling the mangy mounds which they call hills in Attica. BROUGHAM cultivates oil-yards at his place in Provence—a comfortable box enough, where he and I have speared a boar many a time. But the Greeks were fools in their choice of imagery. They call an olive tree peaceful, which neither gives shade nor fruit fit to speak of; as they call an owl wise, which only knows how to whoop in the dark, and is a beast unfit for daylight. Peace is a palm tree. Wisdom is the sun.

Colonel. What the deuce are you a-driving at, about suns, palm trees, owls, and emblems of peace? Pass round the claret, DIZZY, and give MR. CUFFEE a glass.

Cuffee. Thank ye, Colonel; I stick to port. And yours is uncommon rich and strong, to be sure. My service to you, gents. I suppose now you 'ave a reg'lar fish and soup dinner, as we 'ad, and wine every day?

Colonel. Ha, ha! Here's MRS. CUFFEE's health.

Cuffee. Thank ye, gents. She's gone out engaged professionally, with MISS MARTIN, or I'm sure she would like to 'ave 'ad her legs under *this* mahogany. What's the use of keeping the cloth on it? You ain't ashamed on it, Colonel, are you?

Colonel. Good for washing, you know. Ha, ha! had him there! How are you off for soap? Has your mother sold her mangle? Good for trade, don't you see?

Mr. Dizzy. We wrap up everything in this country, my worthy CUFFEE. We put a wig on my Lord Chancellor's head as we do powder on the pate of that servant at whom I saw you winking at dinner. We call a man in the House an honourable gentleman; we dish up a bishop in an apron. We go to Court dressed in absurd old-fashioned bags and buckles. We are as lavish of symbols as the Papists, whom we are always abusing for idol worship. And we grovel in old-world ceremonies and superstitions of which we are too stupid to see the meaning, the folly, or the beauty. Do you apprehend me, CUFFEE?

Cuffee. I'll take a back-hand at the port—hey, neighbour?

American Gentleman (shrinking back). I wish that man of colour would know his place.

Mr. Benjamin. You complain that the cloth is left for dessert; why was it on at dinner? The Colonel's soup would have been just as good on a deal-table.

Sibby. But where would MRS. CUFFEE and her mangle have been? No table-cloth, no washerwoman.

Cuffee. Washin' and luxuries be blowed, I say. What I want is that every man should have a bellyful, and (here's my health to you, Colonel) that there should be no superfluities. I say we 'ave as victuals and drink enough to support twenty men. Look at this table and all this year plate. This year gilt fork (don't be afraid, I ain't a-going to prig it, Colonel) would keep a family for a week. You've got a dozen of 'em. Why should you? I once 'ad two teaspoons marked with a C; but that was in 'appier times, and they are separated now. Why are you to 'ave dozens? What 'ave you done for 'em? You toil not, neither do you spin. You ain't a SOLOMON in all your glory, certainly. You are no better than me; why should you be better hoff? And not you only, but those that is higher than you. The time has come for doing away with these superfluities, and that's the great Principles of Freedom. Your health, Citizen.

Mr. Dizzy. If our friend the Colonel had no security for his spoons, those articles, which are indeed very elegant, would lose half their worth. My horse may be worth twenty pounds in London now; but if I am certain that the Government will take possession of him to mount the cavalry, my tenure in the brute becomes hazardous, and his value instantly drops. And suppose you were to make a general distribution of all the spoons in the kingdom—what would happen next? He would exchange his silver for bread; that is, the man who had the most bread would come into possession of the most spoons, as now. Would you commence the process over again? You propose an absurdity, MR. CUFFEE. No: our friend and host has as good a right to his forks as to his teeth; and may he long use both in the discussion of his meals.

Mr. Cuffee. The law of man and nature is—that a man should live, and that he is as good as his neighbour. No honest Chartist wants your rights: he only wants his own. The Aristocracy have managed matters for us so badly—have made themselves so rich and us so poor, by managing for us—that now we're determined to manage for ourselves. We can't be worse——

Mr. Dizzy. Yes, I say you can.

Mr. Cuffee. I say, again, we can't be worse; and that we are the strongest, and mean to have it. We'll come down in the might of our millions, and say we will be heard—we will be represented—we will be fed—or if not——

Mr. Dizzy. That's your Convention talk, CUFFEE—don't talk to *us* in that way.

Sibby. No, no; you may wish it, and you may wish you may get it; but since the 10th, I think that cock won't fight—— Ay,

my boy? I say, wasn't that a glorious sight, MR. DOODLE, to see a people rally round their Queen in the way that the citizens did?

Gentleman from P. Rally round the Queen! You would have had to go to Osborne to do that.

Cuffee (*with a satirical air*). Where His Royal Highness, the Prince, was a-taking care of HER MAJESTY.

Dizzy. Pish! the flag-staff was here, on Buckingham Palace arch, with the crown on the top—what matter that the flag was down? My dear sir, Monarchy is but a symbol, by which we represent Union, Order, and Property.

Sibby. Our Glorious Constitution, dammy!

Dizzy. And we can rally round a stick just as well as a living sovereign. The times are gone by when kings turned out with white panaches, and tilted against their enemies like so many dragoons. Would you have had HER MAJESTY on a side-saddle, haranguing the police, and His Royal Highness the Prince carrying a baton?

Cuffee. He is a Field-Marshal, ain't he?

Sibby. Ha, ha! Had him there, CUFFEE!

Dizzy. His Royal Highness is, so to speak, only an august ceremony. He is an attendant upon the Ark of the Monarchy; we put that out of danger when commotions menace us.

Cuffee. If a stick would do as well as a sovereign, why not have one? It don't cost as much—it never dies. It might be kep in a box lined with erming, and have a stamp at the end to sign the warrants. And it might be done for less than four hundred thousand a year.

Gentleman from P. We can do it for less in our country—our President, MR. POLK, for instance.

Dizzy. Your President, MR. POLK, cost you a Mexican war: how many millions of dollars is that? If in this country we were to have an election every year, a struggle for the President's chair every three years, men taking advantage of the excitement of the day, and outbidding each other on the popular cry, we should lose in mere money ten times as much as the Sovereign costs us. Look over the water at your beloved France, MR. CUFFEE.

Cuffee. Veeve la liberty (*drinks*).

Dizzy. They have already spent two hundred millions of our money in getting rid of old ULYSSES. What is the value of the daily produce of a nation? When MR. CUFFEE is professionally occupied, he earns—how much shall we say?

Cuffee. Say five bob a day, you won't be far wrong; and here's your health.

Dizzy. He loses thirty shillings every week, then, that he does not work; and either of free will or necessity spends it. If he does not work himself, if he prevents others from working, if he frightens customers, our worthy friend ties the hands of labour, and stops the growth of bread.

Cuffee. You mean by all these grand phrases that there will be a convulsion, during which the labour of the country will stop temporary?—of course there will. But then see how much better we shall be after, and how much freer to work! Why, give us our six pints (and have 'em we will) and this country becomes a regular Eutropia.

The Colonel. Explain—MR. CUFFEE—explain!

Mr. Cuffee. I will, gents, I will: but the bottle's empty, and, if you please, JOHN shall bring another, so as not to interrupt me.

[*The Colonel rings for more wine.*

ON THE NEW FORWARD MOVEMENT.[1]

A Letter from our old Friend, MR. SNOB, *to* MR. JOSEPH HUME.

STEEMED SIR,

Seldom directly meddling with politics, I offer a humble but particularly warm adhesion to the principles of your programme for the 24th. Any services in my line I beg you to command. I believe that the country is not fairly represented, and that Lord This coerced his voters at Stamford, while Mr. That purchased his at Kinsale. I blackballed CAPTAIN FITZWHISKERS at the club last week with perfect satisfaction, and without risk of personal collision with the Captain, who is since gone abroad, and I do not see why LORD EXETER'S tenants should not have a similar modest way of asserting their opinions. If ballot is an un-English

[1] [May 20, 1848.]

practice, I hope it will soon be an English one. If there were more parliaments, and more voters, I think there would be less bribery, and that even MR. ATTWOOD could not stand persuading electors too often. I stand by you respectfully, and am ready to adopt any peaceful and constitutional line of agitation which you shall think advisable.

If LORD JOHN RUSSELL will not come with us, I can conceive (with infinite pain) the possibility of doing without him. I had rather have bribery decreased than LORD JOHN RUSSELL at the head of affairs. I had rather that landlords should cease to bully, even, than that LORD JOHN should continue to be our chief. I can fancy that the world will go on even without him, and that the machine will not fall to pieces although this prodigious little pin be withdrawn. Let it have a coronet, gilt on its head, and be stuck in a cushion in the House of Lords.

I can even go some length with MR. COBDEN in his dangerous speech about the barbarous splendour surrounding the Crown. It is not the money, as some people object, so much as the sentiment. It will make very little difference to any man in England whether there is a silver stick or groom of the dust-pan more or less in the service of the Court, of which we all admire the modest English merits. But there are barbarous splendours about the precincts of Pimlico, that are ridiculous and immoral, rather than costly, against which MR. COBDEN has a right to cry out. Who could not name a score such?

It is very well for LORD JOHN to cry out and say that the British people love their QUEEN, that they will not grudge her any of the state which belongs to her dignity, that she is a model of private virtue, and that to meddle with her privileges is to meddle with the Constitution. What is the Constitution, my dear sir, *d'abord*? If the Constitution of to-day is the Constitution of the PRINCE REGENT'S time, every gentleman connected with this periodical would have passed years in gaol, as MR. LEIGH HUNT did. Good LAWS! how have we ridiculed a certain august hat, for instance; not because we are disloyal, but because the object was laughworthy. In QUEEN ANNE'S reign we should have had our ears cut off; by QUEEN ELIZABETH we should have been hanged without any mercy; and all under the exercise of the same Constitution. The Constitution roasted us indifferently for being Catholics or Protestants. If the Constitution is at the head of the nation, it is not BRITANNIA'S helmet, as it were, but her hair: it renews itself perpetually; it is cut off and grows again, and is curled in a thousand fashions—fashions is the word—the Constitution is the political fashion. The country may wear what

she likes—ringlets, or powder and a tail, or a Madonna bandeau or a Brutus crop.

And as for insinuating that a man is disrespectful to his QUEEN because he wishes to alter some of the present appurtenances of Royalty, I take the liberty to deny that charge with indignation. For instance, I love and respect my grandmother; but suppose she took it into her head to walk in the Park with a hoop and faldalas, and the second headdress above described, should we not have a right to remonstrate with the venerable lady? COBDEN has a right to look at the Court and say that many parts of it are barbarous and foolish. Beef-eaters are barbarous. Court-Circulars are barbarous. Gentlemen-Pensioners are barbarous. JONES with a black-satin bag going to Court with his sword between his legs, is barbarous. My old friend JEAMES, with his stick and bouquet, is an eminent and absurd barbarian. I hope to see them all sacrificed; and as for poor JEAMES, I am like MITCHEL and LORD CLARENDON, and exclaim, 'Either you or I must die, JEAMES.'

The day after the Drawing-Room, as I was walking down Pall Mall (with COLONEL BLUCHER and young HIGHLOWS, a relation of WELLINGTON'S, by the way), the Lord Mayor's coach passed down the astonished street, escorted by policemen, his Lordship, and the man who wears the muff, being inside; the Court of Aldermen and the Common Council, with blue gowns, following their chief in various cabs, broughams, and other vehicles.

When the hideous, monstrous, creaking, tumbling, lumbering old trap was built, in which his Lordship was seated, it was made after the fashion of the times, when people liked to travel slow, and was no doubt the best vehicle of a large sort which could be manufactured. Since then, railroads have learned to travel seventy miles an hour, and there's not a dustman's cart that doesn't go better than the wretched old mammoth coach, with its huge, old, ugly, clumsy, costly machinery, containing a magistrature just as costly, clumsy, and out of date. The little civilised boys in Pall Mall 'larked' the Lord Mayor and his friend in the muff; the street-sweeper looked at them with scorn, and the policemen marched with downcast faces as the carriage rumbled into the City, stopping up the way, annoying the passengers, interrupting the traffic, and occasioning the general discomfort.

Suppose the House of Commons had a jurisdiction, and should propose the civic rattle-trap should be abolished, or a new and more commodious carriage provided for the Lord Mayor. But my LORD JOHN replies, 'Beware of Republicanism. Dangerous

innovations are being practised everywhere. The people, it is my firm belief, are satisfied with their present institutions; and I have the happiness of thinking that the Lord and Lady Mayoress are the most excellent persons in their private capacity, and their private virtues exalt their lofty station. (*Hear.*) Her Ladyship attends to the household duties; never breakfasts in bed; looks to the tradesmen's books and the housekeeping; sees the children in the nursery, and walks out with her ladies of honour, in the pleasure-grounds of Billingsgate or Bunhill Row. His Lordship has prayers in the morning; does Justice business all day; dispenses hospitality in the evening; but is never more than half an hour away from the ladies over his wine. (*Immense cheers in which* MR. HUDSON *and* MR. BROTHERTON *join.*) And this being the case, what follows? Why, the consequence is obvious; they are virtuous; therefore they oughtn't to have a new coach. The old one has borne for two hundred years the battle and the breeze. It rolls, and as it rolls, for ever will roll on.' (*Immense cheers.*)

It was exactly the argument pursued in France by other little statesmen and ministers of a moral monarch. 'LOUIS-PHILIPPE is a model husband and father; therefore don't let us have any more reforms. Who dares say that this monarch does not sympathise with the country, when it is known that he takes tea and plays his rubber in the bosom of his family like the simplest *bourgeois?* What can the people want with public meetings, when the king sleeps on a straw mattress, and is a pattern of domestic propriety? Reforms, forsooth! Haven't we a Chamber, and an immense majority?' This was the argument up to the 23rd day of last February; but it had ceased to be very cogent on the twenty-fifth, when majority, monarch, and ministers had all disappeared from the scene.

And this point being, rather brutally, disposed of, there comes another argument, which people are very fond of putting, and is used by your Conservatives and Whigs with a triumphant air. 'Yes; they have got rid of their monarch and ministers,' says LORD JOHNNY or LORD TOMMY; 'but what have they taken in exchange? A howling democracy; a furious tyranny of 500,000 bayonets; a ruined Exchequer; a national bankruptcy; a general cessation of labour; and conspiracy to organise famine. Does not every man of sense prefer the moderate liberty of LOUIS-PHILIPPE to the monstrous licentiousness and the constant danger and terror of the present period? Would you have wild revolutionists yelling in London streets, and clubs and muskets governing the House of Representation?' The meaning of which is, that it is

better that a man should forgo his undoubted rights for the sake of peace and quiet, than that he should bestir and endanger himself to gain them.

But in this case MR. BANCROFT would never have been here as American Minister, that is clear; and the American colonies would be still paying their tax upon tea. We might still have had STUARTS on the throne, chopping off heads of LORD RUSSELLS for treason. The cause for which HAMPDEN and SIDNEY still occasionally perish after dinner, in those weak assemblies where the Whigs muster, was a rank rebellion; and MR. BARRY should design a Star Chamber in the new Houses of Parliament, where the dandy dealers in middle-age gimcracks were afraid to set up CROMWELL. Of course, no revolution is good for trade. People can't do two things at a time. It is impossible at once to work at a stocking loom and in a riot. But who is the cause of the riot? What was it that brought LOUIS-PHILIPPE smirking over the barricades of July, when all danger was over, and put him into a cab, and sent him out of the Paris gates in February? What was it that brought LORD JOHN into office in '32 and will send him out before many months are over? He can't stop, and keep all the world waiting behind him. He is at the head of the column, and must march with it, or shirk out of the rank and let it pass by, or stand and let it march over him.

In a country where there is a Press, Railroads, and Free Discussion, there is no need to have a fight at all. There must be two parties to fight; and the weaker one, which would lose most by the battle too, never will. And they may talk of a good cause as inspiriting a man to battle; but what can be more inspiriting than to know not only that your cause is good, but that your enemy is sure to run away without fighting?

It is to this I look, this which brings me with ardour to your ranks, and this prophecy, which I beseech you to remember in the hour of victory.

THE STORY OF KOOMPANEE JEHAN.[1]

SOME time after the death of AURUNGZEBE, a mighty prince held domination over India, from the seven mouths of the Ganges to the five tails of the Indus, who was renowned above most other monarchs for his strength, riches, and wisdom. His name was KOOMPANEE JEHAN. Although this monarch had innumerable magnificent palaces at Delhi and Agra, at Benares, Boggleywollah, and Ahmednuggar, his common residence was in the beautiful island of Ingleez, in the midst of the capital of which, the famous city of Lundoon, KOOMPANEE JEHAN had a superb castle. It was called the Hall of Lead, and stood at the foot of the Mountain of Corn, close by the verdure-covered banks of the silvery Tameez, where the cypresses wave and the zendewans or nightingales love to sing. In this palace he sate and gave his orders, to govern the multitudinous tribes which paid him tribute from the Cashmerian hills to the plains watered by the Irrawaddy.

The great KOOMPANEE JEHAN governed his dominions with the help of a council of twenty-four viziers, who assembled daily in the Hall of Lead, and who were selected from among the most wealthy, wise, brave, and eminent of the merchants, scribes, and warriors in the service of his vast empire. It must have been a grand sight to behold the twenty-four sages assembled in Durbar, smoking their kaleoons round the monarch's magnificent throne.

[1] [March 17, 1849.]

[It will at once be understood that 'Koompanee Jehan' stands for 'John Company,' a name under which figured the East India Company of former days; and 'the Hall of Lead' for the Company's headquarters in Leadenhall Street. The orientalised names will be easily recognised.]

It was only by degrees, and by the exercise of great cunning and prodigious valour, that the illustrious KOOMPANEE JEHAN had acquired the vast territory over which he ruled. By picking endless quarrels in which he somehow always seemed to be in the right, and innumerable battles in which his bravery ever had the uppermost, he added kingdom after kingdom to his possessions. Thus the Rajahs, Princes, and Emperors of India fell before the sword of his servants; and it is known that BOONAPOORT, TIPPOO SAHIB, the Mysore Sultan, and ISKENDAR SHAH, who conquered PORUS SINGH on the banks of the Indus, were severally overcome by the lieutenants of the victorious warrior who dwelt in the Hall of Lead. One of his chieftains, the great ELLEEN-BURROO, a stronger man than ANTAR himself, carried off the gates of Somnauth on his back, and brought them to the foot of the throne of the palace, on the Mountain of Corn, by the banks of the Tameez.

This mighty monarch, who had guns enough to blow this world into Jehanum, and who counted his warriors by lakhs, was, like many other valiant sovereigns, the slave of a woman; and historians assert that he gave up the chief government of his country to the Empress, his mother, the Queen of the Ingleez, of whom he was so fond that he could deny her nothing. He appointed the Captains and Colonels of his regiments, but the Empress nominated all the chief Generals; and the chiefs of KOOMPANEE JEHAN, who had carried his flag in a hundred battles, and notched their scimitars across the head-pieces of thousands of his foes, were not a little angry to see strangers put over them, who came from Lundoon smelling of musk and rose-water, and who got the lion's share of the honours, while they took no more (as who indeed can?) than the lion's share of the fighting. Thus, in a famous action in Kabool, a certain Captain of Artillery blew open the gates of the city, but it was the General, KEEN BAHAWDER, who was made a bashaw of three tails for the feat which the other had done; and for a series of tremendous actions on the Sutlej River, HARDING SHAH, SMITH SAHIB, and GOOF BAHAWDER were loaded with honours, and had their mouths well-nigh choked with barley-sugar; whereas one of KOOMPANEE'S own warriors, LITTLER SINGH, a better soldier than any of those other three, was passed over with scarcely a kind word.

In consequence of this system—for the Empress-mother would often cause her son to select Generals who had no more brains than a wezz or goose—disasters frequently befell KOOMPANEE JEHAN'S armies, and that prince had many a bekhelool or hard nut to crack. One army was waylaid and utterly destroyed, because the Queen-mother chose to give the command of it to an

officer, out of whom age and illness had squeezed all the valour: and another warrior, though as brave as ROOSTUM, yet was a hundred years old, and had been much better at home handling a pipe than a sword, for which his old hands were now quite unfit. Lion as he was, GOOF BAHAWDER did not remember that the enemy with whom he had to do were *derans* or foxes, and that a pack of foxes is more dangerous than a lion in a pit. Finding one day the enemy posted in a jungle, this GOOF BAHAWDER sent his troops in upon them helter-skelter; but some fled, many were slain, GOOF BAHAWDER had a dismal account of the battle to render, and when he claimed a victory, people only laughed at his ancient beard.

That is, they would have laughed, but the people of Lundoon were in too great a rage to be merry. Everywhere, in every house, from the highest to the lowest, from the Omrahs and Lords prancing about in the Meidan, to the camel-drivers in the streets, all men cried out; and the Indian soldiers said, 'Why is this old man to be left to jeopardise the lives of warriors, and bring our country to sorrow? If the Queen-mother *will* appoint chiefs for the armies of India, over the heads of those who are as brave and more experienced, let her give us men that are fit to lead us. Who is GOOF, and who is ELPHINSTOON, and who is KEEN, to whom you give all the honours? And what are they to compare to THACKWELL and LITTLER, to NOTT and POLLOCK KHAN?'

Now there was, when the news came to the City of Lundoon, that GOOF BAHAWDER had been beaten upon the banks of the Chenaub, a warrior who, though rather old, and as savage as a bear whose head is sore, was allowed by all mankind to be such a ROOSTUM as had never been known since the days of WELLINGTOON. His name was NAPEER SING. He, with two thousand men, had destroyed thirty thousand of the enemy: he despised luxury: he had a beak like an eagle, and a beard like a Cashmere goat. When he went into a campaign he took with him but a piece of soap and a pair of towels: he dined off a hunch of bread and a cup of water. 'A warrior,' said he, 'should not care for wine or luxury, for fine turbans or embroidered shulwars: his tulwar should be bright, and never mind whether his papooshes are shiny.' NAPEER SING was a lion indeed; and his mother was a mother of lions.

But this lion, though the bravest of animals, was the most quarrelsome that ever lashed his tail and roared in a jungle. After gaining several victories, he became so insolent and contemptuous in his behaviour towards KING KOOMPANEE JEHAN,

whom he insulted, whom he assailed, whom he called an old woman, that the offended monarch was glad when GENERAL NAPEER SINGH's time of service was out, and vowed no more to employ him.

It is related of NAPEER SINGH, that when he was recalled to the island of the Ingleez, he went into the Hall of Lead, where the monarch sate in full Durbar, knocked the heads of the twenty-four vizeers one against another, and seizing upon KING KOOMPANEE himself by the royal nose, pulled him round the room, and kicked him over among the sprawling Counsellors of his Dewan. I know not whether this tale is true; but certain it is, that there was a tremendous tchwash or row, and that when the king heard the General's name mentioned, he grew as yellow and as sour as an ilemoon or lemon.

When the news of GOOF's discomfiture came to Lundoon and the Hall of Lead, and the Queen of Feringhistan, all the Ingleez began to quake in their shoes. 'Wallah! wallah!' they cried. 'we have been made to swallow abominations! Our beraks have been captured from our standard-bearers; our guns have been seized; our horsemen have fled, overpowered by odds, and because GOOF BAHAWDER knew not how to lead them into battle. How shall we restore the honour of our arms? What General is there capable of resisting those terrible Sikhs and their Sirdars?'

The voice of all the nation answered, 'There is but one Chief, and his name is NAPEER SINGH.'

The twenty-four vizeers in the Hall of Lead, remembering the treatment which they had received from that General, and still smarting uneasily on their seats from the kicks which he had administered, cried out, 'No; we will not have that brawling SAMPSON—take any man but him. If GOOF BAHAWDER will not do, take GOOM BAHAWDER. We will not have NAPEER SINGH, or eat the pie of humility any more.'

The people still roared out, 'Nobody can help us but NAPEER SINGH.'

Now NAPEER SINGH was as sulky as the twenty-four vizeers. 'I go,' said he, 'to serve a monarch who has been grossly ungrateful, and whose nose I have tweaked in Durbar? Never, never!'

But an old General, nearly a hundred years old, very old, brave, and wise, the great WELLINGTOON, came to NAPEER SINGH and said, 'O Khan, in these times of danger men must forget their quarrels and serve their country. If you will not go to the Indus, I will go—one or other of us must.' They were two lions, two ROOSTUMS, two hooked-beaked eagles of war—they rushed into each other's arms, and touched each other's beaks. 'O Father,'

NAPEER SINGH said, 'I will go,' and he went forth, and he bought a piece of soap, and he got two towels; and he took down from the wall his bright and invincible tulwar.

Meanwhile the twenty-four vizeers and KING KOOMPANEE JEHAN had been taking council in the Hall of Lead. Many of the angry ones said, 'No, we will not appoint him our General.' Some of the wise vizeers said, 'Yes, we will appoint him; for without him we shall not have a kingdom at all.' At last the King himself, who was bajil—that is, very fat—rose up from his throne and said:

'O my Agas, Omrahs, Scribes, and men of war. There are many things which a man has to put into his imameh or pipe, which are hard to smoke, and have an unsavoury perfume: I have been smoking a chilum of this sort. A kick is not a pleasant thing to swallow, neither is a dose of senna. Adversity sometimes prescribes one, as the doctor orders the other. We have had all our beards pulled, we have been kicked round the room, we have been tumbled helter-skelter by this ROOSTUM. Bekhesm! Bismillah! my sides ache still with the violence of his papooshes. But what of this? If I am drowning, shall I refuse to live because a man pulls me out of the water by the nose? If I want to fly, shall I refuse a horse because he kicks a little? I will mount him in the name of Fate, and ride for my life. We know how strong this SAMSOON is; let him go in Heaven's name, and fight the enemy for us. Let him go. Make out his papers; give him a khelat, and a feast of honour!' And the wise and beneficent monarch sate down and puffed away at his kaleoon, as the twenty-four vizeers, bowing their heads, cried—'Be it as the King says.'

When the Ingleez heard of this Elemzshedeh, or good news, they all rejoiced exceedingly; and the Queen of the Ingleez clapped her hands for joy.

And as for NAPEER SINGH, he took his two towels, and his piece of soap, and his scimitar, and he went away to the ship which was to carry him to the sea.[1]

[1] [Sir Charles Napier appointed commander-in-chief, March 7, 1849.]

BRITISH HONOUR.[1]

A GENTLEMAN who frequents the House of Commons, dropped the following fragment of a letter in Westminster yesterday.

He can have it by calling at our office, and producing, or accounting for, the corresponding fragment.

'PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

'Dear BOB,—I have read through the Cuba and Porto Rica Sugar papers. The Spaniard SOTOMAYOR says England is pledged by treaties to consider Spain as the most favoured nation. If the most favoured nation, why are her sugars taxed at a higher rate than those of the United States and Venezuela?

'SOTOMAYOR asks for fair play for his country. Our friend ABERDEEN replies—"Yes, England *is* pledged by treaties; but the obligation imposed upon us is, to treat as the most favoured nation THE SUBJECTS of Spain, but not to treat the PRODUCE of Spain as Great Britain is now to treat the produce of the most favoured nation."

'When Lord STANLEY, at the Colonial Office, can thimblerig the New Zealand Company—when Lord ABERDEEN, as a British Minister and gentleman, can sign his name to an argument like this—good Lord! why is the Cabinet scrupulous? and how come you to strain at FITZROY KELLY?

'As for the South Eastern Railway business, upon my honour——'

. . . . .

Here the letter is abruptly torn away; and we cannot tell what the exalted writer's opinions upon the South Eastern Railway were.

HISTORIC PARALLEL.[2]

THE Standard says that SIR ROBERT PEEL administered to BEN D'ISRAELI 'the most terrific castigation' ever delivered by man. The *National* says SOULT thrashed WELLINGTON dreadfully at Toulouse.

[1] [July 12, 1845.] [2] [March 29, 1845.]

FOR THE COURT CIRCULAR.[1]

MR. BENJAMIN D'ISRAELI didn't take out MASTER ROBERT PEEL for an airing last week, but will do so on the very first opportunity. MASTER ROBERT is anxiously looking out for the promised holiday.

YOU'RE ANOTHER.

IN the late debate we find the following singular charges brought by honourable Members:—

D'ISRAELI accuses PEEL of being a humbug.
ROEBUCK accuses D'ISRAELI of being spiteful.
SIBTHORP accuses MURPHY of being a buffoon.

O shade of Horace! isn't it too good?

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.[2]

'I DON'T know,' said MR. SMITH, of the City, to MR. JONES, of St. James's, 'what the clubs say against SIR ROBERT, or in favour of LORD JOHN; but this I know—THE OMNIBUSES GO WITH SIR ROBERT PEEL.'

[1] [April 12, 1845.] [2] [July 4, 1846.]

PAPERS ON IRISH AFFAIRS.

YOUNG IRELAND.[1]

MR. PUNCH (OF *Punch*) TO MR. DAVIS (OF *The Nation*[2]).

'SIR,

'The custom of the British Press gives us leave to address great public characters. Any day in the week you may read specimens of such letters, which a regard for the National welfare induces individual patriots to send forth. Thus it was that JUNIUS (altogether without his Grace's concurrence no doubt) wrote to the DUKE OF GRAFTON: thus did MR. MACNEILL only yesterday address the DUKE OF WELLINGTON: thus, weekly, almost, LORD JOHN OR SIR ROBERT, or some great political authority, receives favours per the *Dispatch* Newspaper, and signed by the tremendous *Publicola*. In the same way let *Punch* be permitted, Citizen Editor, to approach you. I write not to DAVIS, of whom I never heard until now; but to the great leader of the Irish nation.

'I had never heard of *him* either until I found in your last week's Paper that you were the man. The pathetic row between yourself and O'CONNELL you describe as "the greatest peril the Association ever knew." Had there been a collision, you say that "the forces would not have been unmatched. Extreme language was used," you add, "and some of it to *us*." Now the extreme language was used to DAVIS: therefore DAVIS is *The Nation* newspaper: therefore a row with DAVIS was the greatest peril the Association ever knew: and therefore, your forces not being unmatched with DAN'S, you are equal to that illustrious leader. Allow me, as a *confrère*, to congratulate you upon this prodigious elevation you have attained—a position which has never before been achieved by a literary man.

[1] [June 14, 1845.]

[2] *The Nation* was the organ of the 'Young Ireland' party.

'Nor is it likely that a man of your genius will stop at mere equality. You and DAN only meet to repeal the Union: that point gained, you give pretty broad hints you will leave the Liberator behind. "Some Repealers think," you say, "that Repeal is, *under no circumstances, worth a drop of human blood.*" That's a hint at DAN's unreasonable squeamishness. "Others," you say, "have no particular objection to the sacrifice of life;" and you call upon your people to "organize" at some not distant anniversary, and to separate only in triumph.

'Fools that English statesmen are, and ignorant of the state of affairs in Ireland! It is DAN we fancy is still regnant. We don't know that you have come quietly in and deposed him. "How the deuce shall we appease the old fellow?" says PEEL to me. "How the dickens, Duke, are we to satisfy him?" says I to an illustrious warrior. We are all thinking about O'CONNELL, when—fiddle-de-dee—the pea is not under that thimble at all. It is no longer DAN, but DAVIS!

'Nor can the country be sufficiently admired and complimented which has chosen you for its leader. Your pretensions for it and yourself are so moderate—your schemes of government so wise, practical, and sound. Since the time of Marat there has not been a statesman like you. It is quite agreeable to think the great philosopher has not lived in vain, and to contemplate the Christian beauties of your political scheme.

'I wanted to have been present myself at the Martyrs' *Levée*, and had ordered a new suit of green and gold for the occasion; but somehow, when I came to put it on, the people here laughed at me. JUDY quizzed my foraging cap; my dog Toby snarled and bit at the gold lace on my legs; and as for the coat, I found the collar of it so uncommonly tight and choky *about the throat* that I couldn't help thinking—well, never mind what. I sold the things a bargain to MADAME TUSSAUD, and they are to figure in the *patriot* room betwixt the immortal THISTLEWOOD and the spotless victim of CHARLOTTE CORDAY before-mentioned. Well, the Martyrs' *Levée* has passed off brilliantly enough without the presence of *Mr. Punch* at the Rotundo; but grander than the Rotundo, or DAN in his chair; or 'the bugles of the people'; or the countless millions marshalled to welcome their martyrs,—is your article in the *Nation*.

'Bedad, dear Sir, it beats everything—it beats DAN's best. "We had," say you, "the elements of a National Convention, whose taxes the people would pay; round whose war-flag the people would rally; who could negotiate, legislate, battle and triumph! We *might* do all this," say you, "but we don't choose it. DAVIS

lets off the Imperial Government just at present. Thank Heaven we have breathing-time!

'"The Garrison of Dublin," you go on to say, "was paraded. Its cartridges were ready, its battalions were concentrated, to meet —unarmed citizens. Viceroy of the Alien! your precautions were cowardly." This is not merely fine eloquence, but very noble, courageous conduct too. I like the spirit of the fellow who goes up to a soldier, and shakes his fist in the tyrant's face, exclaiming—"You dastardly coward! you armed ruffian! you miserable bully! I could thrash you if I liked, but I don't choose;" for though the soldier has precise orders not to move out of his place, yet it is evident he *might* move, the blood-thirsty assassin!—and what right has he to be interposing his great bayonet and cartouche-box in the society of peaceful men!

'That you *are* peaceful there can be no doubt. For, though you say you might set up a war-flag, and levy taxes, yet you don't —and though you say "O, men of Ireland, you will not unite, organize, and meet US at some not distant anniversary to separate only in triumph." Yet, have US fixed that anniversary? No; and it is manifestly gross cowardice to prepare against it. Though you call the Lord Lieutenant "Viceroy of the Alien," which means that the QUEEN is an alien, yet, does it follow that you are disloyal? He is an oppressor, tyrant, rascal, liar, blood-thirsty murderer—Saxon, in a word—who says so.

'Ah! dear Sir, don't fancy we are all indifferent to your wrongs. Europe must contemplate with horror the atrocious tyranny under which you labour. Three or four hundred thousand of you can't meet as in other countries, and hurl defiance at an iniquitous Government,—but troops must get ready their cartridges forsooth! You can't make little attempts to disunite the Empire, but some of you are clapped into prison. Every nation and every regular Government in Europe must look down with profound pity upon this tremendous oppression, and join with you in your appeals for liberty. That appeal, by the way, is perhaps the richest *morceau* of all!

'"O liberty, liberty! for which SARSFIELD fought, and TONE *organized!* Liberty gained at Clontarf and Dungannon—lost by division—come, come quickly, we are athirst for freedom!"

'Come quickly, thou celestial nectar-bearer: MR. DAVIS, of *The Nation*, is thirsty! And what is the draught to soothe his parched vitals?—no half-and-half liberty—no small-beer freedom. MR. DAVIS likes a rosier liquor. He means *blood*—out with the word at once. Every man has his taste; and why balk this Christian philosopher? This Protestant logician wants back the

liberty which SARSFIELD fought for - being neither more nor less than JAMES THE SECOND. This peaceful leader wants the liberty for which TONE *organized*. Mild word! TONE organized the Croppy and Tory cut-throats; he "organized" the Catholic pikes which massacred at Wexford; and the Protestant torches which fired the hospital at Enniscorthy; he "organized" a French invading army, which was to bring freedom in its train, as is the wont of French armies to do; and he "organized" the slaughter of thirty thousand men in his country by pike and gun—the horrible and unheard-of tortures—the bigotry, ruffianism, and cowardice—the lies and treason—and that legacy of hatred which a dying war always leaves behind it, and which great spirits, like that of DAVIS, are eager to share.

'If your darling NAPOLEON, in whose camp TONE "organized" had been brought over to Ireland by that skulking martyr, it is possible that the country would not have enjoyed its monster meetings; that Mr. O'CONNELL would not have been allowed to levy his rent, or to wear his Irish crown; and that we should have lost that inestimable benefit—the pleasure of reading *The Nation* newspaper.

'What would have been your vocation then, and what the bent of your sublime genius?—but why ask? MR. DAVIS, of *The Nation*, was not born then. MR. DAVIS is a young gentleman, no doubt, who was not breeched very long before the passing of the Catholic Emancipation Act. The leader who is to measure strength with O'CONNELL has not had a beard very long; and began to shave a good forty years after TONE, the organizer, had used his last razor. But why meddle with edged tools?—it's dangerous work!

'In the meantime, and until young DAVIS has mastered old DAN, let us see fairly the state of things:—The Irishmen assemble by millions, and the British tyrant does nothing. O'CONNELL reigns and levies tax, and the British tyrants let him. DAVIS calls the QUEEN an alien; the army cowards; instigates "triumph"; has no objection to blood; incites, infuriates, simple folk; and the British tyrant has not a word to fling at him. If his eloquence should bring about commotion, be the blood on the British tyrant's head, not on DAVIS's. I feel assured that this is the feeling of every just man in Europe; and that all governments admire your orderly spirit, would court your peaceful alliance, applaud the infallible means by which you would secure your national prosperity, and detest the monstrous despotism which bows your meek spirit down.

'Farewell, dear Sir. Continue to rouse patriotism, and to

benefit your country. It is a sweet place now; but, ah! what a Paradise it will be, if you can realise your delightful plans regarding it! PUNCH.'

'APPEAL TO ROME!'[1]

WHEN the Irish Colleges' Debate was coming on at the beginning of the week, the *Chronicle* kindly took the pains to consult HANSARD for MR. O'CONNELL, and put before the old gentleman his early opinions upon the beauty and loveliness of mixed education. His arguments were very strong, and his language charmingly pathetic:—

Can you, who are convinced of the truth of your church, dread the consequences of a fair development of the public mind by education? I have heard a great many arguments against this plan of education in common—but it is a powerful argument, on the other hand, that there is nothing more desirable than that the youth of this country, separated as they are by twenty-five or twenty-six leading persuasions, should, *while the unsophisticated and affectionate feelings of youth are warm in their bosoms, have the inestimable advantage of mixing together in friendly and undoubting intercourse,* so that the angry and jealous passions which may afterwards come upon them may be assuaged by the gentle recollections of their youthful friendships.

Beautiful! beautiful! it's as touching as the Sorrows of Werther. DAN must have been very much obliged to the *Chronicle* for bringing these 'gentle recollections' of his forward; though they may possibly have spoiled 'a speech of remarkable power' in a different way.

But if the old Liberator could not speak, there was a young one at hand with the new doctrine—and a very pretty doctrine it is, too—which, as we all know the freedom of speech which the Liberator allows to his members, may be supposed to be that of the devout papa as well as the godly son who propounds it.

Because MR. WYSE, of Waterford, approves of the Irish Colleges' Bill, MR. JOHN O'CONNELL says, WYSE is a schismatic Catholic; and consigns him—never mind whither.

The Irish Bishops don't approve of the Bill—every Catholic ought to listen to his Bishops—if he refuses he is a schismatic, and the end of schism is—never mind what.

If you are dissatisfied with the Bishops, MR. JOHN says, you have one remedy—AN APPEAL TO ROME. So Rome is to be the

[1] [July 5, 1845.]

mistress when the empire is disunited; and Repeal means the supremacy of the Pope in Rome! One can hardly believe the words, though they stare you in the face.

MR. O'CONNELL said,

> He obeyed the prelates of his Church (*hear*): for who were the ecclesiastical authorities for the Catholics of Ireland, but the Bishops of Ireland? He told the right hon. gentleman again, that he ought to look to Rome, and not to the House of Commons, for advice on this subject. Even if this House were composed wholly of Roman Catholics, it would be no tribunal to bring a question before, which was between him and the Bishops of Ireland. Here was the declaration of the Catholic Bishops—the authority which he believed *to be the supreme authority in Ireland, controllable only by the Sovereign Pontiff*, declaring this Bill was dangerous to the faith and morals of the Catholic people.

Look here, gentlemen Repealers, at the kind of freedom which your Liberator has in store for you.

If people are to pay filial obedience to these ghostly fathers, there is no end to the paternal homage they may see fit to exact. If the Bishops interfere about a lecturer on anatomy or jurisprudence, why not about a family matter, a bargain, or a lease? They have a right to choose your library: suppose they advance a right to control your ledger? Suppose the Bishops demand it, as a Catholic you must obey—always with the liberty of appealing to Rome.

Here is the O'CONNELL creed in the nineteenth century:—'Down with the British, and on your knees to the Pope. Away with the Saxon, and put your trust in the Roman.' As we write this, we begin to boil and foam over like *The Standard*.

There is MR. DAVIS, of *The Nation*, who pants for freedom, and would not mind a little blood-letting to procure it. Well, MR. DAVIS, suppose the Saxon done for, and see what comes next—a reign of Catholic Bishops and the Pope supreme.

Dare you preach against this as you preach against English tyranny? Dare you rebel against DAN and his supreme Pope, as you would against us oppressors over the water? Do you men, who assume to be the leaders of the Liberal party in Ireland, acknowledge this doctrine? acquiesce in a supremacy which has been tried in, and kicked out of, all Europe? It would seem as if you did. It would seem as if those ardent spirits that bluster about cutting English throats are so cowed, that if O'CONNELL were to set up the Inquisition they daren't protest—and these are the men who shriek out for liberty, and gasp for the freedom 'for which SARSFIELD fought, and TONE organized.'

PUNCH'S TRIBUTE TO O'CONNELL.[1]

As the day comes round when the grateful millions, whom you are making so wise, industrious, and happy, are clubbing their halfpence for your benefit, it becomes us all, dear DAN, to offer our *quota* of admiration to you; and I hereby send you my contribution, in a coin with which you are yourself in the habit of relieving the necessitous—I mean a little slack jaw. In a case of necessity in your country, you are always the very first to come down with a subscription of that sort.

And I wish to Heaven that poor Paddy, who has no lack of the commodity, and takes it from you so kindly, would but pay you back, in this present hard season, in the same circulating medium. I am not averse to the subscription-box at most times. A good crowd—a good rattling scene between me and *Judy*, or me and the devil—and 'now gentlemen and ladies,' my man goes round for the subscription, and the coppers come tumbling into the tin. I don't like that vulgar cant of calling it a begging-box: we are worthy of our hire, both of us.

But there are times and seasons to take the money from poor devils who are starving!—actually starving! To be going round for money just now in Ireland—to take the last pence of the poor, ragged, kindly, hungry, foolish creatures—it turns my gorge somehow. You can't be going to accept the money. Do without this time. If you have none, go down to Derrynane, and go tick; but don't take the poor devils' money. For the credit of us adventurers who live on the public, and who are said to be good-natured and free-handed—rogues as we are—stop the collection of the coppers, just for this once. I know the old gag about 'forsaking great professional emoluments,' and so forth. But let them off this time—the poor starving rogues—the good-natured simple Paddies, who roar at all your jokes, huzzay at all your lies, come leagues upon leagues to attend your show, and have paid their money so often!

'Dives and Lazarus' is bad enough, and the contrast of the poor man's sores and the rich man's purple. But put it that DIVES absolutely begged the money from LAZARUS, and grows fat while the other starves, it will be even so if you take these folks' money—but I am again growing too serious.

Not that I quarrel with a joke, my dear professional friend, or am jealous of yours; but I think, of these latter days, you have

[1] [November 15, 1845.]

been a trifle too facetious. That excessive good humour the which you have flung into the discussion of the Starvation Question—or rather that airy gaiety with which you have eluded it—hopping facetiously away from it when pressed upon you, and instead of talking about the means of preventing your countrymen's ruin, telling a story about the coolness of the LORD LIEUTENANT's rooms, or having a fling at the Saxon, or telling a lie about *The Times'* Commissioner,—struck me as rather out of place. A joke is a joke, and nothing can be more pleasing than a lie (we will call it a hoax) in its proper place—but not always. You wouldn't cut capers over a dead body, or be particularly boisterous and facetious in a chapel or a sick-room; and I think, of late, dear Sir, you have been allowing your humour to get the better of you on occasions almost as solemn. For, isn't Hunger sacred? isn't Starvation solemn? And the Want of a nation is staring DANIEL O'CONNELL in the face, and the LIBERATOR replies with a grin and a jibe.

All the country is alarmed by the danger, and busy devising remedies to meet it. The gentlemen of Kerry subscribe *£8000*, the LIBERATOR subscribes the Advice that corn shall not be sent out of the country. The LORD LIEUTENANT does all that such a feeble, absurd ceremony as a Lord Lieutenant *can* do gives a ceremony of consolation; says, Government has employed scientific men, will send for others, and so forth. DAN sneers at the scientific men because they are Saxons, and fancies he covers his own astounding selfishness and indifference by this brutal clap-trap. The people come flocking to Conciliation Hall to know what DAN will do what *he'll* propose, God bless him! that's to get them out of the scrape? and he puts up MR. DILLON BROWNE to indulge in ribald jokes against Agricultural Societies; and he himself amuses the meeting with a piece of lying buffoonery about *The Times'* Commissioner. He owns it is a lie; boasts and chuckles over the lie. 'If he wasn't turned out of the house, as I declared he was, he *ought* to have been turned out,' and all the audience roar. What an audience, and what an orator! Think of the state of mind of the poor fellows who have been got to like and listen to such matter! who, perishing themselves with hunger, still feed and fatten him to whom in their extremity (when every man with a heart in his breast is devising plans for their rescue) the old cynic, who wallows in their bounty, does not offer a shilling; but for all advice, jeers and belies their English brethren who, by God's help, are able and willing to assist them, and for all consolation entertains them with lies and *lazzis*. I think it was the French newspapers who called you the Irish

MOSES; and now the people are calling upon their deliverer, and behold, out comes JACK PUDDING!

My brazen old brother buffoon! If I had the ear of your Paddies in Conciliation Hall I would tell them a story:—'During the Consulship of PLANCUS, when I was green and young, I had a dear friend, who for some years made a very comfortable income out of me, by cheating me at cards. He was an exceedingly agreeable, generous, social fellow, and professed and felt, no doubt, a warm regard for me; for he used always to win and I to pay with unalterable confidence and good-humour. I furnished his house for him, I paid his tailor's bills, I kept the worthy fellow in pocket-money. Win what he would, I *wouldn't* believe he was a cheat. At last, as I insisted on not discovering his practices, my jolly friend did not give himself the trouble to hide them; and one day, when we were playing a friendly game at *écarté* together, I saw him with a selection of eight or nine trumps and court cards comfortably spread in his lap, from which he supplied his hand as he wanted.'

God save the Greens! I leave the amateurs of good jokes on the other side of the Channel to determine the moral of this fable. Who are the green ones there? and whose confidence and blindness are so inconceivable, that the old sharper who takes their money scorns even to hide the jugglery by which he robs them.

PUNCH.

MISS MALONY AND FATHER LUKE.[1]

Patrick Street, Cork,
Nov. 20.

MISS BIDDY MALONY presents her compliments to *Punch*, and begs to submit to him the following statement:—

'My grandmother dying, and the winther comin' on (she was the daughther to the MULLIGAN, of Castle Mulligan, and cousin by the mother's side, who was a FITZSIMONS, of Clonakilty, to the Right Honourable the EARL OF BALLYWHACKET), I thought I could do nothing betther with the legacy which she left me (Heaven rest her sowl!) than purchase me a new muff and tippet. I saw a sweet sable shuit at MR. FITZGIBBON'S, in Great George Street—and (as nothing looks better with mourning, or shuits my complexion better) I purchased muff, boa, and cuffs, complete. A more elegant set of furs there is not in all Cork; as for MRS. KINAILY'S pelisse that she brags of these two years, I believe they're dyed—I know her *hair* is: but this, please not to mention.

'Sunday last was a sweet cold morning, and I went to eight o'clock mass with my dear AMALIA BRODIGAN, who was dying with envy of the tippet and muff. There wasn't a lady in Chapel but I believe was in a fury with poor me—a sad frame of mind, *Mr. Punch*, to go to Chapel in!

'FATHER LUKE no sooner catches sight of my new sables than he frowns on me as if they didn't become me: and O, Sir! fancy my horror when he stands up and exhorts the congregation from the altar, looking steadfastly at me all the while.

'"Women of Ireland": says he, "women descended from those three hundthred virgins whom the bloody Saxon CROMWELL slew at Wexford; women who inhabit a land whose valleys are the greenest, whose rivers are the clearest, whose mountains are

[1] [November 29, 1845.]

the highest in the worrrld. What sacrifices are you prepared to make to that bleeding, that beautiful counthree? The wicked Saxon has blighted the potato-crop, and rejoices in the prospect of the national famine. The agonies of our children feast his heart with hellish joy; do they awaken no sympathies in yours? Are you not prepared to do everything to rescue your starving countrymen? Our Sublime Liberator permits it: enjoins it. That Great Philanthropist cannot subscribe himself, for he is poor—but he calls upon you, his children, to make every sacrifice. Father of our counthry, shall not your daughthers obey you?" We were all affected to tears of rage against the Saxon—whom, except yourself, dear *Punchy*, and perhaps CAPTAIN SMITH, of the 190th (with whom I danced at Mallow Race-ball), and who is a very nice young man, I detest cordially—and we protested we were ready to make any sacrifice for our suffering countrymen. Then, *Mr. Punch*, came the cruel cruel attack on poor me!

'"Any sacrifice?" roars FATHER LUKE. "Can you talk of sacrifices, who have spent fifteen guineas on a muff and tippet? you, who are decking yourself with fine raiment when your country is in mourning?—you, who are flaunting in gorgeous apparel when Ireland is naked and cold?" Every eye in the chapel turned towards me: the people round about moved away from me and left me alone: and as for that odious MISS BRODIGAN, she gave a grin of triumph, much more becoming a fiend than a Christian woman and cousin of my own, which she is, the BRODIGANS of Brodigan Town being connected with the Loonys of Drumclubber—first cousins of ours, as everybody knows.

'Well, Sir, I left the chapel in anguish of mind, as you may fancy; and have had all Cork calling upon me since to condole with me. But I want to know—was it quite fair for his Reverence to attack me? I paid my thirty-shilling note to the Tribute; every blessed Sabbath I put my shilling in the plate: I may have my charities, too, at home; but there is no call to publish them; and I think it's cruel entirely that I should be forbidden to purchase in the shops, and that FATHER LUKE will not let me and my poor boa and tippet alone; I, who subscribed to the silver tea-service, too, which the Ladies gave him. I warrant you he didn't cry out at the extravagance of *that*.

'Please, dear *Mr. Punch*, take my case in hand, and defend your constant reader, the poor defenceless innocent

'BIDDY MALONY.'

THE NEW PEERS SPIRITUAL.[1]

WE knew that the Irish Lord-Lieutenants could make knights, but His Excellency LORD CLARENDON has just created a whole batch of Lords out of the Irish Roman Catholic Episcopal Bench. And we congratulate his Amplitude the LORD ARCHBISHOP MACHALE and his right reverend brethren, on the recognition of their Lordships.

The great fun will be to see the cordiality with which their Lordships the Protestant Bishops will receive their Lordships the Catholic Bishops, when the Romish Episcopal deputation comes to town. We hear, from the best anthority, that His Amplitude the ARCHBISHOP of TUAM will put up with the PRIMATE OF IRELAND in Charles Street; while the LORD DOVE, of Galway, will have his nightcap got ready for him at London House.

To make matters comfortable to both parties, DR. PUSEY will act indifferently as Chaplain to the LORD BISHOP OF LONDON and to His Grace the LORD ARCH-LION OF JUDAH.

On landing at Liverpool, their R.C. Lordships will be complimented in an appropriate manner by MR. MACNEILE, and will take a lunch at his residence previous to their departure for London.

DR. CROLY, of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, will be in waiting at the Euston Square Terminus to receive their R.C. Lordships, where the Editor of *The Standard* will also congratulate them in a Hebrew oration.

A deputation of young ladies from Belgravia, barefooted, and lighted with tapers, will march from St. Benet's, Knightsbridge, headed by the incumbent and his curates, and will sing a Latin canticle under the windows of London House (by the ABBE PROUT), accompanied by FATHER NEWMAN on the bassoon. Both prelates will bless the fair choristers from the middle drawing-room window, after which they will put on their shoes and stockings and finish the evening at Almack's.

MR. MOSES, the eminent tailor, has been employed to manufacture the Court dresses, in which the Most Reverend and Right Reverend prelates will appear before HER MAJESTY.

The Lord Archbishop will be led to the throne by the LORD

[1] [November 6, 1847.]

[This is an allusion to the projected visit to London of the Irish Roman Catholic Bishops, who had only recently been recognised by the British Government.]

BISHOP OF OXFORD, who will present his Grace, in company with the Lord President of the Wesleyan College, Hackney, giving a hand to each. The Chiefs of the other religious denominations are also to be advanced to the Peerage, but the titles of their Lordships have not yet been determined. Some difficulty is made about his Grace the Lord Chief Rabbi, who claims to take precedence of every one of the new nobles, and from the fact that both His Grace and the Lord Quakers persist in keeping their hats on in the presence of Royalty.

MR. PUNCH FOR REPEAL[1]

MY DEAR RAY[2]—If the office of Repeal Warden for the Fleet Street district of London is vacant just now, I would be very glad to offer the humble services of self and paper to forward the good cause which you have at heart. The Repeal ranks, I am happy to tell you, are rapidly increasing in this country. The exertions of your amiable clergy and leaders are procuring a host of converts. By a little judicious management and further perseverance, you may make your favourite measure so popular in England that the best Irish patriots will be surprised, and that the most selfish Saxons among us will desire no longer to baulk you. You have but to continue in a course of resolute begging and cursing, and I make no doubt the desired end will be brought

[1] [February 26, 1848.]

[2] Thomas Matthew Ray was the Secretary of the Loyal National Repeal Association of which O'Connell was the head.

Mr. M. H. Spielmann has recorded that this paper, in which *Mr. Punch* makes the mock confession of his conversion to Repeal, is based upon John O'Connell's letter to 'My dear Ray' on the subject of the generous collection made in Notre Dame in Paris, on the occasion of a service held there in memory of his father.

about, and the disgusted Saxon will be anxious to break off from a Union which only brings him back bad language for his money.

I, for my part, confess myself converted. TUAM and GALWAY staggered my belief, and ARCHDEACON LAFFAN uprooted it altogether. I am for a quiet life, and a Parliament where you may compliment one another. What is the use of meddling? It is expensive and not useful. There is a fellow near the National Gallery of London, who keeps what he calls 'a happy family,' whereas it is a family of slaves the tyrant lords over. They dis-

orderly! I warrant if they were left to themselves, they would be quiet before long. There might be a slight quarrel at first; a few feathers would be scattered about the cage, probably; some members of the family might be missed from their perches; but the end would assuredly be peace.

I calculate that ARCHDEACON LAFFAN, like a venerable worthy Christian as he is, has made the country a present of many scores of thousand pounds. I will put my own case, not for the sake of ostentation but illustration. I give a £5 note to the Irish fund in '46; I am ready with another for the winter of '47. The Archdeacon preaches a eulogy upon the dashing lads of Tipperary, and

says that there is no cowardly Englishman of us all that has the pluck to stand behind a hedge and fire a few slugs into a dastard of a landlord. The purse-strings close up. Tipperary shall have no more of it. We can lay it out at better interest in this country.

Of how many well-disposed English gentlefolks of his own persuasion do you suppose the ARCHBISHOP of TUAM has buttoned up the breeches pockets? No gentleman prefers to be cursed for a scoundrel, or to be abused as a thief and ruffian, when he is coming with the best intentions to relieve an amiable fellow-creature in distress. If you take out a plate of broken victuals to a beggar you do not expect that he will throw them in your face, and condemn the poor innocent eyes into which he flings them. At least (whatever their desires may be) the infernal artifice and shrewdness of English gentlemen in distressed circumstances induces them to keep their tongues quiet when they are actually on the begging business, and never to curse those from whom they hope to beg again, until they are out of hearing. The English are naturally niggardly and timid villains. We are obliged to coax and wheedle them into charity; they are too glad of a pretext for buttoning up; and the national cowardice of our alms-givers will no more face a little abuse and foul language than an Italian sailor will put out to sea in rough weather.

We cannot help it. We are—as you kindly and constantly show us—naturally cowardly and deceitful. You are open and courageous in Ireland. I admire the frankness of a man who holds out his hand, and says, 'For the love of Heaven, you infernal scoundrel, give me your money, and I should like to dash your brains out.' I admire him; and that, I say, is why I am and declare myself a Repealer. I am for not being abused, for not having to pay money any more, and for not having my brains dashed out.

I have been led into the above amiable train of thought by looking over one or two late Irish newspapers, and the excellent MR. JOHN O'CONNELL'S letter from Paris to his dear RAY. He went to church, he says, where a funeral oration was pronounced over his late father by the ABBÉ LACORDAIRE, and where ladies, the noblest, the fairest in the land, went round through the immense crowd, when the sermon had concluded, to collect for the relief of the suffering people of Ireland, and even the very poorest there contributed his mite with a willing and an overflowing heart:—

'O how the contrast struck me when I saw the artisan, the humble mechanic, the poor stall-keeper, thus generously and cheer-

fully giving to the relief of the Irish (with whom his country is bound in no bonds of state connexion), between the conduct of these poor men and the heartlessness of the statesmen, and legislators, and press-writers of wealthy England, who, after plundering us for centuries, refuse us the smallest assistance in the extremity of that misery which has been brought upon us by English misrule!'

It is clear from the above, that the French congregation at Notre Dame subscribed a great deal more than all England; and I wish you joy, my dear RAY, of the handsome sum paid up. It is clear that the English press-writers and others have been plundering MR. J. O'CONNELL and friends for centuries; that we have brought a potato disease upon you and denied you the smallest relief; that four or five hundred thousand pounds paid over honestly, squeezed out of all sorts of pockets—from rich men by hundreds, from men of small means in small remittances, from mechanics, private soldiers, maid-servants, school-children, in sixpences and pennies—is not the smallest relief at all, and, indeed, is a much less sum than five or six thousand francs collected in the plates at Notre Dame.

I don't know, for my part, about having plundered MR. O'CONNELL for centuries; but I suspect that the famous Irish monarch, whose crown was on his royal father's coach panels, might have slept without much fear of robbers; and as for potatoes, beyond eating them, I vow I never did one a harm.

Now you have got the French subscription, you will be set up till potato time, and too proud to calculate what you have lost by abuse of us. MR. JOHN O'CONNELL may calculate how much we haven't given this year if he likes, and add the sum to the millions which we already owe you. But oh! my dear RAY, would it not have been more prudent to have taken even an instalment, and to have let in our alms duty free?

With three cheers for the good old cause, I have the honour to inclose my year's subscription, and to remain

Yours,

PUNCH.

P.S.—The Ruffian Saxon Ministry, in bringing forward its measures of finance, has again spared you the Income Tax—another dastardly slight of Old Ireland.

IRISH GEMS.[1]

FROM THE 'BENIGHTED IRISHMAN.'

OUR troops having smashed through that castle, and pulled down that flag, which now floats over the butcher CLARENDON and his minions, a flood of prosperity will rush into the country, such as only the annals of the Four Masters gives count of. Since the days of BRIAN BOROIMHE such days of peace, plenty, and civilisation shall not have been known as those that are in store for our liberated Erin.

There will be a Capital. The Ambassadors of the foreign Powers will bring their suites and their splendours to the Court of the Republic. The nobility will flock back in crowds to our deserted squares. Irish poplin will rise in price to ten shillings a yard, so vast will be the demand for that web by the ladies of our city. Irish diamonds will reach the price of the inferior Golconda article. Irish linen and shirtings will rise immensely. Indeed, all Irish produce, not being depreciated by the ruinous competition for gold, will augment in value.

Debt at home and absenteeism have been the curses of our country. Henceforth there shall be no absenteeism, and no debt.

He who refuses to live amongst us is not of us—the soil is for the inhabitants of the soil.

I have already, my dear friends, instructed you in the manner in which every one of you may get a cheap and handsome property for himself, viz. by holding possession of that which you at present occupy. For, as every man has an indefeasible right to subsistence, and as Nature produces for the good of all, it is

[1] [April 15, 1848.]

manifestly right that the many should have the possession, and not the few.

If a landlord should object to this arrangement (who is but a mere accident on the face of the earth), for the love of God, boys, get rifles and blow his brains out. It is much better that a few landlords should perish, and their families (who have been living on the fat of the land hitherto, and may therefore take a turn of ill fortune) should starve, than that multitudes should die of want.

And thus the curse of quarter-day will be removed at once from this island: and after a very little necessary slaughter. For depend upon it, that when two or three landlords have been served in the way recommended by me, the rest will not care to be pressing for rents. The butchers who govern us instituted the system of hanging for this very reason: arguing that one example before Kilmainham deterred numbers of waverers; and we may be sure that the rifle, rightly employed, will act upon an aristocrat just as well as upon a housebreaker; for, are not men *men*, whether clad in Saxon ermine, or in the rude frieze-coats of our miserable fatherland? Out with your rifles, boys, in the name of humanity.

They say that the property of Ireland is mortgaged in a great degree, and for the most part to the brutal Saxon shopkeepers and pedlars. You will have the advantage of getting your land entirely free; there will be no manacle of debt to weigh down the free arms which are henceforth to till the beloved soil of our country.

And, the land being unencumbered, you will have the further advantage of being able to invite capitalists to aid you with money to conduct the operations of agriculture. Glorious America, which sympathises with you sincerely, will be much more ready to lend its capital upon unencumbered than on encumbered property. And we shall negotiate loans in her magnificent commercial cities, where I have no doubt there will be a noble emulation to come to the aid of a free Irish nation.

The idea of sending cattle and pigs to England, to feed Saxon ruffians, is then to be scouted henceforth by all honest Irishmen. We will consume our own beef and pork by our own firesides. There is enough live-stock in this island to give every regenerate Irishman good meals of meat for the next year ensuing; and our lands, notoriously the greenest and most fertile in the world, will have fed up a similar quantity by the year 1850. Thus, we shall never want henceforth; and while we fatten and flourish, we shall see the Saxon enemy decay.

And, as the beef-fed scoundrels cannot live upon cotton and hardware, we shall have the satisfaction of reducing the prices of those commodities, and getting them at a much more reasonable rate than that at which the accursed money-mongers now vend them.

FROM THE UNITED 'IRISHWOMAN.'

THE DUTIES OF OUR WOMEN.

In the coming time the weapon nearest at hand is always the cheapest. Only *dilettanti* go about picking and choosing. Shillyshallyers are cowards. Brave men are always armed.

Brave men and brave women, a few suggestions to housekeepers we have already given; we could supply thousands more.

There is no better weapon, for instance, than one which is to be found in every house in the refined quarter of the metropolis. A grand piano sent down upon a troop of hussars will play such a sonata over their heads as the scoundrels never marched off to. A chimney-glass is a rare thing for smashing. I should not like to be the Saxon assassin upon whom some white-armed girl of Erin flung it.

Pokers and tongs everybody will know the use of. A cut-steel fender is an awkward thing for a dragoon to ride over. A guardsman won't look well with a copper coal-scuttle for a helmet.

Ladies' linen will make the best of lint. A laced handkerchief tied round a wounded warrior's brow will be well bestowed. I have seen a servant in college knocked down by a glossy boot, ever so slight, of varnished leather: if a footman, why not a private soldier? Have at him, ladies, from the bedroom windows. Your husbands will be away yonder at the barricades.

A hot saddle of mutton, flung by cook into the face of a bawling Saxon Colonel, will silence him; send the dish-cover with it; or at tea-time try him with the silver tea-urn. Our wife has one. She longs for an opportunity to fling it, heater and all, into a Saxon face.

Besides the bottle-rack, the use of which and its contents are evident, your husband will leave the keys of the cellar with you, and you know what to do. Old port makes excellent grape-shot; and I don't know any better use which you can make of a magnum of Latouche than to floor an Englishman with it.

Have at them with all the glasses in your house, the china, the decanters, the lamps, and the cut-glass chandelier.

A good large cheese would be found rather indigestible by a Saxon if dropped on his nose from a second story. And the children's washing tub artfully administered may do execution. Recollect, it is a tub to catch a whale.

There is a lady in Leeson Street who vows to fling her Angola cat and her pet spaniel at the military while engaged there. The cat may escape (and it is not the first time the Saxon ruffians have tasted its claws). The Blenheim cost her twenty-five guineas. She will give that or anything else for her country.

The water-pipes will be excellent things to tear up and launch at the enemy. They may make a slop in the house at first, but the mains and the gas will be let off. The ruffians shall fight us if they dare in darkness and drought.

You will of course empty the china-closets on the rascals, and all the bedroom foot-baths and washing-basins. Have them ready, and the chests of drawers balancing on the window-sills. Send those after them too.

And if any coward Saxon bullet pierces the fair bosom of a maid or wife of Erin, may the curses of Heaven light on the butcherly dastard! May the pikes of Erin quiver in his writhing heart, the bullets of Erin whirl through his screaming eyeballs! May his orphans perish howling, and his true love laugh over his grave! May his sister's fair fame be blighted, and his grandmother held up to scorn! May remorse fang him like a ban-dog, and cowardice whip him like a slave! May life weary him! death dishonour, and futurity punish him! Liar Saxon! ruffian Saxon! coward Saxon! bloody Saxon! The gentle and the pure defy ye, and spit on ye!

LETTERS TO A NOBLEMAN VISITING IRELAND.[1]

I.

BY the time this affectionate letter reaches your Lordship, you will have had an opportunity of personally inspecting that beautiful Island of Ireland, which occupies us so much, and which we all love so. I also have had the good fortune to see it, and have my own sentiments regarding it—sentiments which I will gladly confide to your Lordship's private ear, and which I have no doubt will become general in England before long, however unpopular they may at present be.

However, you are at headquarters, and can get at the actual truth about Ireland from the people themselves. Indeed, I don't know anything so easy to get at in Ireland. I should say if there was any one virtue which characterised the people, a love of truth was that merit. You may, if you like, rely upon every single word that every single Irishman tells you, and placing implicit credit in their statements, the task of governing them will become both easy and pleasant. It was by a steady perseverance in the truth, and a skilful arrangement of facts, that the great O'CONNELL attained his influence over his enlightened countrymen. But why enlarge on this? You yourself, my Lord, knew, and were fond of that great man. You gave his sons places, made himself offers of preferment; and when by a combination of misfortunes he was locked up in gaol, your party nobly aided in letting him out of prison.

You will find the respected Roman Catholic clergymen distinguished for straightforwardness and candour. Their conduct throughout the late disturbances has been frank and manly: I protest, for instance, I know nothing more amiable than the interposition of the Tuam clergy *à propos* of the late great rebellion.

[1] [September 2, 1848.]

Modesty, Truth, and Charity figure in every line of their composition.

Rest assured, the heart of Ireland is sound and true towards your Gracious Majesty—hence we implore, we intreat, nay, we most humbly beg—'no blood'; and as ministers of religion, whose sacred duty it is to inculcate peace and goodwill amongst men, we further beg to assure your Majesty that the concession of the prayer of this our petition shall be an additional stimulant to us to uphold the laws, and to secure, even at the sacrifice of our lives, the stability of that Throne which is so happily occupied by your Most Gracious Majesty.

No, no, 'no blood'; their Reverences can't bear it; and our government must forgo its known desire for shedding it. No, 'no blood'; let those good folks rescue the lambs from the butcher. 'Even at the sacrifice of their lives' they will be loyal. See with what generous openness they speak—without *arrière-pensée*. They *will* be loyal, whatever you can do. Though you were to shoot half of them (and you know you have some notion of the kind), the rest would sing '*Domine salvum*.' No, no blood; restrain your appetite for it, too truculent and sanguinary statesman!

I would suggest a little more than a mere forbearance of revenge—I would conciliate. I would have the officer broke, for example, of whom MR. MAHER complained for having drilled in his grounds, and dared to protect his property, at Thurles. I would have the policemen shot who fired upon those honest fellows at Boulagh Common. Compensations ought to be given to the innocent victims who fell there. And something handsome should be done for the leaders, under whom the people 'declined to act.' Send the young gentlemen of PIM'S out of gaol, with leave to wear their uniforms behind the counter; let the colonels and field-officers of the (so-called) rebel army retire on half-pay—but no blood. Odds butchers and shambles! No blood. If we English have a fault, it is that love of murder—and on whom do we practise it? On a most innocent, simple, loyal, jury-loving, truth-telling, pike-hating, pistol-loathing, blunderbuss-dreading people, that never harboured a thought of evil.

I propose that the Irish Chartists, who are doing us the favour to assist our native-bred patriots with their counsels and their valour, should also be handsomely provided for. By Heavens, sir, I see no end to the benefits which a union with them confers upon our country!

During your visit, and as there is no food in Ireland to last the people beyond January, I hope you will call the Irish gentry

together, and get from them a round statement of the sum which they would like us to pay for the next year's maintenance of their people. There is nothing like having a fair statement of accounts. Let it be well understood in England that we are to support the Irish for the next ten, twenty, hundred years (for indeed there is no end to the prospect), because then we shall know how to cut our coats according to our cloths, and apportion our rations to the number of feeders. If for the rest of my working days I am to have the inestimable pleasure of receiving a grateful and agreeable Irishman every day at my dinner, let me know, so that means may be got ready to accommodate this charming boarder.

Repeal the Union, indeed! Restore the Heptarchy! Let it be well understood that we will never part from the Irish, and that we are prepared to feed them for ever and ever. No, sir: we won't part with the Emerald Gem of the Western Wave, which now forms the brightest Jewel of the British Crown.

By the way, in personally inspecting it, your Lordship will remember how, eighty years since, LORD CHATHAM declared the North American Colonies to be the most elegant ornaments of the diadem in question; and that our utter national smash and annihilation would ensue, if we lost those appendages.

Now it is certain that in spite of the above prophecy, the English empire is not a bit the less handsome, splendid, or valuable, although these Colonies are taken from it; that it is a thousand times more pleasant and profitable to us to trade with the United States, than to bully the North American Provinces; and that if we had thrashed MR. WASHINGTON utterly, as any general of common brains might have done a score of times, hanged him and MR. FRANKLIN, and kept the *other* brightest jewel to the present day, we should have been by no means so well off as we are at this moment of time.

Suppose anybody were to offer us back Normandy and Picardy, which undoubtedly were ours once, and which, with the whole of France indeed, belonged to HER MAJESTY'S grandfather, as we read upon the coins of the first forty years of his reign—would we take them as presents? We had rather not. It would be thank you for nothing—a gift of bawling republicans, pauper peasants, desert towns, trees of liberty, and the like, would be of no earthly use to our Sovereign or her dominions. We can get as much good from the French people as ever we got from them, and can land from steamers and barter for brandy, etc., without having a Union Jack floating from Calais steeple.

If it should appear to your Lordship that the country you are visiting is likewise a foreign nation (and some think that

LORD LYNDHURST, when he said as much, never said a truer word in his life), you will possibly calculate the value of the province, and make your own reflections regarding it. Could we buy corn or beasts, with HER MAJESTY'S Irish Parliament sitting in College Green? Would we buy pigs out of a ship with a green flag at her stern? Do we want more from any man than leave to trade with him fairly? Suppose us administratively out of Ireland—does anybody still advance that frantic assertion, viz., that some other nation would join with it? Would any nation want to take that place? get any strength or good out of it? go partnership with that bankrupt? If the French wanted to invade us, it is not for want of men that they don't do so. They have men enough. Boulogne is nearer to England than Kingstown. But the world begins to know the vulgar truth, that trading is better than fighting, and that the plunder of all England would not be so good as the leaving it alone. You might cook the British goose, and get one juicy meal from it; but it is better to let it lay eggs. This bugaboo of barbaric conspiracy surely may be scouted nowadays. Nobody wants to invade us. Only savages practise that kind of intercourse; and why speculate upon such projects on the part of our neighbours? Fie! it is a want of confidence in an enlightened people and an intelligent and benevolent priesthood.

I wish the Irishman every possible freedom and prosperity. I will give him sixpence with all the pleasure in life; but in exchange for a fair sixpennyworth of wheat, pork, or butter. Last year I gave him money out of my pocket, and was cursed for my pains. I will do so no more—never more. I prefer a quiet life, and have my own kindred to help out of my superfluity. I say, in these hard times you have no right to say to us, 'Keep your house, your servants, your family, and your Irishman.' Why am I to keep an Irishman? He threatens me as he clutches my bread; he hates and insults me as I try to do him good. Isn't work scarce enough and life hard, but that every Englishman, in addition to his own burthens, is to have this howling, cursing Irish beggar on his back? What has reduced him to this state is not the question: what fault of ours or of his own, what clumsy tyranny of the State, what stealthy priestly inquisition, what coarse cruelty and insolence of landlords, what native failings—virtues even (for it seems to me as if the Irish virtues are, like their faults, quite different to ours)—have helped the degradation of this fatal people, what faults of our fathers or theirs, have produced this woful state, is not the question. But there it is. There is your Irishman as you have made him under English laws,

English landlords, English juries, English press, English Parliaments. His English landlord is beggared; he uses your English press as an incentive to rebellion, and as a means for teaching the pike and vitriol exercise; he adulterates your English jury-box with perjury; he evades your English laws with lies, or combats them with murder. Do you intend to alter our English institutions for his benefit, or to continue the not-governing him under our own? Are we to go on for ever in our present condition, we paying and grumbling, he cursing and starving? Have any laws, opinions, conquests, bargains of our forefathers a right to bind us to this monstrous calamity? As well say that we had no right to repeal the Test Acts or to change the representation of the country. Fancy our system going on for ever as it now is. Fancy our persisting in governing Celts by Saxon laws, and that horrible figure of Irish beggary and ruin follows the march of our history into the future, hangs on in piteous chains and rags, preventing our progress—it is frightful to look at. Ah, sir, the Whigs are enlightened statesmen, and Mr. Fox was a great man—but you who have got the Whig recipes and medicine-box, and are Doctor-in-Chief of the three kingdoms, say, on your honour and conscience, is there any drug, pill, or compound which can set your Irish patient right?

Your Lordship's very humble Servant,

Hibernis Hibernior.

II.[1]

THE potato-crop being in a perilous condition, the Revolution adjourned, and the money to feed the people not forthcoming, it is satisfactory to find that some Irish Repeal Members are disposed to put off political discussions for the present; and it is pleasant to listen to the Irish Clergy raising up an affecting chorus of loyalty and devotion to the QUEEN, of which everybody will appreciate the candour.

The great point now is, to begin granting money as quickly as possible, so as to enable our friends to carry on the year comfortably. Your Lordship is pledged to this in some manner; and certain it is, that the Irish of all classes are in need of that sort of relief. There's TIM has not been able to earn anything in England this harvest, being engaged in honour to stop at home and liberate his country in the 'War.' There's PAT has sunk all his capital in the purchase of a 'dainty rifle'; and though THADY has got his commission as Lieutenant in the BRIAN-BOROO Body-guard, yet pay-day hasn't come round, and it stands to reason that he must be fed somehow. There's FATHER TOM has had no fees, what with the bad times and the War expenses of his congregation; there's the landlord has got in no rents; and he with bills out, mortgages to pay on, house and hounds to keep, besides his four sons' hunters, the left wing of the house to finish, and all the estate to drain. How can the country get on without a loan? and whose duty is it, but that of Government, to come down with the money for poor, suffering, bleeding, oppressed Ireland?

[1] [September 9, 1848.]

Go and stay at Castle Crazy, and then say if this picture of a country's desolation is overcharged. As you look on the town through the beautiful cracked French windows of the drawing-room, you will see the Park swarming with ragged cloaks and frieze coats. You will see three or four old crones squatted in the Hall porch, for whom the Masther has a joke and, very rarely now, a sixpence; as you go out of the lodge-gate (which, to be sure, won't open unless they come lift it), more will start out to let you pass through; if you go with the Masther to look at the nags in the stable, a score of tattered horseboys will be there to show you the way. They will show you MASTHER MICK's grey horse that ran for the Curragh Cup, or MASTHER JACK's bee meer that ran second in the hurdle race, and MISS BIDDY's chestnut filly, etc. etc.; but all the people you see, from the Masther down to poor half-witted JOE in the chimney-corner, with his feet in the turf, are in want of money, and look to you quite naturally to supply it. Don't talk about refusal. Are not the English gorged with Irish beef and corn? Who provides your pork, who wins your victories, but the Irish? If it is their right, they take it and thank you for nothing; if you refuse, you are tyrants and oppressors. Those are to be the terms of the bargain; at least if words go for anything, if Old Ireland and Young Ireland are to be believed, and if O'CONNELL and MITCHEL represent any opinions at all.

And while you are arranging your plans for the relief of this fine peasantry, which is now pretty quiet, being about to ask you for money, you will remember that their beautiful pikes, scythes, and dainty rifles (delicate instruments, with which they proposed to reap the present harvest) are all comfortably hidden away within call. I say it behoves an English statesman to remember that PADDY has a weapon somewhere at hand, with which he proposes to 'rise in the might of his freedom' some day, or in other words, to cut your throat. Where are all the lopped forests of ash-poles which the patriots cut down before harvest, and the bushels and cartloads of pikes which the blacksmiths flung off in such a heat and ardour of insurrection? The police, with all their vigilance, have not pounced on twenty pounds' worth of old iron, the people laugh in their ragged sleeves as they give them up old muskets without locks, and old rusty weapons, relics of former wars. The pikes are only thrust away into the hedge or the bog: and so the animus to use them is merely laid aside convanient.

I don't say this is particularly blameworthy on the part of our Irish brethren. I don't say that they can do otherwise—miserable as they are, and instructed as they have been—but that

you are bound to take account of it—and to remember that the person whom you persist in keeping in your house has been, from some cause or other, worked up to a state of mad ferocity against you, and that he has a knife concealed about his person somewhere, which he will use on your's whenever he can attack you at an advantage.

If this is the fact,—if the people hates you, and you have no means to pacify it,—why should not the Irish gentlemen try their hand to settle their own affairs in their own city of Dublin? How would their palavers hurt us? or how would our strength be injured by leaving them to arrange their own difficulties, and provide for their own poor?

And what if the orderly and sensible portion of the Irish are at this minute actually prevented by you from keeping order in their country?—if the house is on fire and we keep the keys of the engine?

Why, sir, I say, are we to turn out and work the pump for the Irish conflagration, and not allow them to put out their own flames with their own buckets. Why shouldn't the Irish have a Council House or an Administrative Assembly of their own? You never condescend to give reasons or entertain the question. And yet there are only phrases against it. MR. CANNING says, 'Restore the Heptarchy!' MR. MACAULAY says, 'Let the whole Empire go down together, rather than a separation ensue.' MR. CARLYLE says, 'The British Lion will squelch the Irish Rat, but separation must not be.' I hope to see a great party in England before long, which shall say, 'Why not?' At any rate, that it shall be a question open to fair debate: and that, when our Irish friends bawl out 'Repeal,' some people will answer 'With all our hearts!' from this country too.

'Gentlemen' (that band of simple-minded patriots will exclaim), 'we get no good out of you. We pay you for your pigs and oats, that you are always bragging about. As for an army, it is not for love that you shoulder the musket, but for money; and to say that we are to keep a nation of eight millions, in order that we may get forty or fifty thousand men out of it, is as if you were to tell us to burn a house down in order to roast a pig. We are tired of your brawling, your bawling, your bullying, your bragging, your begging. You stop our kindness with your curses, our pity with your ludicrous menacing and boasting; you render our confidence impossible with your double-dealing. We may part from you, and yet survive, without a restored Heptarchy. We won't go down, even though we have the pleasure of your company in the ship. As for 'squelching,' that is out of the

question. The British Lion has much better occupation; the business would fatigue him. The dog *Billy* can do it infinitely better. We believe that we shall be better without you than with your company; and finally, if you want Repeal, we will do our utmost efforts not to balk you.'

Sentiments of this nature simply put forward, and conveyed to the leaders ecclesiastical aud occult of the Irish party, I believe would go farther to stop the Repeal movements on the other side, than any efforts of conciliation; and I think we should begin to show that we are in earnest, and to prepare our Irish friends for the change they look for, by stopping the subsidies which they have been in the habit of drawing from this country.

HIBERNIS HIBERNIOR.

TRAITORS TO THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT.[1]

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

You are one of the most humane and kind-hearted of satirists, and stopped one of my letters while the Conspirators' Trials were pending, for fear lest the severity of that remarkable production should have borne hard on the prisoners, and perhaps have shortened their lives. Sir, you could not be brought to believe that the trial, the defence, the depositions, the formation of the Jury, and the verdicts, and the sentences, were humbugs altogether, and you consigned to the flames the document which exposed those fictions. What sober man ever believed that anybody was going to hang MR. SMITH O'BRIEN, or in that way put an end to young MR. MEAGHER'S oratory?

This morning, looking over *The Dublin Evening Post* (at Derraheeny Castle, the hospitable mansion of my friend, ROLAND CASHEL, ESQ.), I saw a letter which a MR. MAGEE, a gentleman who is a traitor to the British Government, addresses to a New York paper. Ah, sir, what a blessing it would be for England, and what a comfort to the States, no doubt, if all the traitors to Government would but join company with MR. MAGEE!

In this letter, MR. T. DARCY MAGEE, a traitor to the British Government, has the honour to announce to the inhabitants of New York his safe arrival in that city. He feels, no doubt, that his misfortunes will create a sympathy for him in the breasts of all honest and prudent citizens; and, having failed in his attempt to incendiarise his own country, he flung himself with confident

[1] [November 18, 1848.]

generosity upon the hospitality of the great North American Republic.

Before quitting his beloved Ireland, MR. MAGEE did his best to plunge her in anarchy, ruin, and murder. It was not his fault if a bloody Government thwarted his designs and those of the good and great men with whom he acted. Some of these have been nabbed and are in prison. Dogged from the cabbage-groves of Boulagh to the clanking dungeons of Clonmel, they have met, without blenching, the anger of the Law, and would have died resolutely under her fasces, had the bloody Government not let them off. Honour to the Martyrs of freedom! Next to coming to America, it would have been most agreeable to MR. DARCY MAGEE to have laid his head on the block where they placed their own, and, having cursed England—got up again. But to see America was MR. MAGEE'S first duty. He is here, and he hails the Republic.

Gentlemen interested in murder and rebellion may inspect, at MR. MAGEE'S offices, the beautifully bloody and authentic plans ordained for the late revolution. He has no objection to publish the councils of the leaders from whom he has run away; and, now he is out of Ireland, thinks it right, to the best of his humble means, to exasperate the English against that most miserable and beloved country.

As the people are starving, as usual, and the begging season is to be uncommonly well attended, MR. MAGEE begs to warn the people of England, THAT THE TWO STRONGEST OF FEELINGS OF THE IRISH ARE HATRED TO ENGLAND AND A SANGUINE HOPE OF IRELAND.

This will be sure to make the English people more willing to help their Irish brethren. The dignity of the latter is preserved, while their destitution is made known. 'D – you, I hate you!' says poor, prostrate, bleeding, but honest Ireland; 'but give me some money for all that.'

Again, while the gentry in Ireland, with a liberality which does them credit, are begging the bloody-minded Government to hold its hand, nor deal severely with the leaders of a rebellion which wasn't a rebellion after all, only an excitement—nothing but a little discontent—merely a show to frighten the English Government into compromise, like those for which the late dear MR. O'CONNELL obtained so much credit—it will be a great comfort to all parties to know that there really *was* a rebellion intended to the Government, because the charge of cruelty is disposed of; and the deuce is in it if men menaced by cut-throats may not apprehend their assassins. The friends of the prisoners,

..., at any rate, by th
who can say to those inclin
intended to fight: psha! you
who can say, 'Dastards, ye li
and free; listen to him, if ye
pike and torch'; we *were* going
bragging, but in earnest; and v
for us from New York.'

MR. T. DARCY MAGEE then
the plans, as proposed for the la

In confidence, his explanation
at present it is only his intention

The towns were strongly gar
of the QUEEN, whom it would l
fastnesses. It was the intention o
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country if we could be rid of the union with our beloved sister; but this opinion, rapidly gaining ground, is not universal as yet; meanwhile, and until it become so, are there not compromises to be made, and palliatives that we may apply?

For instance, if there ever was a moral pointed to a story, there is one to the amiable tale of MR. MAGEE, and that is—PAY THE CLERGY. What force of policemen in green coats have you in Ireland? what horse and foot artillery, and what do they cost? Will it be worth your while to have 3000 black policemen—the best soothers, detectives, preventives, in the world? From the very indignation of the Roman bishops against the scheme of payment, why, the Empire should see the goodness of the scheme. Give these 3000 clergymen a stake, not in Ireland merely, but in the Empire, and will they be less averse to rebellion and its consequences than now? Protestant landlords of Ireland, combine together, and pay your best friends, the Catholic Clergy; I say that LORD CARDIGAN, and all his hussars, will not keep the country so well as those 3000 scattered black horsemen, who would garrison every village in Ireland for the QUEEN; and, to well-meaning persons in this country, who cry out against the wickedness of endowing Popery, I humbly point *Mr. Punch's* attention, begging him to ask them whether they prefer an immense costly army in Ireland, and hatred therewith, to the maintenance of a small ecclesiastical force, which would do ten times the service at a tithe of the present charge?

HIBERNIS HIBERNIOR.

SPLIT IN CONCILIATION HALL[1]

YOUNG Ireland and Old Ireland, it is said, have quarrelled about the 'Godless Education' Scheme. If PEEL has set these two factions by the ears, it is a master-stroke of policy, whereby the body of quiet people in Ireland may benefit.

For has not the poet remarked, that 'When certain persons fall out, certain other persons come by their own?'

THE IRISH CURFEW BILL[2]

As no person in Ireland is to be allowed to leave his house after a certain hour at night, *Mr. Punch* respectfully asks LORD LINCOLN how the evicted tenants are to manage, who have no houses to remain in? Are they to roost in the hedges? An answer will oblige.

[1] [May 31, 1845.] [2] [April 18, 1846.]

A DREAM OF WHITEFRIARS.

I DO not know how it happened the other day that, after reading DR. ULLATHORNE'S letter in *The Times*, in my back-shop, over a glass of brandy-and-water, and thinking what a mild, moderate, artless letter the Bishop's was, I fell into a doze, from which I was awakened by the appearance of a Friar, with a map of London in his hand, who had lost his way to Smithfield, whither he said he was bound, having been just appointed Master of the Charter House and Archdeacon of London.

'Is DR. RAIN, then, dead?' said I, in the Italian language, of which I don't understand a word.

'Yes,' said he. 'Have you not heard? All the Archdeacons, Deans, and Bishops, and the two Archbishops are dead; and we have come to take possession. Your religion is dead; it died the night before last. I am to bury it; and I am walking about this confounded town since morning. Pray, show me the way to the Chartreux.'

My daughter *Fanny Punch*, who has just come home from a finishing school in Belgravia, fell down on her knees at the sight of this ragged old hermit and begged his blessing. Whereas my son *Jack*, who is a student at Saint Bartholomew's, looked as savage as might be at the interesting foreigner, and muttered something in his teeth about 'confound the old GUY FAWKES, I'll HAYNAU him'; and he was for sending the Friar to Pimlico (to Jericho he might go if he liked, *Jack* said) had I not reproved him for his discourtesy to a stranger.

Miss Fanny went up the chimney to get a bottle of Eau-de-Cologne to wash the dear Father's feet, and to work him a pair of slippers, she said; and Jack was, in the meanwhile, so struck by the spirited nature of my rebuke that he begged pardon of the 'old Buck,' as he called him, and offered his Reverence my

glass of brandy-and-water, and a penny Pickwick, which the old man, putting on his mitre, began to smoke.

It was a very handsome mitre, made out of a copy of *The Daily News*, containing the Pope's letter; and having a bottle of red ink before me, I painted a few devils on it with my finger, so that it became the Friar very well. And *Toby*, smelling his wallet, began nuzzling his nose into it, where he found a rack, a thumbscrew, and a steak ready for roasting.

The Friar turned rather red when *Toby* pulled them out, and hid them away up his sleeve as a dentist hides his pincers. I was, of course, too well-bred to make any remark, though I saw that my name was on the stake with a Latin inscription; but went on painting up the mitre until it was complete, when I presented it to him, and he fell to drinking my brandy-and-water, till his eyes began to wink as if he was for all the world a miraculous picture.

Whilst partaking of the brandy (which is MOREL'S, and the very best in London), he sang, to a melody of MOZART, that beautiful canticle of an early English divine, GUALTERUS DE MAPES, beginning '*Mihi est propositum in taberna, mori, vinum sit appositum morientis ori*,' etc.; and as I looked at him I remembered that I had seen him twenty years ago, when I was making a tour with my friends the IVYLEAFS.

I remembered him perfectly well. He was the first friar I ever saw—a regular Rabelaisian friar—a dirty, lazy, red-bearded, thick-lipped, leering vagabond, crawling along a wall in the sunshine, looking, if ever man did, stupid, brutal, idle.

What was the impression on my mind on looking at that fellow? If I had been a sovereign prince and administrator of the law, I should have liked to begin by kicking him soundly, and then would have said, 'Take a pickaxe and dig, you lazy swindler; take a musket and march, you big beggar; take an oar and pull, a hod and get to work—do something to earn your life, stupid! You shall fill your paunch at other men's charges no more.'

Our friend MRS. IVYLEAF was one of that company, and saw, like me, a friar for the first time; and what was the impression upon that good woman, that kind Puseyite soul? MRS. IVYLEAF confessed that she should have liked to kneel down and get a blessing from that venerable man. So different in our minds were the impressions of each at the view of our barefooted friend. One wanted to kick him; one to kneel down at those red shanks and beg a blessing from that beggar. The fellow represented quite different emotions to each of us. To the one Friend Bare-

foot was the symbol of piety, austerity, celibate purity, charity, and self-denial. Touching pictures of convent gates crowded by poor, and venerable fathers feeding them; sweet images of pale-faced nuns, in moonlit cloisters, marching to church, singing ravishing hymns; magnificent minsters, filled with kneeling faithful, and echoing with pealing organs; altars crowned with roses, and served by dear old, bald-headed, venerable priests in gilt vestments, and little darlings of white-robed incense-boys; confessionals, and oh! such dear, melancholy, wasted, consumptive clergymen, with such high foreheads and such fine eyes, waiting within! MRS. IVYLEAF knelt to all these, no doubt, in her adoration of her First Friar.

Whereas, what was the feeling of *Mr. Punch?* Think of hard-pinched peasants and simple women and children, depriving themselves of their meal to feed that lazy, besotted, ignorant boor—that pampered Flemish Obi-man, thought I! Think of *that* fellow's blessing carrying a supernatural grace with it! of yonder vagabond assuming to be one of the celestial chamberlains, without whose introduction one can't get admission to the Courts of Heaven! *Camérier* of HIS HOLINESS, he carries his key, along with begged sausages and onions, in his wallet. That man means ignorance; that man means superstition; that man means priest-worship; that man means assumption of divine powers by one man over another; powers to curse and bless; to deny hope and heaven; powers to separate wife and man, child and father; powers of occult domination, or open tyranny, or ruthless and bloody persecution, as it may be. Powers divinely transmitted, says FATHER BAREFOOT, sealed with the seal of the Fisherman, and handed down these eighteen hundred years—Powers Infernal, I say, to be fought with all weapons, with hate, with scorn, with ridicule, with reason.

'Hatred—scorn, my son!' says FATHER BAREFOOT. 'For shame! You have good feelings—why do you malign us so unjustly?'

'Look at this image,' says he, taking one out of his bag, 'this little figure of a Sister of Charity. Can anything be more beautiful than she? Think of her denying the world and its vanities; gathering together the little children of the poor and teaching them; watching the pallets of the sick; hanging over the lips of the fevered patient, whispering consolation, and catching infection and death for her reward. Here is a missionary in China or England. Death is the end of his career, he knows, and braves it; and TUY goes to the sword, or CAMPIAN to the gallows,—martyrs to the truth which they serve. Or look at this venerable

figure, this white-haired priest with the infant in his arms, the almoner of Providence, the father of the poor. Can all history show a character more beautiful? Can any heretic, however hardened, refuse his love and reverence to ST. VINCENT DE PAUL?

'Yes, reverend sir, saints and martyrs you can show in abundance: faith and charity among your people, goodness and virtue, who denies them? I suppose the most sceptic among us would take off his hat to FÉNELON, or ask a blessing of PASCAL. But these, O pious Father! are not the only figures in your wallet. Show us ALVA; show us TILLY; show us the block and the fagot all over Europe, and by the side of every victim a priest applauding and abetting. Show us BORGIA burning SAVONAROLA; show us GREGORY THE GOOD singing *Te Deum* for the glorious day of BARTHOLOMEW, and all the friars of Paris, with gun and dagger, achieving the victory. You say that HENRY and ELIZABETH persecuted as well as MARY and PHILIP? Yes, and by the same right, and by the same logic. Grant to you or them the ordering of belief and the possession of the truth infallible, and persecution becomes a necessary and laudable means of strengthening doctrine. If by taking me out of my shop in Fleet Street and carrying me into Smithfield, and there roasting me, you can stop my wicked tongue, put an end to my pestilent publication, and frighten my family and their children after them into orthodox faith and certain salvation, it is much better that I should be roasted. I daresay FATHER NEWMAN would think it a duty to look on. Ask him whether his Church has been a persecuting Church or not! Ask him whether persecution is lawful or not? Ask him, who loves the flogging of the discipline, whether its application to heretic shoulders would not be useful? I declare solemnly and vow, O BAREFOOT, that if I held your belief, and if I had the power, I would begin persecuting to-morrow; and I would give a dangerous philosopher who doubted about the age of mankind a touch of the rack, just to admonish him, as GALILEO was laudibly admonished by the holy office.

'Your Reverence says, Psha! old-world bigotry, wicked persecution, and that it is we who are persecutors now, not you. My dear Sir, look at the Synod of Thurles. It was bigotry on our parts twenty years ago to doubt that the spirit of the Roman Catholic clergy was not one of meekness and brotherhood. What did they want but that our children and theirs should be educated together? What other desire had they but that little heretics and little papists should learn A B C on the same benches, and the rule-of-three off the same slate? Who could be more quiet,

genteel, loyal, and retiring than a poor, persecuted Roman ecclesiastic before the Catholic Repeal Act, desiring nothing so much as fraternity, nothing but equal rights, having no wish to ask anything from Government beyond that fair share which should belong to every citizen? Now there is a blessed spelling-book and a cursed spelling-book; now there is a godly rule-of-three and a godless rule-of-three; now division is requisite, hatred must be organised. How are the godly and godless to live together?

'Do you suppose the story is a new one? The REVEREND MR. TARTUFFE began in this way. The worthy man, kicked out by a neighbour with whom he had been playing the same game, first entered into ORGON'S house by sufferance; hung about as a humble retainer; made himself useful by a thousand means; was so good, so gentle, so correct in his morals and edifying in his speech; ate so little, and was really so agreeable and clever that everybody was glad to give him house-room, and pitied the poor fellow for the monstrous persecutions to which he had been subject, and the unkind things said of him in his former place. We know what came next. He slowly went on winning favour, the dear man, and setting the family by the ears. He put the father against the son, and the wife against the husband. He worked on the terrors of some, the follies of all, until one fine day when he announced that the house was his own, and that he was no longer dependent, but master.

'And what happened? The good-natured dramatist (that kindest and gentlest of mortal men), who had the power over his little creation, brings condign punishment on MONS. TARTUFFE; and the curtain falls as he is marched off to prison to the applause of all the spectators, and with a compliment to the author's gracious prince, the hater of hypocrisy, the lover of freedom and justice. It was the gracious prince who revoked the edict of Nantes, who (with the applause of the reverend the clergy) carried fire and sword amongst hundreds and thousands of honest citizens, his best subjects; and who died a drivelling old dotard, wife-and-priest-ridden, his pride trampled down by Protestant victories, and defeated by Anglican schismatics.

'That is what HIS HOLINESS calls us Christians in his kind letter, which creates our country into a province again, and provides us with a dozen bishops and a primate. Welcome, gentlemen! Welcome, my lords and your Eminence! Come with cross and banner, shaved heads and disciplines. Come with a winking picture, if you like, and let it wink on Ludgate Hill. Come with your gentle nuns and ardent missionaries; come with

roses, and wax candles, and pretty hymns, and brilliant processions, and with hatred and curses, and tyranny and excommunication, such as you know how to use in due season, when you dare. What? Is POLE alive again, and BONNER only dead? Is ST. VINCENT DE PAUL resuscitated, and holy DOMINIC shut up? Has IGNATIUS left off swindling and shirking disguised amongst families, and is his fraternity only going to teach in schools, and missionarise the Indies? Not so. Other institutions

change, but theirs is one, and always remains the same. You brag of it. HIS HOLINESS says the Church is always the Church. And so it is, with the same art, the same arrogance, the same remorseless logic, marching pitiless to the same end.

'And so, FATHER BAREFOOT, your Reverence, with the beard and sandals, is welcome, as the oratorian young gentlemen, with the black cloaks and broad brims, who parade our city. Why not these as well as a Quaker's beaver or a bishop's shovel-hat? You can't give us Englishmen a Church in Rome, because you are avowedly tyrants, and intolerant of any creed but your own.

But that is no reason why we should refuse *you*. Walk in, gentlemen; and you, old BAREFOOT, give us your hand, as the practice of Englishmen is before they set to.'

'My good Sir, you are growing angry,' the monk said. 'This conversation must end. I want to get to the Charter-House, I tell you, before the Angelus, and see the place where our monks were murdered by your Protestants.'

'You go through Smithfield,' I said, 'where our Protestants were murdered by your monks.'

And he got up in a huff to go away. But I suppose I must have been in a dream, for when he went out I thought my monk had turned into DR. PUSEY.

MR. PUNCH'S ADDRESS TO THE GREAT CITY OF CASTLEBAR.[1]

YE Men of Mayo! MR. HUGHES, the Secretary of the Castlebar Industrial Society of Gentlemen! your letter with its enclosures has come to hand; and as the Castlebar Industrial Society appears desirous to give publicity to its resolutions, I have the honour to print them, in this the last number of my periodical, which appears in this last week of the melancholy year 1850:—

RESOLVED: That in consequence of the attacks made on the Catholic religion of this country, as well as on all Catholics indiscriminately, all over the world, by that notorious paper called *Punch*; notorious for many falsehoods and wicked intentions; and although the subscription is paid for some time in

[1] [December 26, 1850.]

advance, the Committee are unanimously of opinion that it would be encouraging a repetition of similar falsehoods and designs, as well as encouraging that fanatical system of ignorance and intolerance in the misguided English people, to receive it, for the future, into their Reading-Rooms; and our Clerk is directed to give intimation of this our intention to the Proprietor, as well as to send him a copy of this Resolution; and that *The Telegraph*, *The Freeman's Journal*, and *Tablet* newspapers, be supplied a copy, requesting that same will be inserted in their patriotic papers.

It appears from the above statement (1) that in consequence of the attacks made by the notorious *Punch* on the Catholic religion of Ireland, and, indeed, of all other countries (and although the subscription is paid for some time in advance), the Committee of the Castlebar Society will not receive the misguided English people into their reading-rooms; and (2) that the Clerk is instructed to inform the Proprietor; and that the editors of three Irish newspapers shall 'be supplied a copy' of this resolution, requesting 'that same' will be inserted in their papers.

As the Proprietor of the benighted English people, I must grieve that the doors of your Athenæum are closed to them; considering 'the subscription is paid for some time in advance,' this measure is hard upon my people; but as your Committee has come to the resolution, I have but to record 'that same,' and deplore the loss which has befallen this infatuated nation.

Sir, and good friend—this is the end of the year; my paper will appear upon a day which, since the first of Christmas Days, has been consecrated to peace and goodwill; and I am not going to lose my temper at this season, or have a word of anything but kindness for you or any other Irishman, Anglican, Roman, Puseyite, Gorhamite, Mormonite, or what not. This is a truce day, and ought to be held as those days were held in the Peninsular campaigns, when the French and the Anglo Irish outposts came down and talked to each other in a friendly manner, and handed each other their beef or their brandy-flasks across the water with a '*Bonjour*, PADDY!' or 'How d'ye do, Mounseer?' I hope, in the neighbouring capital of Tuam, His Grace your Lord Archbishop will have as good a dinner as my Lord Bishop. I hope his Eminence at St. George's and his Lordship at Fulham will be pretty cheerful; and DOCTOR ADLER will have a comfortable turkey (without sausages) and DOCTOR CUMMING a pleasant dinner, though they both of them belong to sects which are not in the habit of keeping Christmas.

And I would that, the year ending so, the next could begin and continue so; and that you and I, MR. HUGHES, could have

no cause for disputing. But before you accuse me and others of making attacks upon Catholics all over the world, see, my good sir, how it is, and since when it is, that these hostilities have begun! Not two months ago we were living in peace and quiet; not two months ago, and I had the benefit (or somebody to whom you showed that touching mark of confidence) of your subscription to my paper; not very many months ago, when your people of Mayo were in straits, who came to help? whose money was it that supplied you? who brought Indian corn and rice to you? Did relief come from Rome or from London? It was the English Protestants that helped you—and who showed that their meaning was peace and goodwill.

What was it altered the relations of amity? Who was it began war? Let the Lion of St. Jarlath's himself say, was the truce broken by us, or was it the POPE's army that marched upon us to take possession of our territory? Industrial Castlebarians! we appeal to you, and ask who gave the signal for the fight, and whether it was not his Eminence with his pastoral crook that first occasioned the Shaloo? Yes, it was the march of that confounded prelate from the Flaminian Gate, who came upon us '*rubente tibiâ sacras jaculatus arces*,' and caused this abominable strife and uproar.

Before that, we were living in peace and freedom; before that, if the services of the BISHOP OF MELIPOTAMUS were not required at that remote see, he was quite welcome to live in Golden Square; before that, our Catholic friends lived in confidence with us, and we laughed and worked together; FATHER IGNATIUS was as much at liberty to wear a beard as MR. MUNTZ; FATHER FABER might wear his cloak; MR. BENNETT might light his candles; the Lion of St. Jarlath's might growl now and anon—but Chume is a distant place and the voice of Mayo is not very loud in this city; we were all at peace and loving each other, or tolerating each other, which is the next thing; when his Eminence puts his confounded crimson foot into our premises, and our whole empire is at strife; LORD JOHN begins to cry out 'Mummery!' DOCTOR NEWMAN begins to tell us that we are all—I need not say what; the BISHOP OF LONDON begins to blow out poor MR. BENNETT'S candles; the boys begin to hoot the Oratorians in the streets; the Irish begin to thrash the policemen ('Let the POPE give the word, we're the childthren of the Cruseeders,' as MR. AMBROSE PHILLIPS says); *Punch* (who must always be a Protestant) begins to caricature his Eminence, and to laugh at his stockings; and my honest Castlebar Industrial Society publishes, not a bull, but a resolution full of bulls; and

there's brawling, and bickering, and broken heads, and friends parting, and fighting and fury all round.

Ah, MR. HUGHES—ah, ye men of the Castlebar Athenayum! it's hard to think that the POPE OF ROME, who had been got to allow one little Protestant Chapel to exist in his city, in the midst of these very disputes—in the midst of these shrieks for freedom and fair-play and liberty of conscience with which his officers are invoking the genius of our country—it is hard I say, that the POPE OF ROME should have had that one little Protestant Chapel shut up! On this Christmas Day our people can find no refuge within the POPE'S city, but must go out of the Flaminian Gate to say their prayers. Round the walls of his capital, monuments imperishable of the constancy of Christian men, are caves and catacombs, in which the first bishops and believers in his faith worshipped and died in secret. The symbol of his creed is raised up triumphantly in the arena, where its martyrs of old braved torture and overcame death; and the apartments of his palace are still decorated with pictures representing and lauding the slaughter of Protestants. Ah me! that Christian people should ever have sale for those portraits or painted them! You who sneer at the beadle who keeps guard at the shrine of SAINT EDWARD, what say you to the librarian who shows you the medal of the Massacre of BARTHOLOMEW? If a Pope could absolve from allegiance to ELIZABETH, excuse us at least for thinking that the same fate might befall the successors of either. See, at any rate, that there are reasons why we must differ from you; and why, when you make your own claim, plant your own standard, appeal to your own pedigree, we should advance ours in our turn.

And when the battle begins again—MAY THE RIGHT SIDE WIN—that is a toast which we all of us can drink on this day of truce; and which concerns the humblest persons engaged as much as it does the Primate of all England, in whichever part of Lambeth he be. May the Right Side Win, and the fight be conducted with manly fair-play.

PAPERS ON FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE ABDICATION OF DON CARLOS.[1]

We have taken our time about publishing the only authentic account of that august event, which is contained in the following letter:—

Sir Lancelot Greaves, Knt.,
To Lord John Manners.

Bourges, May 22.

'My Lord,

I have witnessed to-day an awful, a noble ceremony. The newspapers have already acquainted you with our beloved Don Carlos's affecting manifesto *à propos* of his resignation of the Crown of Spain. He takes the title of Count Molina—and his son, that of Count Monte Molin—Count Mount Windmill—one of the titles of the ingenious *hidalgo* of La Mancha, after his heroic attack on the well-known fortresses of that name.

'The act of abdication has just been solemnly performed at Bourges. The great officers of the Crown, and some of the faithful allies of the unfortunate monarch, were present. Not one of his former friends in France would come to attend the sad ceremony. One and all turned on him the cold shoulder. Perish the dastards! But from England, some of the true and chivalrous supporters of the exiled Charles hastened to wait upon him. Among these were Lord Ranelagh, Peter Borthwick, Esq., M.P., — Jenkins, Esq., M.P. (*Morning Post*). Having ratted from Carlism since the change of proprietorship, *The Morning Herald* was not present.

'The party assembled was a select rather than a numerous one. Misfortune generally has such company. The King's Confessor, who is also Grand Inquisitor, Home Secretary, and

[1] [July 12, 1845.]

charged with the War Department, DON BASILIO SOMBRERO, Archbishop of Crocodilopolis (*in partibus*); the Finance Minister, DON LAZARILLO DE TORMES (who likewise waits at table): and a few more of the great officers of state,—were assembled in the "Saloon of Ambassadors" in the two-pair back. The Throne-room was gorgeously decorated with the curtains of a French bedstead that usually stands there, but which was replaced for the occasion by a large velveteen settee.

'Before the settee was a teapoy, upon which the ROYAL INSIGNIA were deposited, laid on a noble cushion worked in worsted by the Royal Consort of the King. Chairs, stools, etc., were placed for the rest of the august party. As the Crown jewels were not forthcoming, a handsome crown and sceptre were borrowed from the theatre at Bourges, by the kind permission of the director.

'He attended as "guardian of the crown jewels," wearing the costume of the Cid; and I am ashamed to say that a pawnbroker of the town, with whom the impoverished monarch has had some dealings, said he would not let the stars, cordons, laced uniforms, etc., entrusted to him, out of his sight; on hearing which, the good-natured PRINCE OF THE ASTURIAS said—"Let him attend *as Uncle of the Royal Family.*"

'At one o'clock, punctually, the Royal Donkey Chaise, driven by the Master of the Horse, was heard in the courtyard. The King ascended with the PRINCE OF ASTURIAS on his arm. The Uncle of the Royal Family invested the royal pair with their stars, epaulets, and cordons, and stood by their sides (never leaving them), as the great doors of the Throne-room were flung open by DON LAZARILLO DE TORMES. The ambassadors were then admitted, to kiss the hand of the august Exile.

'When BEAU BRUMMELL was dying in dotage and poverty, his biographer tells us, the poor old man would often be visited by comfortable illusions, and, sitting in his ragged dressing-gown, in his garret, fancied he was entertaining there the PRINCE OF WALES and the DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE, and CHARLEY FOX and SAMUEL ROGERS, Esq., and the young bloods, bucks, and beauties of that brilliant day.

'A similar beneficent delusion has taken hold of DON CARLOS. He fancies that all the ancient possessions of the Spanish Crown still belong to it. And on this solemn occasion, and before he retired into private life, he made a distribution of what poor dear SIMPSON (almost the last remnant of chivalry in England) used to call the royal property.

'The court ceremonial being arranged, the Princess seated, the

ambassadors, officers, etc., standing round, CHARLES V. rose, and, in a voice trembling with emotion, said:—

'Before resigning my kingdom to my beloved son, I think fit to signify to him my royal dispositions.

'"1st. I had appointed as Generalissimo of my forces, N. SENORA DEL CARMEN, to whom I paid much honour, embroidering a petticoat for her by my Queen's royal hands, and giving her her pay regularly as General-in-Chief of my armies. As she did me no good service (otherwise, how should I have been an exile here at Bourges?)—I, the King, dismiss FIELD-MARSHAL NUESTRA SENORA DEL CARMEN from the command of my troops, and place in her stead, N. SENORA DEL PILAR, to whom I transfer the rights, pay, rank, and embroidered petticoat of her predecessor. Our War Minister, the ARCHBISHOP OF CROCODILOPOLIS, will make out the brevet at once."

'The Prince and DON BASILIO bowed at this, and all the company cried "Long live the King!"

'"I have other appointments to make," continued the Monarch, "and rewards to confer upon those who have been faithful to me in exile." (*Cheers*). "Noble Cavaliers, your number, alas! is but few; but the fewer the better, where rewards are to be had."

'"As I have no present means of paying the wages of my faithful secretary and barber, DON JOACHIM STRAPPADO, I give him an order upon the Intendant of my silver mines of Mexico for twenty-five thousand donkey-loads of ingots, and make him DUKE OF LATHERERO."

'Poor DON JOACHIM pulled rather a long face when he heard of the twenty-five thousand donkeys, and said, "If I go to Mexico, there will be twenty-five thousand and one."

'"My excellent MARIQUITA, waiting-woman of my august Queen, and chief intendant of my kitchen, whose fidelity to my royal race, but especially whose skill in cooking my favourite dish of Garbanzos in oil, has touched my august heart, I propose to reward suitably. When my fleets arrive from the Indies, I shall present her with a diamond stomacher as big as any *omelette* she ever fried for me, and a kitchen-service of rubies and gold. I hereby give her an estate in Peru, whereof the title-deeds shall be made out in her name, so soon as the revolted province has returned to its allegiance. Meanwhile, I create her DUCHESS OF OLLA-PODRIDA."

'The Duchess declined, however, to take the title, because the Royal Chancellor wanted fifteenpence as a fee for entering it in the Golden Book of the Grandees of Spain.

'"Come forth, DON GERONIMO WIDDICOMBO, faithful master of my horse! Since the reverse of my fortunes, I have had indeed only a donkey; but thou hast well and truly curried him. I appoint thee Viceroy of my kingdom of Naples, Knight of my order of the Golden Fleece, and invest thee with the collar of the same."

'As there was no collar at hand, DON GERONIMO was invested with the collar of poor Dapple the donkey, which dragged the chaise of the King and Queen; and he disappeared, grinning most lugubriously through that ornament.

'The King then asked the knife- and boot-boy, who performs the minor offices about the palace of the Royal Exiles, whether he would prefer having his wages paid in full; or, when the King came to his own again, would like to become Governor of Austria, Hungary, and Bohemia? "Try me!" said the boy, delighted, and holding out his hand, whereupon he was immediately advanced to the governments in question. This seemed a good deal to disappoint the knife-boy.

'It now came to the turn of the King's English adherents. Turning to LORD RANELAGH, the King said, "My lord, in the action off Bilboa you admirably distinguished yourself against the English navy." His lordship was proud to own he did. "I appoint you, then, Admiral of the SPANISH ARMADA."

'CARLOS QUINTO next called upon DON TOMMASO JENKINS, the advocate of legitimacy in all countries. JENKINS stepped forward, in his Spanish costume, and was squeezed in the old Monarch's arms so heartily that tears came into the loyal servant's eyes. "How, DON TOMMASO, shall I reward you and the Press of England! As for your noble comrade *The Morning Herald*"——

'"The *Herald*? My Grandmother!" interposed DON TOMMASO, scornfully.

'"I shall make him Chief Herald of my son's court, and hereby create him LORD NIGHTCAP, King-at-Arms. But what shall I do for you, my cousin, as I have given away all the dignities of my crown, and all my foreign governments? No, stay: there is Brussels. JENKINS, you shall be the modern DUKE OF ALVA, and my Governor of the Low Countries."

'"The *Low* Countries!" shrieked JENKINS; "does your Majesty think I'd go to *hany* place as was low?" and, tearing the cockade out of his hat, he left the room.

'"Try and console our fiery ally, my good cousin. DON PEDRO BORTHWICK! it is now your turn, my friend. Titles I know you heed not—prouder to be a member of the British

Cortes than a Spanish Grandee of the first class. But if you heed not rank, perhaps you may want money; your eyes say yes! Ho, my treasurer! Pay to DON PEDRO on the instant five hundred millions of reals."

'That sum was immediately handed over to DON PEDRO in Carlist six per cent bonds, signed by the BARON DE HABER, which a butterwoman at Bourges agreed to take at the usual premium.

'The august ceremony was now concluded. DON CARLOS descending from the throne, the COUNT OF MOLINA led the PRINCE OF ASTURIAS up to it, and, saluting CHARLES THE SIXTH, exclaimed "Long live the King!"

'Such of the courtiers as had hats waved them tumultuously, and uttered the same loyal shout. And "Long live Charles the Sixth" every true heart will say that loves the antique glories and the future prosperity of Spain.

'I have no more, my dear Lord, to add. The DUCHESS OF OLLA-PODRIDA provided a collation, which smacked so strongly of the national garlic that you need not wonder if my feelings overpower me.

'Farewell. With every sentiment of respect,

'I am,

'Your Lordship's faithful,

'LANCELOT GREAVES.'

SOLDIERING.[1]

BEING a universal chronicler, the late glorious victory of the 18th of June cannot, of course, have escaped the notice of *Mr. Punch*.

He doesn't mean the Battle of Waterloo—Heaven forbid!—about which there has been as much bragging and vapouring in England ever since, as to turn any good Christian sick; but the French victory of the Cautera or Dahara just achieved by a French Colonel, who has made his name very famous in history.

Having published a proclamation, setting forth that the French nation was the great centre of peace, religion, and civilisation, (all nations are in the habit of lying and swaggering about themselves in this way), MARSHAL BUGEAUD, the Duke of Isly, invited certain Arabs, to whose lands and property he had taken a fancy, to come in and yield them up. The Arabs refusing, the

[1] [July 26, 1845.]

famous COLONEL PELISSIER was sent to their village to persuade them with fire and sword.

These poor Arab rogues, with their wives, families, camels, and horses, fled for refuge to a great cave in their district, which had often served them for a sanctuary in the time of the Turkish dominion. Here they used to remain while the tyrants were sacking their villages and robbing their fields; and when their masters had retired with what they could get, the Dahara Arabs came back to their houses again, and so lived on until the next *Razzia*.

But the Turks were not so civilised as the French, as those poor rascals quickly found. Having retreated into their hole of refuge, the brave COLONEL PELISSIER put firewood at either end of it, and then told them to come out and submit to his terms.

These must have been hard indeed; for the Arabs—with death before them, and a knowledge of the infernal butcheries, rapine, and cruelty of the French in Algeria for the last fifteen years; a full knowledge, we say, that in the way of murder the leader of a French *razzia*-column would stick at nothing—preferred rather to die than to come to terms.

Then fire was lighted at the two ends of the cavern for two days, and eight hundred of God's men, women, and children were, by COLONEL PELISSIER, stifled and murdered there. The whole of the tribe is exterminated; and the French flag—the rainbow of liberty, as BÉRANGER calls it—doubtless flaunts over the now quiet scene.

The French have been so accustomed to *razzias* of late that they have found a glory in these successful forays, and bragged and boasted of the dexterity of murder and rapine which their troops have displayed in conducting them. It may have appeared a matter of triumph rather than otherwise to COLONEL PELISSIER, who in the course of his duty has sacked and fired hundreds of villages ere this—murdered thousands of Arabs defending their property—and been rewarded and promoted for so doing; it may have seemed a famous opportunity to COLONEL PELISSIER to stifle a whole tribe of savages at once, and he may be looking out for his general's epaulettes for this victory; but the wholesale completeness of this murder has been somehow too strong for the French gorge; and MARSHAL SOULT is actually made to say that he '*deplores and disapproves of it.*'

The French opposition journals, too, cry out in the strongest terms of reprobation. 'What will England, what will Germany say?' says one: 'the character of generous honour which constitutes our strength with other nations must disappear.' 'What

an act is this,' cries another, 'unworthy of the noble and holy France of the 19th century, who combats heroically in the field, but does not massacre her enemies. How henceforth will our Government appear in the eyes of Europe?'

'The eyes of Europe'; that is what they are looking to. Gracious Heaven! where does a nation's vanity end? Here, in presence of a crime before which men should hide their heads for shame, in the bitterest abasement and self-humiliation, these men ask 'what will Europe say!' brag about their '*generous honour*,' and exalt '*the noble and holy France of the* 19*th century!*' There's something frightful in this blindness of conceit. What a moment to boast of generous honour, and to lay claim to nobleness and holiness! when a man should only be thinking of pity, and sorrow, and shame!

The same paper which contains the story of PELISSIER narrates a great *English* military achievement, which might humble *our* pride a little, could it ever be supposed that the English nation possesses any. Two soldiers of the Foot Guards were flogged at Windsor for an act of gross insubordination. They refused to go to the black-hole when ordered; and they had been ordered thither for refusing to strip themselves before the visiting surgeon, and undergo a public examination *with sixty other naked men.*

So, for pleading the common privilege of modesty, the savage military law, which would have exposed them like brutes, tied them up and lashed them like brutes; and having glutted itself on their mangled and bleeding shoulders, sent them to hospital to be cured, and to be ready for future service.

Beyond a letter of complaint in the newspapers, this action caused no particular remark. The troops were marched to church next day to hear the Gospel preached to them, and went through their devotions with the same precision as they would go through their parade.

And we too take all occasions to boast of our civilisation; and in matters of religion we consider that we are a favoured people, and we admire and honour the glorious military profession in which a man's duty is to commit murder, as at Cautera, or to submit to shame, as in Windsor barracks last week.

PUNCH TO THE QUEEN OF SPAIN.[1]

EXCUSE, Madam, the liberty I've taken in addressing your Majesty; but I believe I am not dismissed from Spain as yet, although I am not allowed to cross the French Frontier any more than the NAPOLEONS or the elder BOURBONS.

This letter will be delivered by a Spanish gentleman, who has been living for some time in this country, and who has conducted himself while here in a manner so modest and praiseworthy that he deserves the love of us Britons, and merits the certificate of *Punch*.

This being the home of the world, I am happy to state we have never accommodated a more honourable exile than the bearer. During his stay here he fomented no conspiracies; he never railed at his successful rivals; he did not weary our hospitality by endless recapitulations of his wrongs; but bore his fate bravely and like a man.

Madam, a bawling martyr (Like MR. JAMES SILK BUCKINGHAM, let us say) is worse than a criminal in the eyes of English society—he is a bore; whereas a gentleman who bears his wrongs honourably merits our respectful sympathy, and a cordial handshake when he goes away.

As the public Guardian, I have had my eye on the DUKE OF VICTORY; I have seen him surrounded by his companions of exile, pacing Regent Street, smoking like any other foreigner in distress. I shall never forget the day when I beheld him and his officers gazing into a ham and beef shop, with a manly sadness in their eyes. I said to myself, 'That man eyeing yonder round of beef has had a crown within sight; he has gazed, without blenching, upon ZUMALACARREGUY and a hundred battles; better still, he is now looking evil fortune in the face, and her frowns do not scare his honest soul.' I pointed him out to little *Punch*, who was walking with me, and giving him a cuff, said, 'TOMMY, remember thou hast seen a hero.' TOMMY thought he had only seen a little sallow Spanish man.

Madam, I have seen the General and his lady, whom Guards used to salute, and for whom cannons thundered welcome, creeping round the Ring in Hyde Park, in a seedy (as we call it here) Clarence. Snobs looked down on him from their splendid equipages, and grinning harlots covered him with the dust of their wheels; and my remark to *Mrs. Punch* (who has been pestering

[1] [September 18, 1847.]

me a good deal this season about a carriage) was, 'Woman! look yonder, and humble your pride; and be content with a cab, when the DUCHESS OF VICTORY rides in a ten-shilling fly.'

So he leaves us; and as the Jefe Politico of London, I have the happiness of giving the DUKE OF VICTORY a certificate of good behaviour. He is returning to his Country and Queen, and with all my heart, Madam, I wish him the enjoyment of both. I know what it is to meddle in family disputes, and those of your Majesty are of so delicate a nature that even *Mrs. Punch* herself declines to give an opinion about them.

The person naturally to be consulted under the present afflicting circumstances is surely your venerable uncle, the NAPOLEON of Peace.

Is he not one of your nearest and most respected relatives? Do not he and your Mamma agree about the line of conduct you ought to pursue? Did they not kindly choose a husband for you, and give your dear little sister to her darling cousin?

It is quite clear, then, that you should follow the opinion of the NAPOLEON of P's. You must remember that France is the Natural Protector of Spain, as she is of every other country. Thus, she is the Natural Protector of Italy, of Poland, Otaheite, etc.—and though she sometimes does not exercise this undoubted and amiable right, you must remember she waives it when inconvenient to herself, and never drops it altogether.

For instance, with respect to Italy—there is no doubt that, at this present moment, the Natural Protector would come between the POPE and the Austrians, but for your Majesty's obstinacy. How can the N.P. when you *will* be so wayward; when you will not submit to have your country pacified; and when he is distracted by family affairs,—give his undivided attention to mere politics?

As for Spain—how anybody there can doubt that France is your N.P. I cannot think. Remember what LOUIS XIV. did for you; did he not abolish the Pyrenees, and put the crown on your Majesty's very head, by sending his grandson, your great-grandpapa? NAPOLEON, you will say, turned out your grandpapa. Of course; because he was, as head of the French nation, your Natural Protector for the time being; and in like manner your cousin, the heroic DUKE OF ANGOULÊME, restored your dear Papa, because, although nobody particularly wanted him it was not right to dismiss him without the previous consent of the N.P.

And, in your own case, you must remark that the greatest trouble, misery, bloodshed, and misfortune have been going on in your kingdom, because you, the Queen, will not listen to your

dear Mamma and your N.P. Do not believe those people who say it is the wicked English who make these disputes. Ah, Madam, what can it matter to me and *Judy* whether you or another are Queen? Whereas it *does* matter to your Mamma and N.P. who think your little sister better calculated for the place.

So far I speak to your Majesty as a public character and a Queen: let me now address you in private as a young lady and a niece. Recollect what it is to be a relation of the N.P., and to offend in any way that good, kind man. *I* would be very sorry to offend such a cousin, I know.

Look—where is his cousin CHARLES?—where is his cousin ANGOULÊME?—where is his cousin CONDE? and who has got the money, my dear young lady? Not one of those but did not dislike his good kind cousin, and misfortunes happened to every one of them, no doubt as punishments, for being so undutiful. If he thinks that you had better take your pleasure, and have plenty of money and jewels,—why, why not listen to his experience, and fly in the face of your Natural Protector.

No more at present from your Majesty's devoted servant,

PUNCH.

The QUEEN OF SPAIN, *favoured by*
BALDOMERO ESPARTERO, ESQ.

LATEST FROM MEXICO.[1]

THE *Blarney Castle* has arrived at Liverpool. Her dates are from New York the 15th, Boston the 16th, and the day previous from the seat of war. She brings specie to the amount of two millions of rupees, and files of the New York papers. The correspondent of *The Locofoco* says—

'GENERAL GROWDY'S division yesterday came up with the main body of the Mexican force under GENERAL CABANAS, at Rionigo, where the *New Orleans Picayune* informs us that a severe engagement took place. Both parties won the victory and were repulsed with severe slaughter. SANTA ANNA was present in the action, in the course of which his head was shot off. He subsequently addressed a heart-stirring proclamation to the Mexican nation, in which he described the action of the 27th,

[1] [November 6, 1847.]
[In the battle of the America-Mexico War, both parties claimed the victory.]

which ended in the utter defeat of the Americans, whose victory, however, cost them dear.

'Immediately after their success they proceeded to evacuate the town, which they bombarded the next day. The American troops were annihilated after a trifling skirmish, in which SANTA ANNA lost his leg, which was amputated on the spot, before the retreat of the Mexicans upon Cacapulco. It is reported that he has yielded the Presidency to GENERAL NOSOTROS.

'GENERAL WHACK'S brigade is at Sangarbanzos, hotly pursued by the Mexicans. In this disaster the indefatigable SANTA ANNA was wounded severely, a cannon-ball from a howitzer taking off his right hand. From this place, after the operation, he wrote a pathetic appeal to the Mexican Senate, and complained bitterly of the cowardice of GENERAL PUMPANILLAS, who was at Nossa Senhora de las Podridas, harrassing the flanks of MAJOR COWITCH'S Alleghany Rangers.

'GENERAL SCOTT was unwell; but it is not true that he has been compelled to take Jalapa. MAJOR BUNG'S artillery is at TODODODOS. A deserter from the enemy came in yesterday. He says that PRESIDENT SANTA ANNA received a twenty-eight-pounder through his body, after which he renewed the action.

'The bombardment of Los Leperos is not confirmed. SANTA ANNA received a congreve-rocket in the left knee there, and has ordained the formation of a similar corps. I shut up, as the courier is going.

'The Legion of SAINT NICHOLAS, under O'SCRAGGS, performed prodigies of valour on both sides. Plunging into the thickest of the *mêlée* at PICKAPOCKATICKL, O'SCRAGGS engaged personally with GENERAL RAGG, whose pocket-handkerchief, after a severe struggle, he succeeded in carrying off. It has been hung up in the Cathedral of Mexico, amongst the other colours taken in the campaign.

'In the engagement at Santos Ladrones, so creditable to both sides, O'SCRAGG, whose Legion was then acting with the American army, had almost taken prisoner SANTA ANNA, who had both legs shot off by our brave bombardiers; his silver snuff-box, however, was captured out of the General's coat pocket, as he fled from a field where he had covered himself with so much glory.

'CAPTAIN SCRAGGS used the snuff-box on the last day of his brilliant existence, when he died the death of a hero, being hanged before the American lines, to the delight of both armies.'

THE PORTFOLIO.[1]

I. *From* Viscount Pumicestone *to H.E. the* English Ambassador *at Constantinople.*

STEEMED SIR,

I have to desire that you will wait on the Grand Vizier and convey to his Excellency the sentiments which actuate this Government with regard to the present position of the Ottoman Empire.

You will state to the Grand Vizier that the line of politics pursued by the Sultan can by no means meet with the approval of this country. Reforms are needed in the administration and in the religion of the Ottoman Empire, the adoption of which you will urge with all the energy in your power.

The spectacle of a Sultan surrounded by at least five hundred wives is odious to Europe, and unworthy of the present age of civilisation. Her Majesty's Government blushes to have to acknowledge, post after post, the birth of Princes and Princesses of the family of Abdul Medjeed; and as England has not the slightest pretensions to control the actions of any state with which she is in alliance, you will point out to the Government of the Porte that His Imperial Highness is at perfect liberty to select any one of his wives which he may prefer, but that he must send back to their parents the remaining four hundred and ninety-nine.

The religion at present professed by the Sovereign of the Turkish Empire, and by a considerable portion of his subjects, is, you will have the goodness to inform the Grand Imaum, an

[1] [May 13, 1848.]

[Thackeray in this paper caricatures the despatch of Lord Palmerston addressed to Duc de Sotomayer, the foreign minister of Spain, in which he attempted to interfere with the internal affairs of that power. Two months later, Sir Henry Bulwer, the resident English minister at Madrid, was expelled.]

exploded superstition, and an insult to the civilisation of Europe. It must no longer be allowed to exist in this quarter of the globe.

You will therefore request his Excellency, on the part of this Government, to subscribe the Thirty-nine Articles as soon as may be; and also, at his earliest convenience, to learn the Catechism. The Mollah of Exeter, an English Bishop, will go out to conciliate the Turkish clergy, and will be Patriarch of Constantinople.

Further reforms will be the subject of future communications. Among these you may mention our desire that the Turkish Government should establish Gas-lamps, Trial by Jury, Weekly and Sunday Newspapers, Harvey Sauce, two legislative Chambers, and the Ten Pound qualification for voting.

I am, etc.,

PUMICESTONE,

Downing Street.

To H.E. SIR G. GOOSEQUILL.

II. *From the* GRAND VIZIER *to H.E. the* ENGLISH AMBASSADOR.

In the name of Allah! The Grand Vizier has received the chaplet of roses from the Paradise of Downing Street. The eloquence of PUMICESTONE sings out like a nightingale from amongst the flowers. It is sweet to listen to his music.

But the nightingale, though sweet, is melancholy; and who does not know that there are thorns in roses?—they have pricked the fingers of the Grand Vizier. The notes of the British bulbul have made the Padishah sad in spirit.

Why should he part with any of his wives? Let him who has too many sew them in a sack. The children of the Father of the Faithful will not be so costly to his country as are the many rosebuds of the Joy-Gardens of Pimlico.

The Exeter Mufti shall be welcome to the holy men of Constantinople. If PUMICESTONE PASHA will change his religion, the Grand Vizier will be baptized. If the English Mollah is constant, why should the Turkish Imaum be a renegade. Let them come and each have his say. If they brawl and quarrel too much, let either be accommodated with a bastinado.

In respect of the other reforms proposed by Britannic wisdom, the Grand Vizier will respectfully ask—Are Britons the only possessors of beards? Who is it that rules in his own house?—Is it the lord of the house, or his neighbour? PUMICESTONE is a sage, but we too have sages.

Once, in the gardens of Delight, overhanging the Bosphorus, the young prince SHUKOOR KHANDEE, son of the Light of the Universe, found the egg of a peacock, which he took to the SULTANA VALIDE, the mother of the sovereign. 'Look, O grandmother,' said PRINCE SHUKOOR; 'this outer surface that you see is what they call a shell. Within the shell is a white slimy fluid, within the white a yellow yolk. I prick the head of the shell with a pin; I place it to my lips, and suck in, and lo! I withdraw the yolk and the white from the shell, and they slip down my throat.'

'O wise in thine own conceit!' the Princess answered.

'Dost thou teach thy father's mother how eggs are eaten? Lo! I knew how to suck them before you camest into the world!' And, clapping her hands for MESROUR, the Chief of the Eunuchs, she bade him apply the bamboo to the PRINCE SHUKOOR.

Do we not also know how to suck eggs, O Ambassador? So write to PUMICESTONE PASHA, and bid him to operate on his own hen-roosts. KABOB PASHA.

To the BRITISH AMBASSADOR.

III. *From* VISCOUNT PUMICESTONE *to* H.E. LORD TAPEWORM, *at Petersburg.*

You will have the goodness to communicate to H.E. COUNT GROGENOFF the opinions of this Government upon some late acts

of Russian policy. They by no means meet with the approval of Her B. Majesty's advisers.

The treatment of Poland can never be looked upon by this country but with feelings of indignation and pity. You will urge upon the Councils of his Imperial Majesty the instant necessity of changing his method of administering the affairs of that unhappy portion of his empire.

You will recommend H.I.M. immediately to recognise the independence of the Circassian tribes, and to send to SCHAMYL BEY his order of St. Nepomuk of the first class.

It is the desire of this Government that Trial by Jury should be immediately established throughout all the Russias, especially in the Calmuck provinces of the Empire. The Tartars on the Chinese border imperatively require slate-roofed houses; with thorough drains, and gas and water laid on. It would be advisable to have a Methodist Meeting-house in their villages, and that the English system of pauper relief should be adopted throughout the Russian Empire.

We would suggest to H.I.M. that a Window-tax would be an advantageous impost to levy on the Cossacks of the Ukraine, and that a Water-rate on the Don and Volga might conduce to the increase of his revenue.

The uniform of the Preobajinski Regiment cannot but be highly displeasing to HER MAJESTY'S Government: the yellow coatee and pink breeches of that corps neither harmonise with the silver helmet nor the green morocco boots which they wear. A great and august authority on Military Costume in England is anxious that changes should take place in this particular, consonant to the spirit of the times and the advance of freedom.

The cut of the Emperor's whiskers has been viewed in this country with the deepest grief. Instead of growing them over the cheek-bone, you will have the goodness to suggest to his Imperial Majesty the necessity of altering their direction; a portrait of a distinguished military officer is sent out for this purpose, to which H.I.M. is earnestly invited to give his attention.

The usage of the knout is not viewed by this country with pleasure; nor the practice of eating tallow-candles, in which some of the subjects of H.I.M. fatally indulge. It will be as well to abolish the knout, and to refrain from making use of dips in the manner described.

The dinner hour of the Court of St. Petersburg might be advantageously changed; the censorship of the Press ought to be abolished; the serfs ought to be represented in Parliament; the fares of the droskies in St. Petersburg diminished. Gas should

be laid down in Siberia; the Empress's maids of honour reduced in number; London Porter, Missionary Meetings, New Policemen, and Daily Papers should be established in all the principal towns of the Empire, and it is very desirable that the middle-classes of St. Petersburg and Moscow should eat shoulders of mutton and baked potatoes on Sunday, instead of their present unwholesome meal of fish-oil and hemp-brandy.

You will communicate, to the above purport, with the Government of His Imperial Majesty.

(Signed) PUMICESTONE.

To H.E. LORD TAPEWORM.

IV. *From the* RUSSIAN MINISTER *to the* ENGLISH AMBASSADOR.

I have the honour to accuse the reception of Your Excellency's letter, containing the proposals of His Excellency, MILOR PUMICESTONE, for the better regulation of this Empire.

H.I.M. is profoundly touched by the interest which H.E. deigns to take in the affairs of Russia. H.M. is charmed by the modesty of a philanthropy so universal. There is no doubt but the English Empire is at present so happy that its statesmen have time to consider what will most conduce to the welfare of other countries, and that all the rest of the world cannot do better than let the English manage for them.

H.I.M. hopes that the state of the country will soon permit him to abolish the use of the knout, and at the same time desires to know when flogging will cease in the English Army?

H.I.M. will not fail to have a Chamber of Peers, and a Chamber of Commons for the regulation of the affairs of his empire, as soon as his Imperial mind is convinced that hereditary wisdom of necessity belongs to the nobility: in the meanwhile he is content to select his own Senate: and without the noise and trouble of elections he can find Councillors as pure as MR. ATTWOOD and as wise as COLONEL SIBTHORP.

H.M. will not enter into the other questions which are touched upon in H.E.'s agreeable letter; but H.M. cannot enter into reforms of his own states at this moment, so deeply is he interested in the affairs of Ireland—which, before all things, he wishes to see tranquil.

As soon as that country is quiet and industrious, His Majesty pledges himself that he will withdraw his garrisons from Warsaw; that he will grant a free press, to preach rebellion and inculcate the murder of the Government authorities. But, in the mean-

while, H.I.M. submits to LORD PUMICESTONE that it is possible that even English institutions are not suitable to all countries; that even against English Laws there are some people who complain, and would rebel; and that H.I.M. feels himself strong enough for the present to manage his own affairs, without the obliging intervention of H.E. VISCOUNT PUMICESTONE.

I beg your Excellency to accept the assurances of, etc.,

BARON STRONGENOFF-GROGENOFF.

A DILEMMA.[1]

IN consequence of the ill-treatment which SIR H. BULWER experienced from the Spanish Government, ours retaliates upon that of Madrid by depriving it of a resident English Minister.

Will MR. HUME, or some other gentleman, have the kindness to tell *Mr. Punch* which is supposed to be the country that, in this case, is made to suffer? Is it Spain, or is it this country?

If none but a first-class ambassador can transact our affairs in Spain, why send a second chop representative?[2] It is injuring ourselves to spite our neighbours. If, on the contrary, a second-class man will do the work just as well as the greatest and best paid grandee that ever wore stars and garters, why not always employ second-class men, and save the money?

An answer, post paid, will oblige.

[1] [June 24, 1848.]

[2] [Thackeray no doubt meant a *chargé d'affaires.*]

MISCELLANEA.

DISGUSTING VIOLATION OF THE RIGHTS OF PROPERTY.[1]

The Times says :—

'On the night of Friday, the 27th December, a party of poachers were discovered by four watchers on land of Sir Robert Peel called Turn-about Field.'

The ruffians were secured, and, it is needless to say, transported. The human mind turns away with horror at the idea of villains trespassing on Sir Robert Peel's own sacred and particular field. What could the scoundrels purpose to do there? Was not the ground already occupied? Could it be in better hands? Their punishment will be a warning to other knaves; and our admirable minister will henceforth be left unmolested on his own especial domain. We hear that Sir Robert is going to build a castle on this property.

GENTEEL CHRISTIANITY.[2]

The dear delicious *Court Circular* contains the following announcement :—

'The Bishop of London held a confirmation on Maunday Thursday, of the *juvenile nobility and gentry*, in the Chapel Royal, St. James's. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge was present. About thirty of the juvenile nobility and gentry were confirmed. The Earl of Ripon and the Countess of Jersey were among the nobility present.'

Who can say the church is in danger after this?

[1] [March 29, 1845.] [2] [April 5, 1845.]

MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE Emperor of Russia has just made his grandson, a young Prince of three months old, a Colonel of the Imperial Guard.

Two Captains have been appointed to assist the young officer; MRS. BIBSKI to dress him, and MRS. TUCKERWITZ to nurse him.

The regiment has adopted the uniform of the Colonel, viz. long petticoats, lace cap, and the national cockade.

They look splendid in this uniform: though it rather impedes the movements of the troops on field days.

The field officers of the regiment ride in superb go-carts.

A splendid service of silver pap-boats has been presented by the Colonel's Imperial Grandmother to the regimental mess.

When the Colonel cuts his first tooth he is to be advanced to the rank of Major-General; when he is weaned he is to be made Field-Marshal.

A baton of barley-sugar is preparing for his Imperial Highness, and the devoted subjects of the Emperor say he will make as good a Field-Marshal as a certain eminent and Royal warrior, who enjoys the same rank in this country; and who was seen at a late review reading the Orders off a paper on his saddle, and asking his *Aides-de-camp* 'What was to be done next?'

TREMENDOUS SUFFERINGS OF THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE.[1]

THE papers have the following article:—

'THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE.—On the 1st of July the 1st Life Guards will march from Regent's Park to Hyde Park; the 2nd Life Guards from Hyde Park to Windsor; and the Royal Horse Guards from Windsor to Regent's Park.'

Bless the gallant fellows, wherever they go! Every Briton's heart must kindle as he reads of their heroic hardships and sublime gallantry.

[1] [July 12, 1845.]

LIBERAL REWARD.[1]

EDWARD, EARL OF ELLENBOROUGH, has presented a fine sword to SIR CHARLES NAPIER, Governor of Scinde, SIR CHARLES'S own weapon being, no doubt, worn out in cutting down the enemy at Hyderabad and Meeanee.

AS EDWARD, EARL OF ELLENBOROUGH, thus generously rewards the officer who gained his Lordship's victories in India, let us hope he will pay a compliment to those who fought his battles at home.

LORD BROUGHAM is looking out for something handsome.

PROMOTION FOR BROUGHAM.[2]

ON the night of the Address BROUGHAM made a Speech in the Lords so entirely foolish and unreasonable that it is said he is to be made a Duke.

HUMOURS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.[3]

THERE was a good deal of fun in the House of Commons on Friday night, when the House sat late, and the members had most of them come down after dinner to be present at the division. Poor MR. LAW, the Recorder, had got an enormous brief, by way of speech, and every now and then, whilst expressing some very strong feelings, he was obliged to refer with his eye-glass to his papers before he could finish his sentiment. The following is a specimen of the honourable gentleman's speech :—

'I now give the Right Honourable Baronet this open intimation of my opinion, that when—that (*hang it, where the deuce have*

[1] [April 5, 1845.] [2] [January 31, 1846.] [3] [April 26, 1845.]

I got to now?) Let me remind the House, which I do most solemnly, that—that—(*Hang it, who's taken up my spectacles?*) The principle of this measure is, I boldly assert, to mislead us—to take us we know not where. (*There! I've lost my place again; deuce take it, where am I?*)

'When I remember that the Act of Settlement.' (*Cries of Oh! oh! oh! cheers and laughter, amid which the Right Honourable Gentleman sat down, completely settled.*)

SCHOLASTIC.[1]

At this genial season of the summer holidays, when Rowland recommends that children's faces should be washed with his kalydor, and little boys are at home with papa, is it not hard that the poor little rogues should be reminded of their coming misery by advertisements such as the following:—

Hampstead-Heath School.—Messrs. —— and —— *expect their young friends* will resume their studies on the 26th inst.

Expect their young friends! Unfortunate little dears! It is cruel to spoil holidays so, and in the midst of the midsummer festivities to show our young friends the Hampstead Heath rod hanging over them.

A HOUSE AT THE WEST END.[2]

Sir—I saw lately an advertisement in the *Times* of a house to be let in a street leading out of a fashionable square in the West End. Rent, *£65* per annum.

Wishing to reside in the district which the rest of the nobility inhabit, and the price appearing moderate, I wrote to the auctioneer who advertised the house.

He sends me back a card to view a house situated in —, Silver Street, Golden Square.

I inclose the card. Have I no remedy against a wretch who insults me in this way?

Your obedient servant,

Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs.

[1] [August 2, 1845.]

[2] [August 2, 1845.]

DANGEROUS PASSAGE.[1]

A SMALL brandy-bottle was picked up in Fetter Lane last week. It was quite empty, but contained an inscription in pencil, which ran as follows:—'The *Celerity* omnibus was stranded off Temple Bar. Every passenger lost; great distress.' This created quite a sensation in the City, as the *Celerity* had been due for several hours, and it was well known she had not been hailed by anybody since the morning. It is supposed she floundered for some time among the rocks that lie scattered about the narrow straits in the dangerous channel of Fleet Street, but was extricated at last by *Policeman* C 21, who is one of the old City craft. She reached the Bank, however, in safety, about eight o'clock, her passage from Fulham having been the longest on record.

CAUTION TO TRADESMEN.[2]

A FELLOW calling himself the HONOURABLE MR. FITZCLARENCE (ha, ha!), and representing himself as son of the RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF AUCKLAND (ha, ha, ha!), residing at 41 Carlton Gardens (ho, ho, ho!), has very nearly victimised some tradesmen at Liverpool. From one he got a pair of spurs, from another a purse; and who knows but he might have got a horse for the spurs and a quantity of money for the purse, but that his career of infamy was, fortunately, cut short by the police.

If the Liverpool *victims* of MR. FITZCLARENCE had taken the precaution of purchasing *Snooks's Peerage and Court Guide*, which ought to be on every counter, they would have seen by one glance that there is *no* HONOURABLE MR. FITZCLARENCE—that the EARL OF AUCKLAND'S name is EDEN—that there is *no* 41 Carlton Gardens. And thus Vice would have been prevented—by the simple purchase of an excellent and useful family work.

HEROIC SACRIFICE.[3]

The MARQUIS DAVY DE LA PAILLETERIE, better known as ALEXANDRE DUMAS, has given up his title and the crown of his ancestors.

[1] [October 11, 1845.] [2] [October 16, 1847.] [3] [March 11, 1848.]

WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO *THE MORNING CHRONICLE?*[1]

WHY has the poor dear old *Chronicle* written so poetically since its change? . . . Because it is *worsified*.—Ed. M. HERALD.

THE WORST CUT OF ALL.[2]

LOUIS-PHILLIPE, the Ex-King turned out of France and scorned by all Europe, incurs the pity of MR. DISRAELI. They say this cut up the Ex-King more than any other of his mishaps.

OLD ENGLAND FOR EVER.[3]

THOUGH MONSIEUR DE LAMARTINE can sit through a sitting of sixty hours, Citizen ANSTEY backs himself to make a speech against the Frenchman, and to give him twenty-four hours in. The money is posted at BELLAMY'S, and the umpires will be named when found.

THE EX-KING AT MADAME TUSSAUD'S.[4]

The COUNT OF NEUILLY loves much this elegant place of entertainment. '*Ici je suis encor Cire*,' he said yesterday, while examining his own figure in wax.

A SIMILE.[5]

LEDRU ROLLIN, defending his conduct in the Chamber of Representatives, said—'*Je monte sur le Calvaire, pour sauver la République.*'

We read, LEDRU, that there were three
Who perished upon Calvary.
The one—but stay, that Name Divine
Thou wouldst not couple, sure, with thine,
And convict knaves the other two—
Blasphemer, which of these are you?

[1] [March 11, 1848.] [2] [*Ibid.*] [3] [*Ibid.*]
[4] [March 25, 1848.] [5] [August 26, 1848.]

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